

★PHOTOPLAY

September

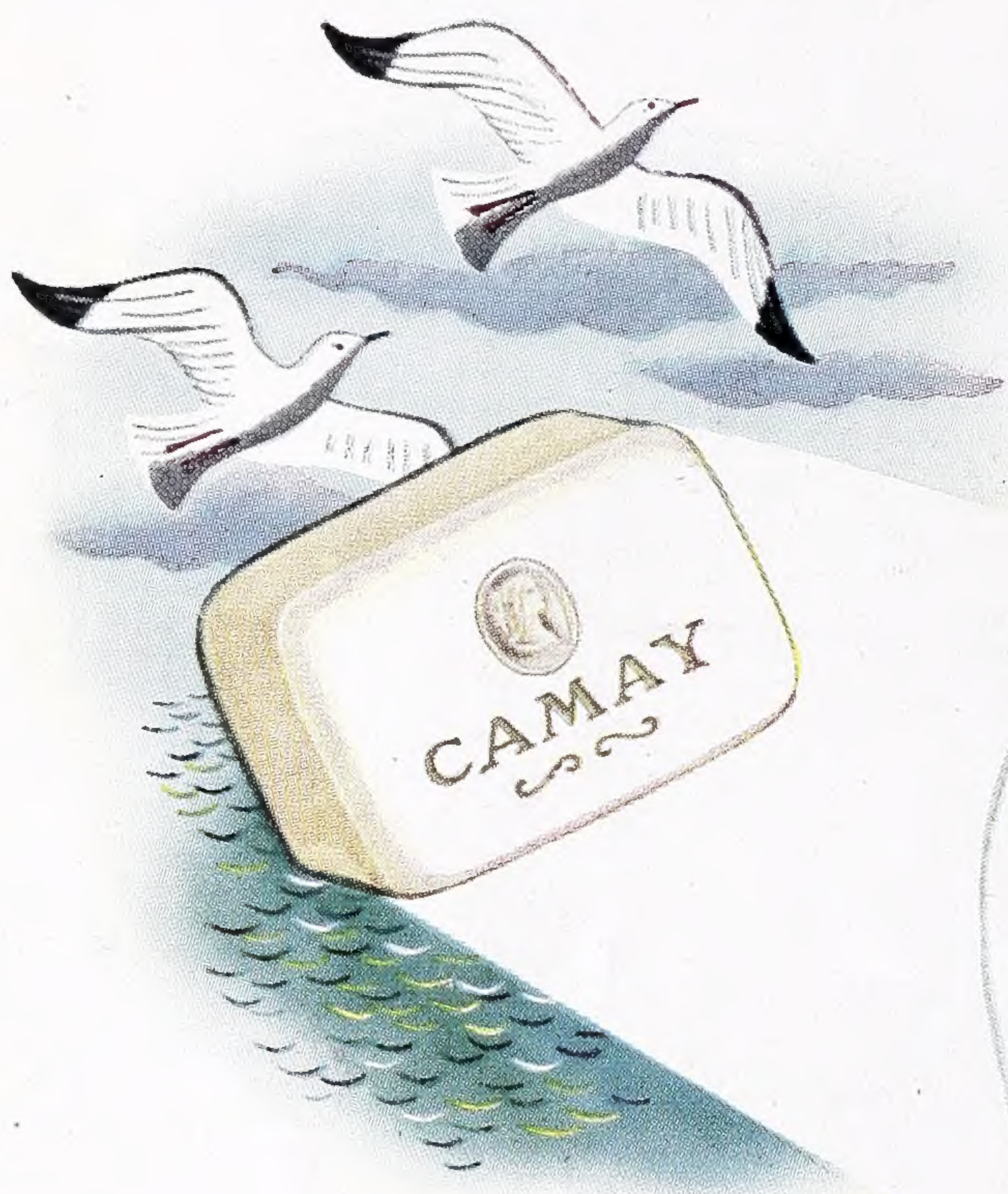
15¢

nel Wilde
Paul Hesse

It's Like This To Be
MRS. CORNEL WILDE

46
BROOKLINE MASS
7 CLEVELAND RD
MRS C GLOSBERG
SY R
94-M 2/47

Just One Cake of Camay and your Skin is Softer, Smoother!



Win hearts and hold romance—with a softer, smoother complexion. You can—with your very *first cake* of Camay—when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores and scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a fresher, lovelier, actually younger-looking skin!

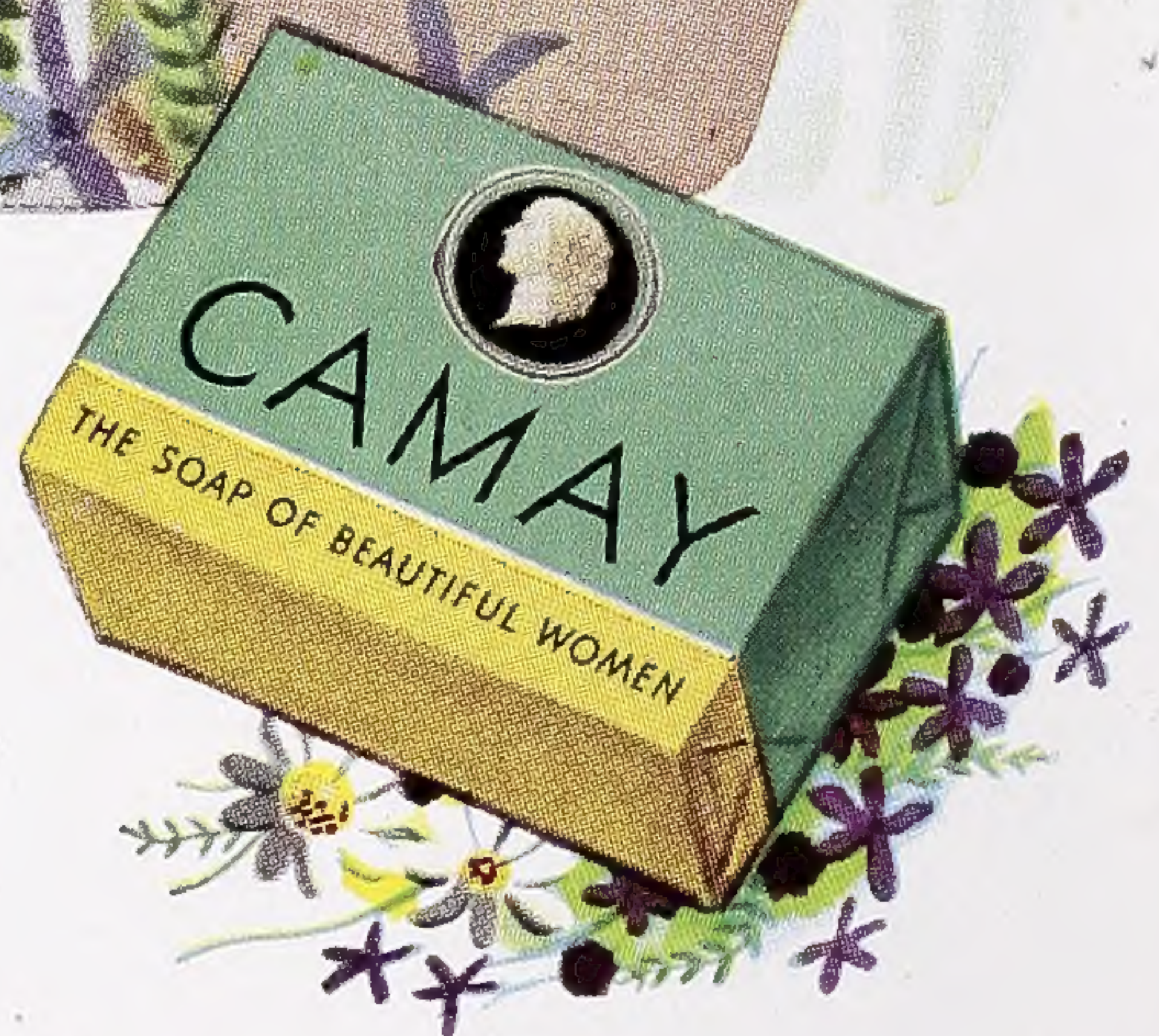


MRS. JOHN DAVID MARTIN
the former Sally B. Bliss of Baldwin, N. Y.
Bridal portrait painted by *W. L. L. L.*

CONCERNING THE MARTINS



The sea-swept sands of Long Island often found Johnny and Sally together, and his admiration grew as he gazed at the smooth magic of her skin. She says: "The *first cake* of Camay left it softer, lovelier!"



The Martins love to parody their favorite songs. Johnny puts his heart in his songs as he looks at Sally's soft, smooth skin! Sally vows: "To keep him singing the praises of my complexion—I'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." Why don't you try mild Camay care, too? Full directions on wrapper.

Please—conserve your Camay. Precious materials still go into making soap!

"Hold Everything, Honey!"



GIRL: Hold it, eh? Listen, you so-called Little God of Love, I made this statue of you specially. *Just so I could do this to it! And this! And this!*

CUPID: *Wow!*

GIRL: And why not? You never help *plain* girls.

CUPID: *Help you? Easiest thing in the world, my angry little éclair. Sparkle. Smile at 'em!*

GIRL: *Smile?* When all I see is a smile full of no gleam ... even after I brush my teeth?

CUPID: Ah ... and a little "pink" on your tooth brush too?

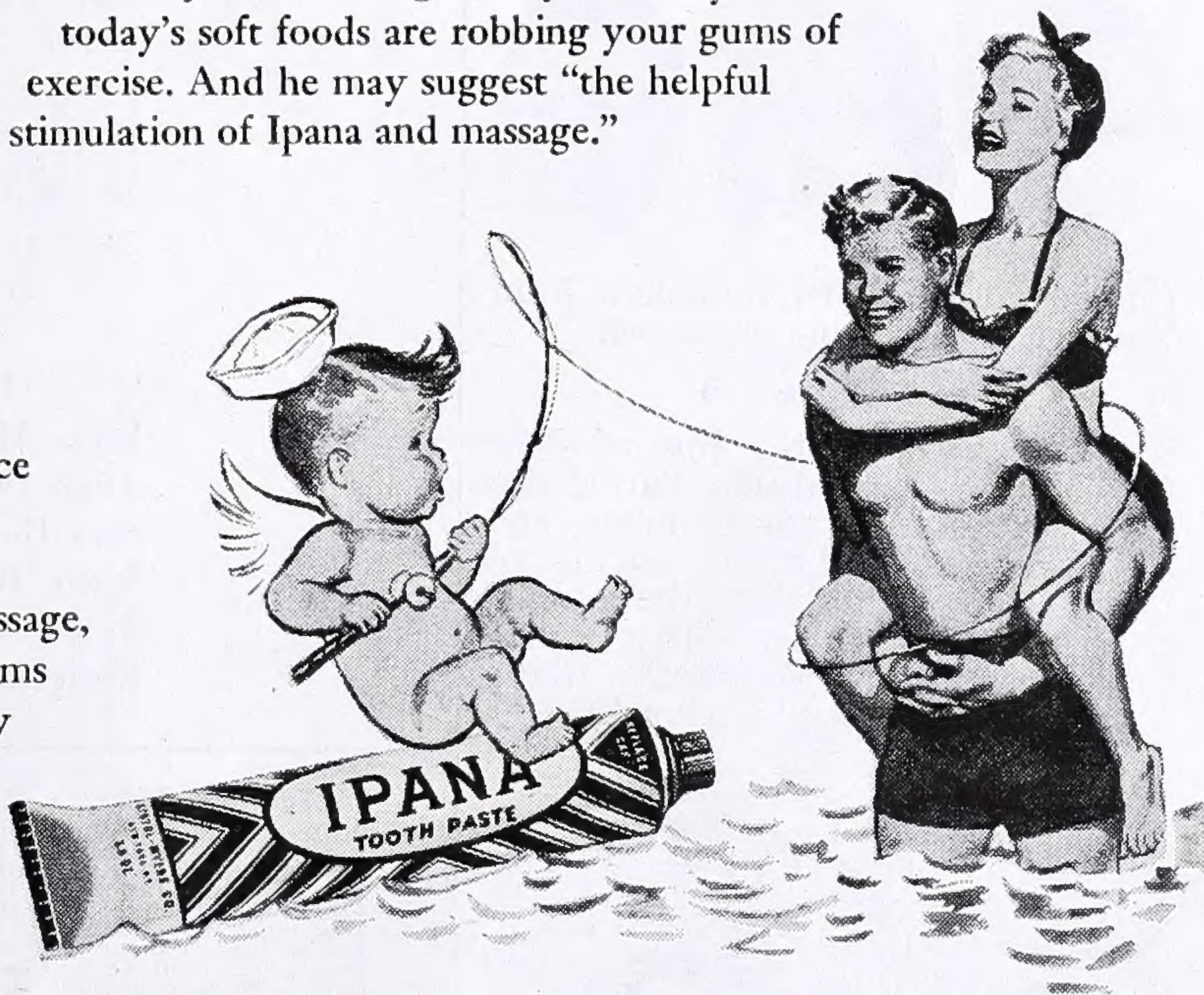
GIRL: What's *that* got to do with anything?

CUPID: Nothing, Pigeon. It's only an important warning to see your dentist right away! He may find today's soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: I might have known it! A tooth paste salesman!

CUPID: Sis, in my business, you sell anything that helps romance—smiles, for instance. And Ipana sure helps smiles! Because a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth ... and Sis, you'll be on your way to a smile that'll have you knocking over men instead of statues. Get started with Ipana today!



For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

We're in a definite holiday mood today—a dreamy feeling with a touch of travel-fever. Palm trees and flower-filled lagoons float before our eyes. Our pulse has a rhumba beat.



That's because we've just seen M-G-M's Technicolorful carnival of romance and rhythm, "Holiday in Mexico", and we're still under its spell.

★ ★ ★ ★

We expected a lot of M-G-M's "Holiday in Mexico". After all, the director-producer team of George Sidney and Joe Pasternak is responsible for it, just as it was for "Anchors Aweigh".

★ ★ ★ ★

But, high as our expectations were, "Holiday in Mexico" went rocketing past all previous hits of this hit-making team. It burst upon the screen with more dash and dazzlement than even we believed possible.

★ ★ ★ ★

If you think you've seen lovely Technicolor entertainment, wait till you see what happens when the camera swings south of the Rio Grande.

★ ★ ★ ★

In the exciting atmosphere of that gay, romantic land, suave and handsome Walter Pidgeon has a tropical love affair with beautiful Ilona Massey.

★ ★ ★ ★

Provocative music ripples from the keyboard of Jose Iturbi.



Intoxicating Latin rhythms flow from Xavier Cugat and his orchestra.

★ ★ ★ ★

Song breaks from the lips of Jane Powell, that new and scintillating star whose voice is like a vocal rainbow, and the throbbingly throaty singing of Ilona Massey is thrilling to the ear. (On the lighter side, there's that young Casanova, Roddy McDowall, whose "pash" on Jane Powell is a howl.)

★ ★ ★ ★

The answer to everyone's holiday problem: All aboard for a happy "Holiday in Mexico" with your good neighbor

—Leo



PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE GOERS

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Cover: Cornel Wilde, appearing in "Centennial Summer"
Natural color photograph by Paul Hesse

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Holiday in Mexico

it's gay! let's go!

M-G-M PRESENTS HOLIDAY IN MEXICO in Technicolor

starring WALTER PIDGEON with JOSE ITURBI • RODDY McDOWALL

JANE POWELL • ILONA MASSEY • XAVIER CUGAT AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Screenplay by ISOBEL LENNART
Original Story by WILLIAM KOZLENKO
Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



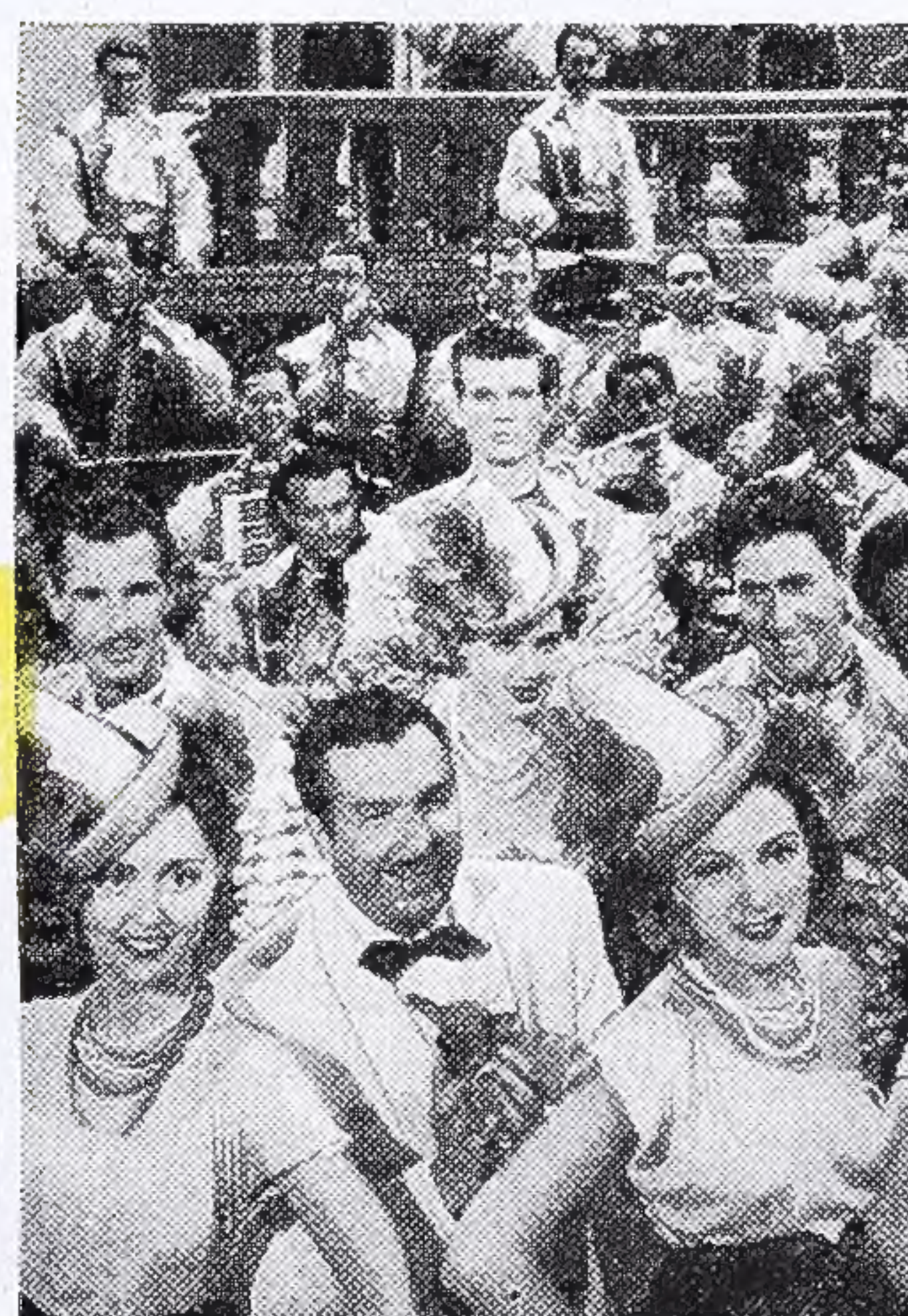
Dashing diplomat Walter Pidgeon makes love to sultry Ilona Massey...



Jane Powell (overnight star sensation) charms Roddy McDowall...



To keyboard magic from Jose Iturbi and rhythmic rhumbas by Xavier Cugat...



Amid Technicolor spectacle, with all the excitement of a Mexican fiesta!

INSIDE STUFF



Candidly the co-ed caught up with Robert Taylor, Gene Raymond and Clark Gable at Los Angeles City College at a meeting of American Vets of Aerial Combat

Photographs by



Dancing with a dream girl—Tony Martin grins approval as he rhythm steps with Rita Hayworth at Mocambo

Heart Beats: Let no one be fooled about the torch Clark Gable toted for the merry Mrs. Dolly O'Brien who preferred another man. "Clark's life in Hollywood is one I just couldn't lead," the fair Dolly told friends in Palm Beach and after her marriage Clark went into one of the bluest funks the town has ever seen . . . Bob Hutton strolled into the Mocambo one evening to glimpse four former sweethearts with other men. Cleatus Caldwell, looking more and more beautiful, was beamed by Jim Davis of M-G-M, June Haver by Bob Stack, Lana Turner by Howard Hughes and Bob's ex-wife Natalie Hutton by Bruce Cabot. Bob took one look around and made straight for Cleatus, the girl he jilted for Lana—and don't be surprised if the romance between Cleatus and Bob is resumed. At least he'd like it that way . . . The betting is ten to one that Diana Lynn will not marry Henry Willson because her heart, say those who know, belongs to Loren Tindall. But Henry is a mighty persistent man, let us tell you, so be surprised at nothing . . . Rita Hayworth looks dreamier and dreamier when dancing with Tony Martin these nights and Rory Calhoun is without question the local bobby-sox rave, but Rory seems to be concentrating on Beverly Tyler while a former M-G-M-er, Jimmy Stewart, continues to go alone while local belles look longingly in his direction.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood



Dress-up dinner date in the fun fashion for Judy Garland and husband Vincente Minnelli—at the Cinematographers' party at the Coconut Grove

Fink and Smith

Tid Bits: Jane Wyman, who has labored for eight months in "The Yearling" in the best role she's had in movies, has a big load on her heart. She's afraid the children who see the picture and her own five-year-old daughter will feel far from kindly toward her for shooting the young deer. Even at parties and gatherings Jane goes about asking people what children may think of her.

On the "Gallant Journey" set, Cal went searching out his friend Glenn Ford to compliment him on the strongest comeback of any returned veteran. "You'll find him over there," the assistant director pointed and sure enough there was the actor on a cot under four blankets with a high fever. With only a week to go, Glenn refused to delay the picture which will give you an idea of the kid's fortitude.

Betty Grable and Harry James wear plaid shirts exactly alike to the studio. And eat lunch together every day they're working. Betty tells Cal she and the baby will make all those one-night stands with Harry when his band goes on tour. It must be love, Cal says, it certainly must be.

Delivery Boy: A young man was hurrying down the walk of the Bel-Air Hotel with an arm load of clothing on the way to the cleaners when Egypt's newest importation, beautiful Tahia



Number please for tired pair—Harry James and Betty Grable, up at dawn to meet train their horse came in on

TIPSON LIPS



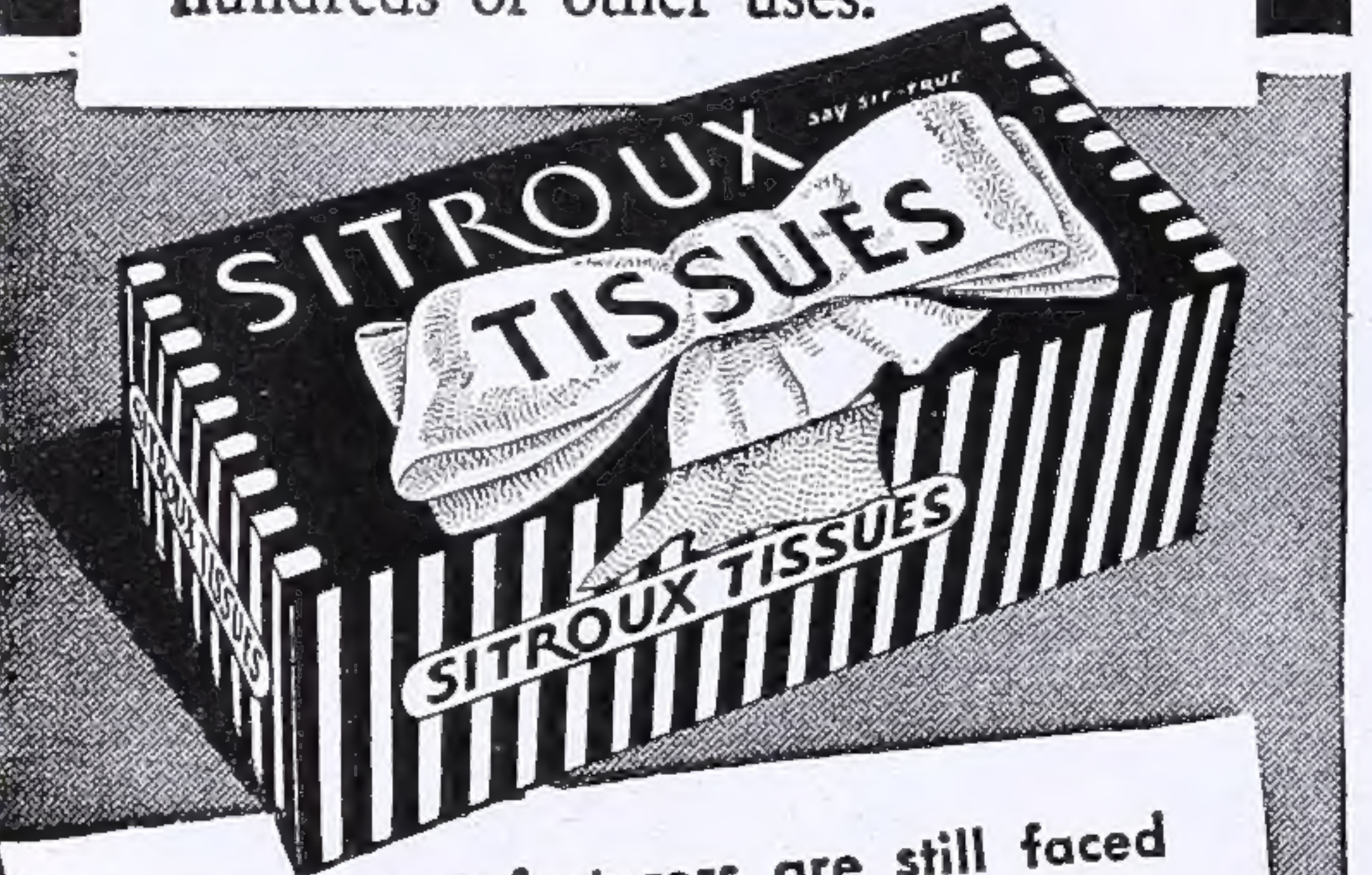
Use lipstick brush for neater, more lasting job. Rub brush in lipstick, make curved "x" in center of upper lip. Outline lips clear to corners, cutting down cupid's bow. Use corner of a Sitroux Tissue to remove lipstick that smears over.



Fill in upper lip. Press lips together; fill in lower lip—clear to corners. Blot with one-half of a Sitroux Tissue. (Absorbent Sitroux blots away all excess lipstick—leaves a smooth, even coating.)



Powder lips lightly. Moisten and apply second coat of lipstick. Blot with other side of tissue. (SAVE Sitroux*) Keep Sitroux handy for facial cleansings, manicures and hundreds of other uses.



* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX

SAY SIT-TRUE

TISSUES

INSIDE STUFF

Mocambo-ing: Maria Montez catches the melody with her Jean Pierre Aumont



Troc-ing at the Trocadero: Bette Davis and her husband William Sherry

Korem, called from her doorway.

"Oh, please, will you take my things, Mr. Cleaner?" she said.

"But—I—er—sure," the young man smiled. "Pile them on."

"Oh thank you," she said, "and may I ask your name?"

"It's Martin. Tony Martin," he grinned.

"And you know what?" Tony said. "She didn't know me from Adam even when I returned her clothing."

The Great Dane: Dane Clark and his cute red-headed wife, Margo, came by Cal's house en route to a dinner date at Sydney Greenstreet's. The two actors had just completed their latest film, "A Very Rich Man," and were kind of celebrating.

"Now don't tell Sydney you had a late lunch," Cal cautioned Dane. "You just eat regardless and enjoy it, for Sydney likes his guests to have second and even third helpings."

Dane's latest picture, "Her Kind of Man," was being previewed that night so after coffee the four of us crowded into Dane's little car (and, with Sydney, we do mean crowded) and took off for the preview with Dane groaning and moaning at some of his bad moments in the picture, as he called them. Actors are quick to notice their own errors.

At Romanoff's afterwards Dane and Margo told how they had set out to remodel the small cottage on their property for temporary use and ended up by using all the money they'd intended to put into their new house.

"So here we were," Dane said, "with a swell three-room cottage with no kitchen and no dough left to start the new home."

But happy? Well, you never saw a couple as happy together as Margo (or "Red," as everyone calls her) and Dane.

(Continued on page 8)



THE
LAST WORD
IN PICTURES
SINCE
PICTURES
SPOKE
THEIR
FIRST
WORD!!

CARY
GRANT

AS COLE PORTER

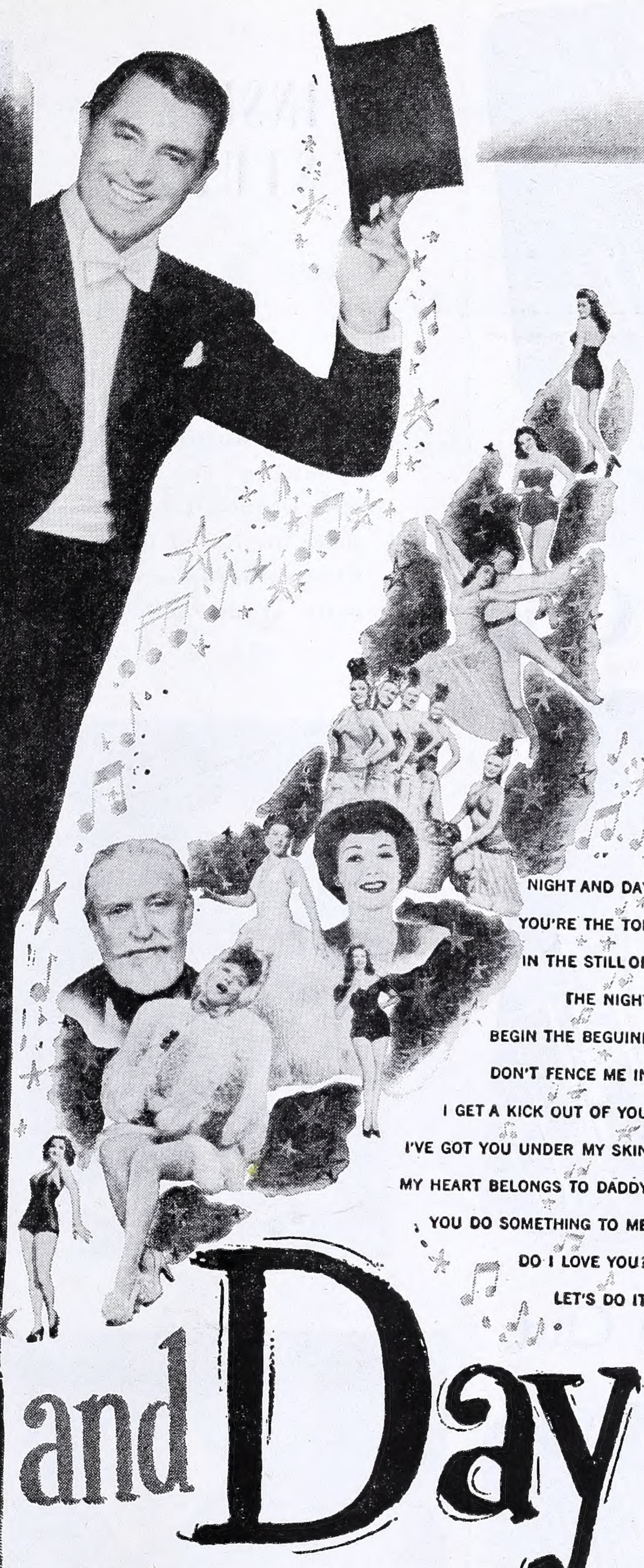
ALEXIS
SMITH

AS HIS "GET A KICK OUT OF YOU" GIRL

WARNERS'

Night and Day

IN TECHNICOLOR



NIGHT AND DAY
YOU'RE THE TOP
IN THE STILL OF
THE NIGHT
BEGIN THE BEGUINE
DON'T FENCE ME IN
I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU
I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN
MY HEART BELONGS TO DADDY
YOU DO SOMETHING TO ME
DO I LOVE YOU?
LET'S DO IT

... THE STORY OF COLE PORTER,
WITH THOSE COLE PORTER SONG SENSATIONS!!



WITH
MONTY WOOLLEY

GINNY SIMMS ★ JANE WYMAN

EVE ARDEN
CARLOS RAMIREZ
DONALD WOODS and

MARY MARTIN ★

DIRECTED BY
MICHAEL CURTIZ
PRODUCED BY
ARTHUR SCHWARTZ

Screen Play by Charles Hoffman, Leo Townsend, William Bowers • Adaptation by Jack Moffitt • Based on the Career of Cole Porter • Orchestral Arrangements by Ray Heindorf



Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out



Try again next time if your store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.

INSIDE STUFF

Photographically speaking: Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Morgan share the fun of the Cinematographers' party at the Grove



On their toes conversationally: Gene and Betsy Kelly, guests at the same party



Fun-ful mood for Greta and Gregory Peck, at the Cinematographers' Ball



In step: Ronald Reagan hums as he dances with his pretty wife, Jane Wyman

(Continued on page 10)

RKO
PRESENTS

Till the End of Time

starring

Dorothy McGuire and Guy Madison

Robert Mitchum • Bill Williams

with Tom Tully • William Gargan • Jean Porter
Johnny Sands • Loren Tindall

A Dore Schary Production • Directed by Edward Dmytryk

Screen Play by Allen Rivkin



**YOU "discovered"
these 3 new stars:**

Guy Madison
the sailor...in "Since
You Went Away"

•
Robt. Mitchum
in "The Story of
G. I. Joe"

•
Bill Williams
in "Those Endear-
ing Young Charms"



A girl who thought no man could make
her forget . . . an ex-marine who loved her desperately
enough to try. This is their story . . .
vivid . . . human . . . the story that might be yours.



—with “Make-up” for your hair!

For after-shampoo lustre . . . trust Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse. Swiftly, effectively, this modern hair cosmetic rinses off dulling soap film and rinses on a lovely silken sheen, plus gleaming new color!

With its 12 shades . . . Marchand's Rinse gives you your choice of a variety of color effects! No matter what color your hair may be, you can highlight and flatter its natural tone . . . or, with a different Rinse shade, give it a coppery glow. Certain Marchand Rinse shades even blend little gray streaks in with the original hair color!

So easy to use . . . after every shampoo. Simply dissolve a package of Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, your hair glistens with new color! And it's easier to manage, too.

Absolutely harmless . . . Marchand's Rinse is as safe to use as lemon or vinegar. And it does so much more for your hair! Not a bleach — not a permanent dye — this “make-up” hair rinse is made with Government-approved colors.



Honeymoon ahead: Louis Hayward and bride Peggy Field pause to hold hands before cutting their cake—at his home

(Continued from page 8)

Lord Cornel: The closing of “Forever Amber” proved a boon to Cornel Wilde. Cornel has spent the free time on his Lord Byron story. With Robert Turney, who lives in the Wilde bath house, Cornel has already achieved 230 pages of script which is five pages longer than “The Robe” script. When the story is finished, Cornel will ask his studio to let him play the lead. Incidentally, when Turney moved in he brought along his two Siamese cats which, added to the Wilde pets, now makes seven Siamese cats roaming the estate.

Paragraphs: A chat with Turhan Bey's mother reveals the actor is not married to Susanna Foster as rumored. “They are very good friends,” she says, which could mean anything. Turhan, stationed in Guam, is now a corporal.

June Allyson, who is so proud of gaining ten pounds, is now soloing in the air which makes husband Dick Powell proud of his mite of a wife.

Since Bob Walker has taken a beach

house for the summer, his two boys have come to live with him. It's wonderful to see Bob and his lads out swimming in the mornings.

Mrs. Gary Cooper is the ideal after whom many of the younger set pattern their behavior, so much so several of them are copycat barometers of Mrs. Cooper's moods, clothes and conversation. And a day with Gary and his wife, is, to the younger set, the tops.

The Amber Price: Another actor left with time on his hands because of the closing of “Amber” is Vincent Price. When he gets bored he goes out and buys another load of fertilizer for the garden of his Benedict Canyon home. Mrs. Price complains the place is now a jungle of flowers and shrubs and if Vincent doesn't stop soon they'll have to chop their way out.

Mrs. Price (Elizabeth Barrett on the screen) has recently taken up painting. A connoisseur of art visiting their home admired a still life painting of Mrs. Price's from (Continued on page 12)

NEVER BEFORE SUCH SEDUCTIVE BEAUTY
SUCH RIOTOUS....LUXURIOUS....

LOVING AND LIVING!

Two worlds of magnificent pageantry and
spectacular revelry meet . . . in the mightiest
picture ever filmed . . . a wonderful . . . glorious . . .
spectacle of the lashing legions of Rome and
Egypt . . . and the clashing wills of their rulers!

G. C. F. PRESENTS

VIVIEN LEIGH
CLAUDE RAINS

in

Bernard Shaw's
**Caesar and
Cleopatra**

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY

Gabriel Pascal

with

Stewart Granger
and
Flora Robson
Francis L. Sullivan

VIVIEN LEIGH

as Cleopatra, her
greatest role since
'Scarlett' in 'Gone
With The Wind'

A Temptation in
TECHNICOLOR

Released thru United Artists

*By Arrangement with DAVID O. SELZNICK

Protects 2 ways!

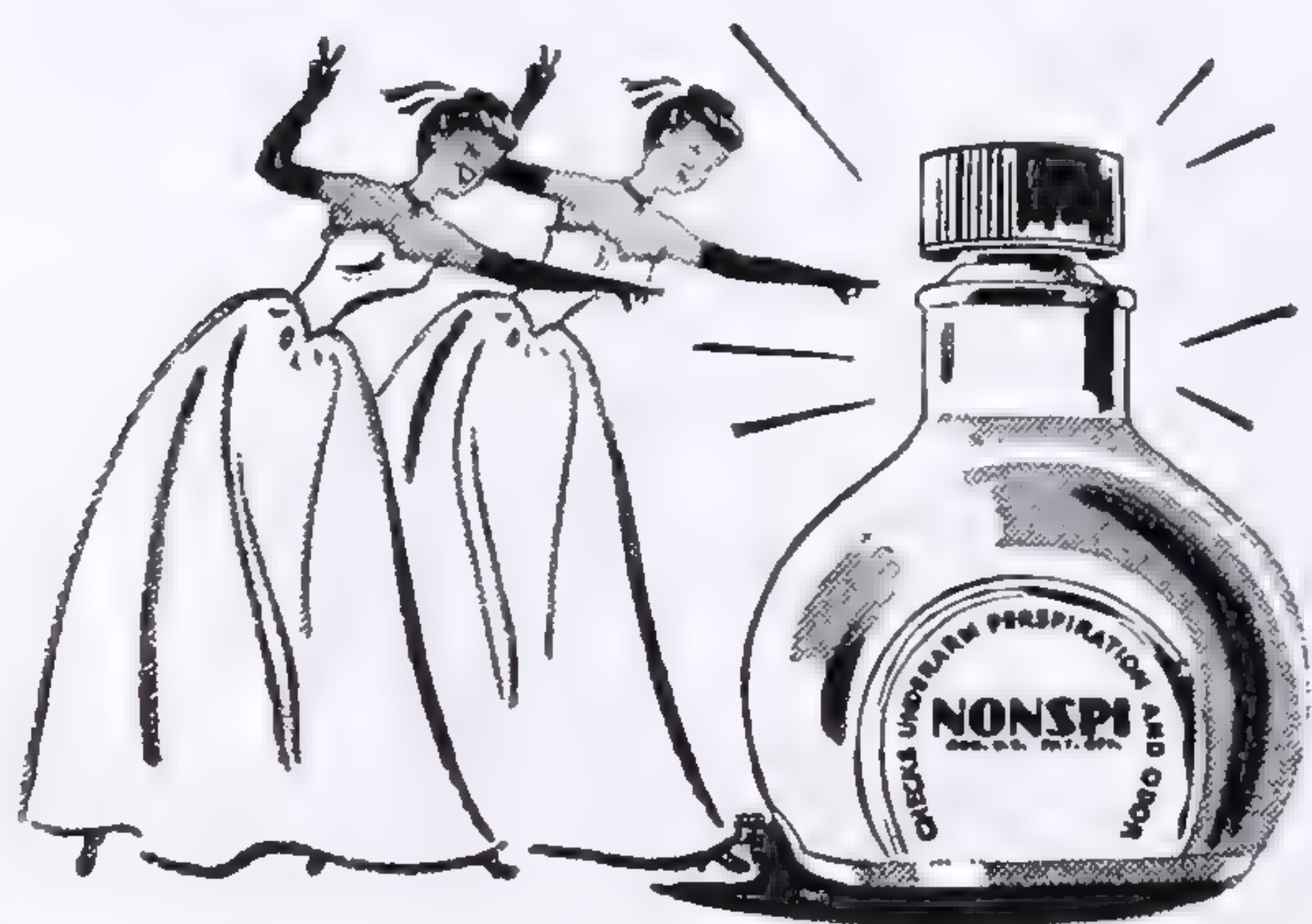


*Checks Perspiration
Prevents Odor!*

Nonspi is more effective,
longer lasting. Its dependable
double action keeps underarms
dry AND odorless two
days and longer. Start
your Nonspi habit today!

NONSPI
THE COMPLETE DEODORANT

35c and 60c—Plus Tax



Farewell fun: Red Skelton, who threw a party at California Club for cast of his radio show, between singer Anita Ellis and his pretty wife

(Continued from page 10) across the room. "Why that's one of the French moderns," he exclaimed and only the Barrett signature would convince him otherwise. Vince says there's just no living with Elizabeth now.

Incidentally, there's a gadget in the Price bathroom that intrigues visitors—a complete shaving outfit fitted onto a sliding tray across the bathtub. It took Vincent so long each morning to decide whether to shave first or bathe first, his wife had the shaving tray attached to the tub. Now he does both at the same time. Not a bad idea, eh?

Forward March: It took Bing Crosby's pull to get Perry Como's six-year-old son Ronnie into St. John's Military Academy, what with schools out here overflowing. All the Crosby boys are enrolled there.

Ronnie came home after his first week, resplendent in his new uniform, to relay to Perry his experiences.

"Know what, Dad?" he said, his little chest expanding with pride. "Phillip Crosby is our platoon leader and gee, is he tough!"

Sights of the Month: Academy Award Winner Ann Revere bouncing to work in her newly purchased jeep.

Gary Cooper in morning coat and striped trousers trying to keep a monocle in his eye and look dignified at the same time on the "Cloak and Dagger" set.

Gregory Peck trying to lug home two shopping bags full of groceries and attempting to sign autograph books.

The confused look of the diners at The Club when Betty Furness walked in with her husband Bud Ernst (whom

she had just remarried after a Reno divorce) and Bob Walker who had courted her during the Reno episode.

Pete Lawford trying to return Gary Cooper's serve at tennis with one hand, while munching jelly beans held in the other. And the bewildered look on Gary's face at Pete's nonchalance.

The Taylor Lad: It strikes Cal that in all Hollywood the actor who has changed the least and remained the same approachable co-operative fellow is Bob Taylor—formerly Navy Lieut. Bob Taylor. A casual friend, a member of the press, or a studio publicist receives the same friendly and sincere greeting the moment he walks onto his set. "You want me for something?" he'll call to the publicist while rehearsing before a scene. "I'll be right there." "I'll wait until the scene is over," the publicist will answer. "And why should you wait?" Bob will ask. "We're both paid by the same company to work here." And that's a one-in-a-thousand attitude in Hollywood.

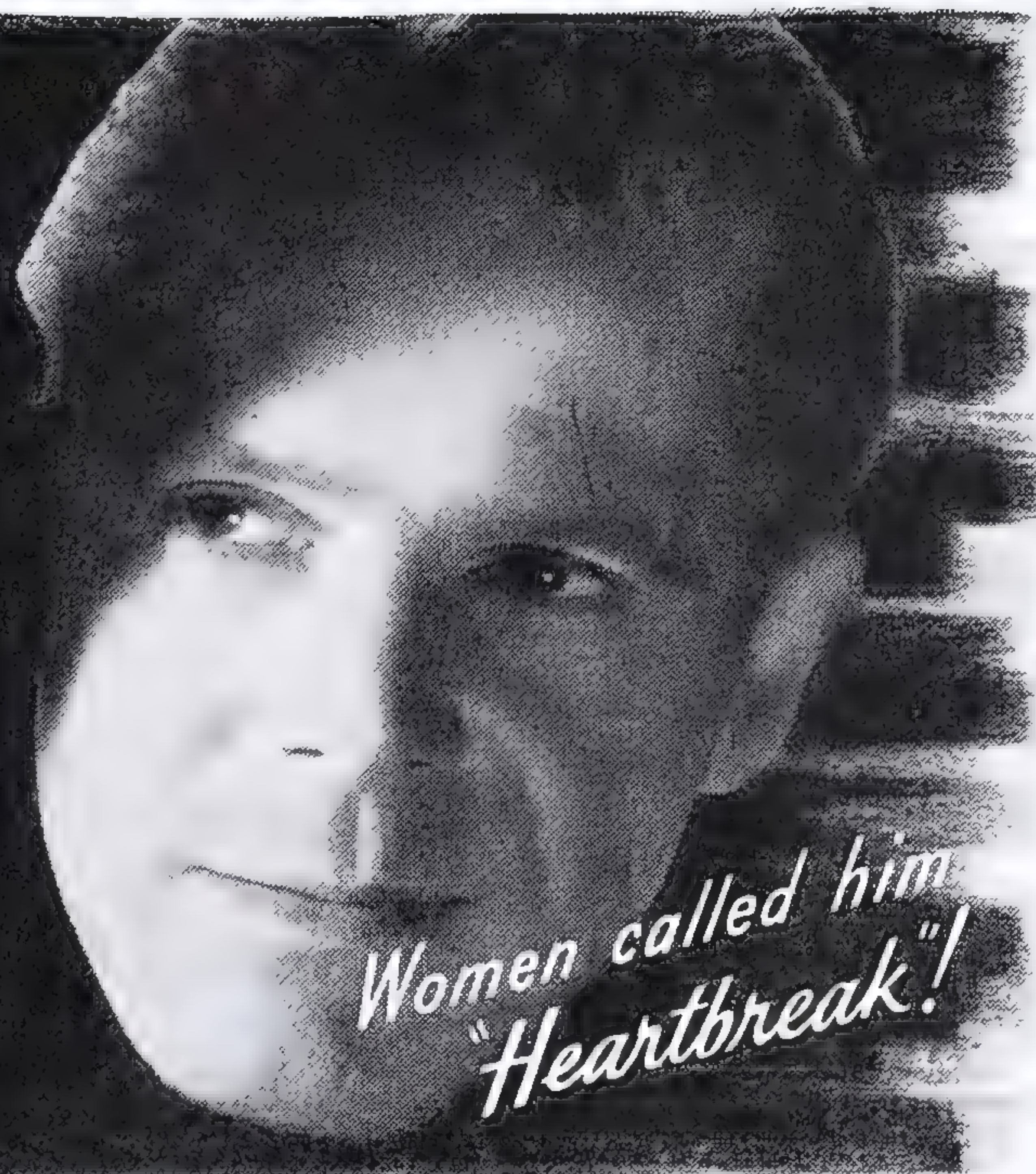
The Havers: June Haver's mother has turned agent and is determined to help other youngsters get into pictures. Mrs. Haver, whose home is her office, expects to specialize in undiscovered talent and so far has placed a boy she found waiting for a bus with Republic Studios and a pretty girl she saw behind a store counter with Paramount. With June's sister Evelyn singing with a band, the family is doing all right.

Round-up: Roz Russell and Cary Grant glimpsed one another at Romanoff's recently and both (Continued on page 16)



Durys! that fascinating
tough-guy of "Scarlet Street"
... in his first starring role!

One dame on his
mind...another on
his conscience...
irresistible danger
for both!



*Women called him
"Heartbreak!"*

UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

DAN DURYEA JUNE VINCENT PETER LORRE

*Millions thrilled
to the best
selling book*



**Black
Angel**



with **BRODERICK CRAWFORD**
CONSTANCE DOWLING WALLACE FORD FREDDIE STEEL

Screenplay by Roy Chanslor Based on the Novel by Cornell Woolrich
Directed by ROY WILLIAM NEILL Produced by TOM McKNIGHT and ROY WILLIAM NEILL



The Censors may not

Movie Wins Court Verdict

San Francisco, May 18—(Associated Press) Howard Hughes' movie "The Outlaw," featuring Buxom Jane Russell, was cleared of indecency charges by a municipal jury yesterday.

("The Outlaw" was closed by the San Francisco Police, April 28.)

In the instructions to the jury, Judge Twain Michelsen said as follows:

"We have seen Jane Russell. She is an attractive specimen of American womanhood. God made her what she is.

"There are some fanatical persons who object to Miss Russell in a low-necked blouse. The scene is in the desert -- hardly a place for woolens or furs.

"Life is sordid and obscene to those who find it so," the judge pointed out.

Some of the women in the courtroom hissed indignantly.

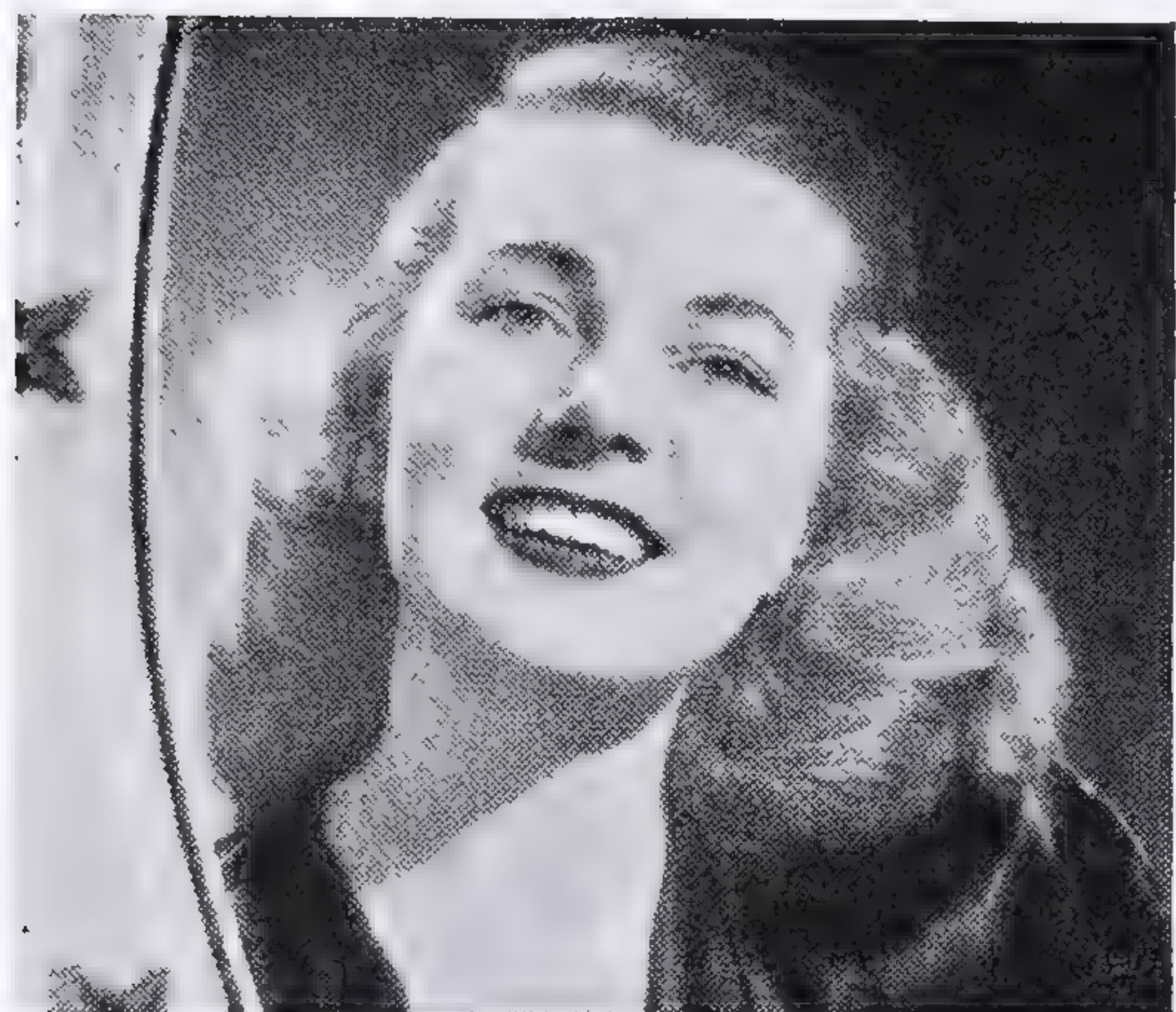
like it...

but the Public does!

In its first week, "The Outlaw" has broken every attendance record ever established by any motion picture or theatrical production ever shown in any theatre in the history of San Francisco!

"The Outlaw" has exceeded all previous records by the astounding margin of 51,193 persons!

GIRLS! Want quick curls?



EYES light on lovely hair and linger there when it shines in all its natural beauty. Your hair will be soft, sparkling, and lustrous when you do it at home with new different Wildroot Hair Set that replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Does all they do and more! Light bodied, faster drying. It contains processed LANOLIN, leaves your hair soft, natural, and at its lovely best. Style your own distinctive hair-do quickly, without fuss or disappointment! And watch those admiring glances! Ask for New Wildroot Hair Set at your toilet goods counter today!



NEW WILDROOT HAIR SET

TURN SPARE TIME INTO

Take easy orders in spare time—full time. Friends, others buy. Show 50 cards for \$1 imprinted with sender's name. You make big profit on each sale. FREE SAMPLES. Also sell Christmas card, Religious & Everyday card assortments. New money-making plan for clubs, lodges and church groups. WRITE TODAY. Wetmore & Sugden, Inc., Dept. 5-T 749 Monroe Ave., Rochester 2, N.Y.

CASH!
Sell Personal
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Quick COME BACK!

All in from lack of sleep, worry or nervous strain? A whiff of invigorating CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS will help revive you. Convenient purse-size bottle.



CROWN LAVENDER SMELLING SALTS

At your druggist, OR SEND 25¢ (coin or stamps) to Dept. J-32, Schieffelin & Co., 20 Cooper Square, New York 3, N. Y. Established 1794.



INSIDE STUFF

Joan Wells passes the popcorn to Bob Walker and Van Heflin on set of M-G-M's "Till the Clouds Roll By"

(Continued from page 12) rose from their seats at the same time. Tourists gaped while these two old friends met with a fond kiss and embrace. It was the first time Cary had seen Roz since her nervous breakdown. And incidentally, Roz looks wonderful again . . . Judy Garland has told her studio she's well enough to begin work again. Her next will be "The Pirate." . . . Those Jeffrey Lynn fans who have been anxiously awaiting news of the actor will be glad to know Captain Lynn is out of the Army and all set to return to Warners for more pictures . . . Five minutes after Bing Crosby landed in Canada on "The Emperor Waltz" location he was playing golf. And what's more, played thirty-six holes. Bing is happier up there than he's been in a long time because it's daylight until ten o'clock which means more time for golf. And to cheer him even more, he won the gold medal (not Photoplay's this time) for catching the biggest trout of the season up there . . . Olivia de Havilland—the latest star to go in for politics—has just returned from lecturing in Seattle . . . Betty Hutton has become an aunt again. Sister Marion Hutton Philbin (also a singer) had her second boy this week. "Just what I want," Betty says, "a really big bouncing boy." . . . Dorothy Lamour looking lovely with her dark hair dressed low on her neck lunching with her agent Wyn Rocamora at Romanoff's and bemoaning the fact her favorite pieces of jewelry, stolen several months ago, have never been found . . . Gloria De Haven, so lovely with her long dark hair, lunching with Red Skelton in the M-G-M commissary. Gloria is making her first picture, "Summer Holiday," since the birth of her baby. Red is a new man since his Army experiences, quiet, subdued and serious. Gone are the days when Red clowning all over the lot. The comic devotes three nights a week now to attending television school

and is said to know more about television than any actor in the business. Nothing like getting ready for the future . . . Peter Lawford dropped in for a drink of ginger ale—he being on the wagon at the moment—and to chat over his newest picture, "It Happened in Brooklyn." He couldn't be more pleased at the idea of working with Sinatra. Part of the picture was shot in New York. Peter was quite excited too because "Frank and I both had tickets for the Louis-Conn fight and my agent lined me up enough radio spots to pay my expenses, so we went back together." . . . Nora Flynn is studying voice and dramatics preparatory to going into movies in a big way.

A Prediction: It's our job not only to report the current news but to look ahead a bit and prepare you for what's coming. Frenchman Louis Jourdan, brought to this country by David O. Selznick for a role in "The Paradine Case," is by far the most exciting personality to hit the screen since Tyrone Power. And what's more, the handsome Louis looks not unlike Ty. His features are more regular, however and his profile something out of this world.

We learned a lot about Louis the day a friend brought him to Cal's house. He's twenty-five and during the occupation hid from the Germans in various small towns of France carrying on dangerous secret work for the underground. He's quiet in manner and so anxious to pronounce every English word correctly he takes his language coach everywhere. A Selznick scout saw Louis in a French film in England and excitedly wired Selznick who had the lad brought over immediately.

Take our tip, fans, he'll be your favorite rave a few months from now and then you can say—Cal told us so.

(Continued on page 20)

The doctor makes his rounds

● Wherever he goes, he is welcome... his life is dedicated to serving others. Not all his calls are associated with illness. He is often friend and counselor. His satisfactions in life are reflected in the smiling faces of youngsters like this one below, and of countless others whom he has long attended.

Yes, the doctor represents an honored profession... his professional reputation and his record of service are his most cherished possessions.



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

*According
to a recent
Nationwide
survey:*

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

● "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?"

That was the gist of the question put to 113,597 doctors from coast to coast in a recent survey by three independent research groups.

More doctors named Camels than any other cigarette.

If you're a Camel smoker, this definite preference for Camels among physicians will not surprise you. If not, then by all means try Camels. Try them for taste... for your throat (see right).

CAMELS *Costlier
Tobaccos*

Your "T-Zone" Will Tell You...

The "T-Zone" — T for taste and T for throat — is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only *your* taste and *your* throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you*... and how it affects *your* throat.



Headed for Romance?

**No other shampoo
leaves your hair
so lustrous, yet so
easy to manage!**

Shining hair jeweled with myriad highlight
Gleaming hair smooth as satin and
beautifully behaved! That's Drene-lovely
hair. Yes, whatever its color, you reveal all
the natural beauty of your hair, all
its dazzling sheen... when you use
Drene with Hair Conditioning action.
"Your hair is truly your crowning glory,"
says famous Magazine Cover Girl and Dren
Girl Carole Crowther, "if you keep it
lustrous-smooth... and wear it becomingly.
Here, Carole shows you these glamorous
hair-dos you can try at home
or ask your beauty shop to do.
Your hair is far silkier, smoother and
easier to manage when you use today's
improved Drene with Hair Conditioning
action. And the very first time you Drene your
hair, you completely remove unsightly
dandruff. No other shampoo leaves your hair
so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

▲ **SWEETEST MUSIC EVER** when he tells
you how lovely you look with this shining
cap coiffure. "Like to try a short hair-do,"
asks Carole, "without snipping a single hair?"
First Drene your hair to bring out all its natu-
ral gleam... as much as 33 percent more

lustre than with any soap or soap shampoo. Since
Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any
dulling film as all soaps do. Now center-part
hair to nape of neck. Comb long ends on
each side into a single curl and pin under bot-
tom wave. Presto! A make-believe short-cut!

Drene
**Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action**



▲ **HER DOG A CHAMPION**, Carole beams
happily and looks ever so beautiful with this
stunning upsweep! "It's a joy to fix your hair,"
she says, "when you use Drene with Hair Con-
ditioning action." Easy to comb into smooth,
shining neatness. Gather all hair to crown and
tie securely. Comb back hair into a circular
roll and front hair into half a dozen small curls.

Silver Celebration

Marking twenty-five years of happy wedlock for Fay Bainter and Reginald Venable

Here comes the bride! Fay, of "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," and Reginald were married in New York. The dress she's wearing is in the wedding-gown motif



Neighbors Norma Shearer and husband Marty Arrouge stayed to chat with Joan Crawford, their first meeting in years



Romantically speaking—Bonita Granville and Jack Wrather toast each other. Decorations, even the table cloth, were in silver



The handsome pair—Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Scott. It was a drop-in-and-out cocktail party at Fay's beautiful Ocean Park home

Wonderful!

A wonderful silverplate that stays lovelier longer, because the most used spoons and forks are inlaid with two blocks of sterling at backs of bowls and handles. Fifty-two piece set \$68.50 including chest.

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STERLING INLAID®
SILVERPLATE



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FOR THOSE HIGH HOPES
... within your heart

The distinctive beauty and fine craftsmanship of a West Branch make it the ideal cedar hope chest for protecting your fondest possessions. A West Branch adds grace to your home. WEST BRANCH CHESTS, MILTON, PA.

West Branch
CEDAR HOPE CHEST

The Present with a Future



Time marking with trimmings: Bill (*Hopalong Cassidy*) Boyd and his wife celebrate their ninth wedding anniversary by dining out at Mocambo

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16)

The Borrower: Helmut is back in Hollywood—after an exciting trip to Vienna—and no longer under contract to Warners. But the effort he made to get to Vienna is the funniest thing Cal's heard in many a day. First there were trips to Washington, people to contact. Just about the time he was ready to give up hope, he had a brilliant idea. Why not go as a foreign correspondent?

Without difficulty he got a magazine assignment. Then came the problem of a uniform. He had exactly two hours to get one or the trip was off. It would have been dangerous, with snipers and the like still about, for Helmut to go as a civilian. He solved the problem by nonchalantly walking into Warners wardrobe department and "borrowing" a tie and shirt Errol Flynn had worn in "Objective Burma," Raymond Massey's pants and George Brent's jacket. His belt was his own. When the studio realized what had happened they were none too pleased.

But the trip was worth any amount of borrowing, for he saw his family and now plans to have his younger brother, who's an engineer, join him here soon. Back in New York Helmut, still running around in the collected uniform, bought four white shirts, commenting, "Well, for a change I have something of my own!"

"Can you answer me these?"

asks **KAY KYSER**

The Ol' Professor of
the "College of Musical Knowledge"



"Are you a better American because your forebears came here sooner than somebody else? Does 'God Bless America' refer just to *your* neighborhood, race and religion? Do you think 'freedom' means you do as you like, and others do as *you* like, too?"

"You don't need the Ol' Professor to tell you the answer to all these questions is a great big NO! A good American respects the rights of other Americans . . . and of other nations, too!"



There's a trend to candy-coated gum these days, and Fleer's is top o' the trend. It's so fresh and attractive *looking*, so refreshing and delicious *tasting*. Twelve right-bite-size fleerlets in the handy one-at-a-time package, just 5¢. You'll like Fleer's . . . try it today!



Candy Coated — Chewing gum in its nicest form!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA, PA. ESTABLISHED 1885

Are you in the know?



Which make good scents for summer?

- ☐ Atomic aromas
- ☐ Fragile fragrances
- ☐ Swoon-perfumes

Bewitched by nose-bait? Ixnay on heady or powerhouse varieties. You can find yummy "matched" scents in bubble bath, powder and cologne (matched to a teen's budget, too). Fragile fragrances are especially good for summer. That's when you must stay particularly petal-fresh; bathe more often. On "certain" days, above all. Remember, Kotex contains a *deodorant*. Locked inside each Kotex napkin, *this* deodorant can't shake out! See how sweet it can keep you.

How to rate on a first date?

- ☐ Sling a sharp line
- ☐ Be a listening-post
- ☐ Learn his interests

Being a dumb bunny, or too-too clever, can scare your new squire away! Learn his interests. Talk them over . . . and he'll soon be mighty interested in *you*. It's all a matter of forgetting about yourself: an art you can master on "problem days," as well. Just count on Kotex and the extra protection you get from that special *safety center*. An exclusive Kotex feature that gives you poise . . . protection *plus*. There's no fear of accidents to heckle you!

This fetching neckline's for you, if—

- ☐ You're the tomboy type
- ☐ You shun a suntan
- ☐ You watch your posture

Your shoulders are showing! Or will be, when you see the swoonsation this new neckline creates! It's for you, if you watch your posture. So bone up on workouts that square droopy shoulders, correct "hat-rack" shoulder blades. And you needn't let down on "those" days; for exercise—and Kotex—help you keep comfortable. You get lasting softness with Kotex, the napkin made to *stay soft while wearing*—put chafing trouble on the double!

What's smart strategy for "baby-sitting"?

- ☐ Pack junior off to bed
- ☐ Be a stand-in for his Mom
- ☐ Ask your gang over

Minding the neighbors' small fry can be good business. If you have "savvy"! Ask your librarian for leaflets on games, stories, play materials. In short, take a real *interest* in junior: be a stand-in for his Mom. You can get together with the gang some other time . . . and even at "trying" times you'll feel fluster-free, with Kotex. The special, *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show. They prevent revealing outlines, so forget those fears . . . choose Kotex!



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT in every
Kotex napkin at no extra cost

The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good, three checks, outstanding

✓ Of Human Bondage (Warners)



Eleanor Parker and Paul Henreid share tense drama in this literary legend

YOU may have seen it before, you may be seeing it for the first time, but Somerset Maugham's novel still makes an attention-getting film. Done this time with Paul Henreid in Leslie Howard's role of the sensitive would-be artist with the club foot and the inferiority complex and Eleanor Parker in Bette Davis's famous star-making part of *Mildred*, the cockney vixen, it gets its accustomed audience reaction. The men will call Henreid a "jerk"; the women will pity him from the bottom of their susceptible hearts, while blushing for the fact that their sex can encompass such a sinning Eve as *Mildred*.

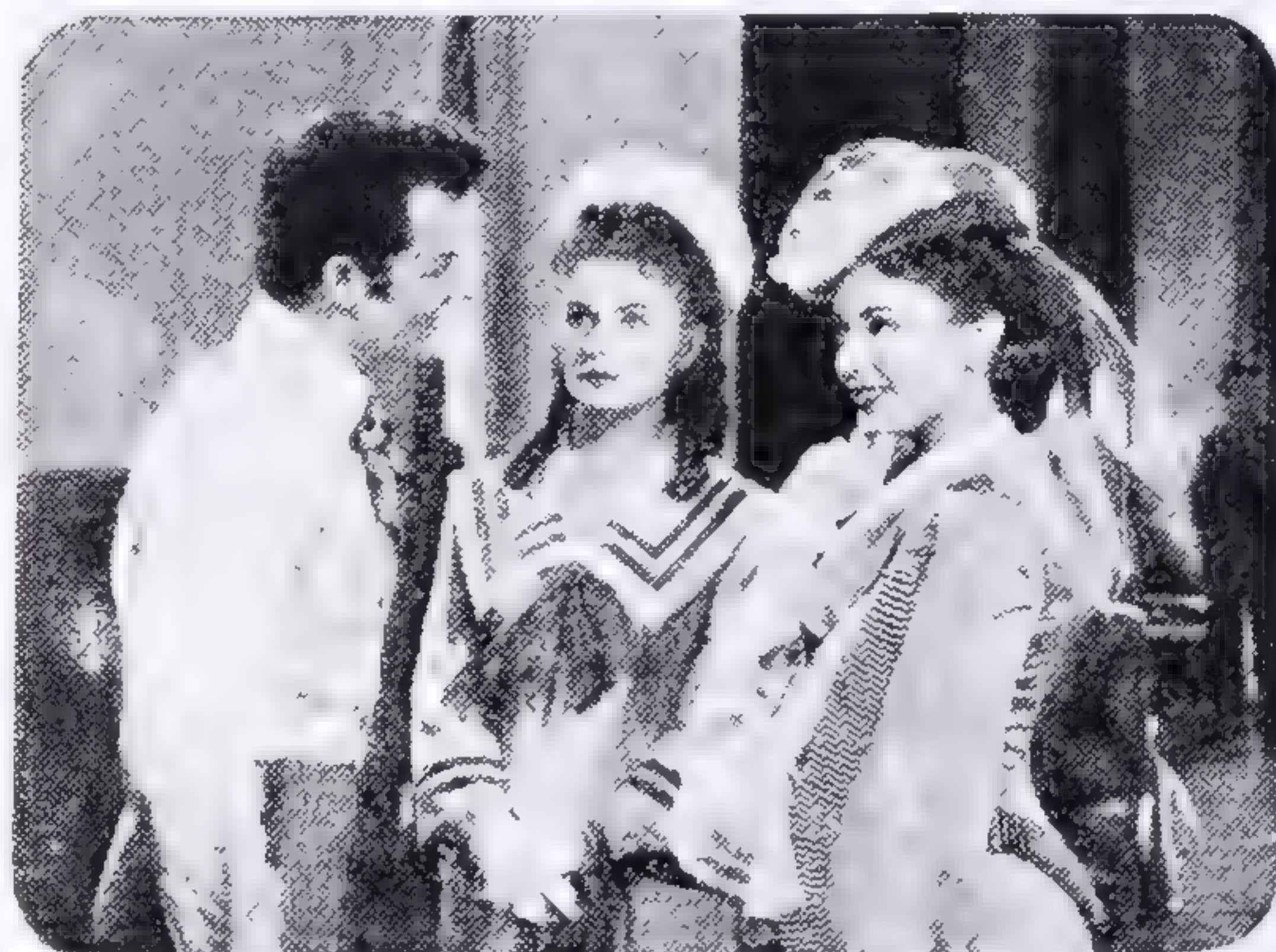
The story is now almost a literary legend: A young medical student who seeks after art unsuccessfully resigns himself to a realistic life, meets a head-tossing waitress, finds himself in inexplicable bondage to her and her ruthless exploitation. He

realizes that what he feels for her can bring him only deterioration; yet he is ever ready at one calculating glance from his Circe to spring his own trap. His eventual freedom is doled out by a relenting fate.

Henreid gives a feeling portrayal, despite the distortion his Austrian accent imposes on the original plot. Eleanor Parker as the cockney sways her hips and smashes furniture with an ability that is noteworthy but yet cannot compare with Davis's former great portrayal of a woman's smallness of soul. Alexis Smith is sincere and dignified in the thankless role of the good woman, Janis Paige gives *Sally* a sensitive touch; Edmund Gwenn does a fine piece of acting as the philosopher-friend, *Athelny*.

Your Reviewer Says: A perennial pays off.

✓✓ Centennial Summer (20th Century-Fox)



Cornel Wilde, Jeanne Crain and Linda Darnell in gay old days romancing

SET in Philadelphia in that progressive summer of 1876 when women were branching right out of their leg o'mutton sleeves and young doctors were daring to specialize in obstetrics, this music-filled Technicolor film will amuse you, delight you and surely make you forget that a strike is anything but a baseball term.

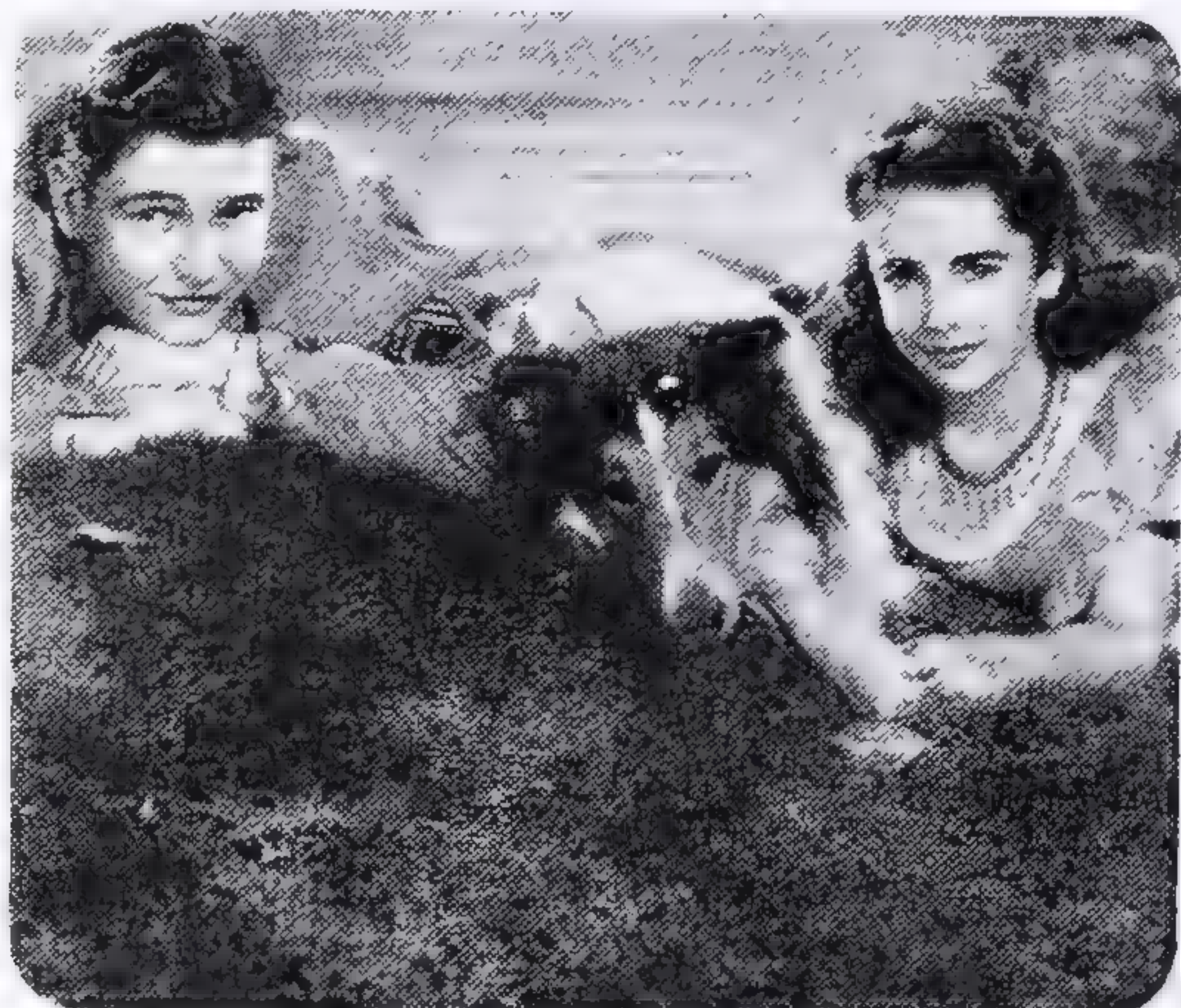
Walter Brennan and Lillian Gish are a conservative middle-class Philadelphia family intent on Papa's railroad business and keeping tabs on their two daughters—Linda Darnell, the doer, and Jeanne Crain, the dreamer. Into their Brussels-carpet household two bombshells are thrown. One arrives in the luscious form of Constance Bennett, Mama's sister straight from Paris who brings along her advanced ideas—and a gallant young Frenchman, Cornel

Wilde. The second is the Centennial Exposition and the combination of the two puts the family right on a dashing merry-go-round. After lots of gay confusion set to the tune of Jerome Kern's music and Oscar Hammerstein's lyrics, everyone gets the gold ring, including the appreciative audience.

Cornel Wilde is completely at home in the role of the Frenchman, right down to accent and gestures; he is a Celt to the tricolor born. The rest of the cast is admirable. The music works in rather more easily than in most films of this sort; the costumes are sugar-plum visions; the finished whole is a round of lighthearted fun.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh, for the gay old days!

✓✓ Courage of Lassie (M-G-M)



Tom Drake, Lassie and Elizabeth Taylor in touching saga of canine heroism

A FILM that takes its place among the blue-ribbon winners in Hollywood's dog stories is this Technicolor account of *Bill*, a golden collie, played by Lassie, who starts his life in the wilderness and grows up to find his god in a little girl.

The plot has all the pathos that usually marks Hollywood animal sagas, but in addition it presents two new angles. The first is the introduction—a series of wild-life shots that are so incredibly natural the animals seem like Disney characters. The second is a too-brief description of the training and handling of dogs for war, a fascinating bit of film intelligence that puts the picture in an unusual class.

Bill's adventures are many and hectic; the audience is tense with his mistress Elizabeth Taylor when he disappears; apprehensive with his handler when he sees combat in the Aleutians; relieved with his good friend, Frank Morgan, when he finally comes into his own as a first-class war hero.

Elizabeth Taylor performs with a natural versatility; Morgan with artful casualness. Fans of Tom Drake will wish that he had more to do but what he does do is most acceptable. It is a picture children will love, dog-lovers will applaud.

Your Reviewer Says: A best-of-breed.

(Continued on page 24)

BY MARIAN QUINN KELLY

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 24

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 144

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 138

Don't Ignore These Symptoms!

ITCHING

SCALES

FLAKES

GERMS

HERE'S THE EASY, DELIGHTFUL TREATMENT

Women: Part hair, all over the scalp, and apply Listerine Antiseptic with finger tips or cotton. Rub in well. Carefully done, it can't hurt your wave. **Men:** Douse full-strength Listerine on the scalp. Follow with good, vigorous massage. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous in the field of oral hygiene for over 60 years.

How to help safeguard the beauty of

Your Lovely Hair!

IT'S the simplest little precaution imaginable—yet so effective! Every time you wash your hair, just use Listerine Antiseptic. Massage it well in, on hair and scalp. That's all!

Thousands of fastidious women use this pleasant little treatment as a precaution against infectious dandruff, which bothers so many people. Women know that flakes and scales can ruin the smartest hair-do... utterly destroy the charm of beautiful hair.

A causative agent of infectious dandruff, according to many noted dermatologists, is a stubborn germ called the "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*). Listerine Antiseptic kills this germ by the million! And

does it in such a cool, refreshing way! You'll find the treatment easy, quick and wonderfully *clean*-feeling.

If Infectious Dandruff Starts

If those telltale flakes and scales persist . . . if you're pestered by intolerable itching—it's no time to delay. These things may be *symptoms* of infectious dandruff—a warning that the infection is already at work. Don't experiment with so-called "overnight" cures or greasy lotions. Don't wait till shampoo-time. Get going—*at once*—with Listerine Antiseptic—two treatments a day and keep it up. How wonderful to see flakes and scales start to disappear! What a com-

fort to alleviate that *itching*.

This twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment for hair and scalp has been *tested* clinically. Tested for a full month, it actually removed, or markedly improved dandruff symptoms for 76% of the sufferers from this embarrassing disease.

So help guard *your* lovely hair with Listerine Antiseptic treatments with every shampoo. Or, if infectious dandruff has gotten a start, give two treatments a day for quick, comforting aid. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

For Infectious Dandruff
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
and MASSAGE



BY APPOINTMENT
PERFUMERS TO
H. M. QUEEN MARY
YARDLEY, LONDON

by the beautiful sea

... be a twentieth-century Circe in the enticing, spray-cool aura of Yardley English Lavender! From storied blossom-beds to lend your summer-time the ever-fresh appeal of a scent that suggests fragrant breeze and vaulting sky and all things gay and lovely.

Yardley English Lavender, the gay-hearted fragrance, \$4.75, \$2.50, \$1.50, plus tax.

Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35c, box of three tablets \$1



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Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue, Rockefeller Center, New York, N. Y.

ADV. BY N. W. AYER

(Continued from page 22)

✓✓ Three Wise Fools (M-G-M)

YOU already know what Margaret O'Brien can do to the American public; you are also aware of the deft touches of Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone, Edward Arnold and Thomas Mitchell in any film they grace. Put these elements together, add a touch of an Irish brogue, some leprechauns and fairies and you have "Three Wise Fools."

Playing the Irish granddaughter of the long-lost love of Stone, Barrymore and Arnold, Margaret comes from Ireland with her faithful servitor, Mitchell, to upset completely the selfish lives of the three old men. She prattles touchingly about the "little people" who live in a tree on her grandmother's American estate; the three venerables prattle foolishly about a deed they would like to have her hand over to the local university. Since to do this, Margaret would have to evict her fairies, she takes a firm stand as a landlord.

Brush up on your Irish brogue, get on speaking terms with your own private leprechauns and go and enjoy an enchanting bit of movie-making.

Your Reviewer Says: The "little people" take you over.

✓ My Pal Trigger (Republic)

LIKE all the films of this series, this is a very good Roy Rogers and a very excellent Trigger up to all sorts of tricks to insure you a fine western. The picture is tight-knit, has a genuine sincerity, is filled with well-worked suspense.

Rogers is accused of killing the great *Golden Sovereign*; after being bailed out of jail, he clears town in a hurry. In the midst of his wanderings his mare *Lady* presents him with a foal, Trigger, the image of the *Golden Sovereign*. From there on in Roy and Trigger fight their way back over a rough western road to handshakes for Roy from his old enemy and laurel wreaths for Trigger.

Familiar faces grace the struggle—George "Gabby" Hayes, Dale Evans and Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers. If you're in the mind to go west for a

Best Pictures of the Month

Centennial Summer
From This Day Forward
Three Wise Fools
Courage of Lassie

Best Performances

Edmund Gwenn in
"Of Human Bondage"
Cornel Wilde in
"Centennial Summer"

Joan Fontaine in
"From This Day Forward"

Jackie Jenkins in
"Little Mr. Jim"

Joan Leslie, Robert Benchley,
Edward Arnold and Donald Meek in
"Janie Gets Married"

Elizabeth Taylor and Frank Morgan
in "Courage of Lassie"

couple of hours, buy your ticket. The trip will turn out fine.

Your Reviewer Says: Roy and Trigger know their monkey business.

✓ **Lover Come Back (Universal)**

THIS is a nice little piece of summer desert on the film menu, a bit of romantic fluff that will lighten the heart of long-suffering females—and males. It takes the double standard, ties it up in a roguish bowknot and then untwists it to leave the wife-husband situation at status quo—i.e., love and kisses spiced up by the promise of a few inevitable quarrels.

Lucille Ball is the wife who dreams about her soldier husband for two long years, meanwhile tending strictly to her stylist business. George Brent is the spouse who also dreams of his wife but does some “not a thing to it” work on the side in his date book. Their reunion is punctuated by a meeting of George and some of his overseas blonde friends; complicated by Lucille’s conniving to make her red-faced husband jealous; climaxed by a trip to Nevada for the well-worn reason.

The cast is just what it should be—Miss Ball and Mr. Brent carry things off pleasantly; Vera Zorina gives just the right touch as the “other woman”—innocent, of course; and Charles Winninger and Elisabeth Risdon make a Pa-Ma team that greatly increases the amusement value of the film.

Your Reviewer Says: Breezy business for a summer night.

✓ **Smoky (20th Century-Fox)**

WHETHER or not you’ll like “Smoky” is an “if” proposition. You’ll rub appreciative hands at this film—magnificent so far as Technicolor goes—if you’re a fireside cowboy who dreams of the wide open spaces; or if you’re a horse lover who can think of no better treat than watching herds of splendid horses running wild over the glorious mesas of Utah. For this is primarily a horse-cowboy saga, the life story of *Smoky*, a wild horse who is trained by Fred MacMurray, and his adventures among an odd assortment of the so-called human race.

Slow-moving at first, it picks up pace toward the middle with the entrance of Bruce Cabot as the renegade who does no one any good, least of all *Smoky*. MacMurray rides his outdoor role most comfortably, can be just his deadpan, tight-lipped self. Anne Baxter plays “The Girl,” does as much with her scenes as a cowboy female lead permits. Burl Ives makes a hefty bow to films singing cowboy ballads and does such a good job he is sure to be humming his way through a lot of Fox westerns.

The scenery looks like a painted backdrop, but isn’t; you’ll look and like the fact that this is America.

Your Reviewer Says: “Aye” for cowboy fanciers.

Colorado Serenade (PRC)

THIS Western, all wrapped up in Technicolor, has a gun at the hip ready to go off at any minute. Although it fails to knock the adult customers dead, “Colorado Serenade” will undoubtedly shoot to kill so far as its cowboy-rooter audience is concerned. About twenty minutes too long, it offers all the essentials of a Western—the stagecoach holdup, the crinolined lady ranchkeeper, the honest “Jedge” who, with the help of a couple of handsome heroes,



That blouse will catch more than the eye, Chick!

When underarm odor clings, men don't. So play safe with Mum

A stop sign for roving eyes—that froth of a blouse you're putting on.

Yet how quickly it can play false to your charm if it snags underarm odor. On guard, then, with Mum.

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration, yes. But you still need to hold onto that fresh start—to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor. That's why smart girls use Mum.

better because it's Safe

1. Safe for skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. Safe for charm. Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

Rita Daigle-

WALTER THORNTON

Pin-Up GIRL

uses Glover's Famous
3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT
for Beautiful Hair



Overnight

Lovelier Hair for You, too!

YOU don't have to wait week after week—try just one application of the Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment tonight—and tomorrow you'll see the difference! Compare the lovelier, natural-looking color tones—the fresh radiance—the sparkling highlights and clear, soft, exquisite beauty of your hair. Get all three today—Glover's Original Mange Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—and use separately or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon for FREE application!

GLOVER'S

with massage, for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING
SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

Free Trial Size



SEND COUPON for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, with complete instructions for Glover's 3-Way Treatment and useful FREE booklet. "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."



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Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Shampoo and Glover's Hair Dress, in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

is to bring law and order to the wide-open frontier town. The shootin' matches are interspersed with cowboy songs.

Law and Order put up a good fight and emerge victorious over the bad men and Eddie Dean as the hero does his share to keep the action moving. It's a good try that comes out just a bit overdone.

Your Reviewer Says: Not-so-good, not-so-bad Western.

Boys Ranch (M-G-M)

THIS picture, concerning boys who are juvenile delinquents, had an odd effect on the members of the preview audience who came in such well-behaved people and went out swearing to commit mayhem on the perpetrators of this movie. Take little Skippy Homeier, for instance, who scored so notably in "Tomorrow the World." Skippy is permitted to go about behaving like the village idiot on the ranch provided for boy delinquents by James Craig—an altruistic baseball player with a reforming bug. Skippy simply makes no sense. Darryl Hickman is the eager beaver of the outfit and Butch Jenkins the lad who talks like Farmer Brown at a Grange meeting. Dorothy Patrick plays Craig's wife and little Sharon McManus, who danced so beautifully with Gene Kelly in "Anchors Aweigh," plays his daughter.

Your Reviewer Says: See this and you'll feel like a bad boy.

Doll Face (20th Century-Fox)

STRICTLY from the wrong side of the tracks is *Doll Face*, the burlesque queen played by Vivian Blaine. Strictly from the wrong side of the production tracks, too, is this little film that has Dennis O'Keefe as her publicity manager. To remedy the former situation, he has a book written about her life, a la Gypsy Rose Lee. The ghost writer, Michael Dunne, horns in on their romance, Carmen Miranda makes some voluble comments about the business and in the end everyone gets bored with the whole mix-up, including *Doll Face* who, of course, discovers that true love always makes a plot come out right in the end.

There are lots of shots of chorus girls in tights, lots of songs by Perry Como, lots of meaningless meanderings on the part of the whole cast. One has the feeling that if Carmen Miranda had been given a little more to do there might have been a lot more laughs.

Your Reviewer Says: Nothing much doing.

Badman's Territory (RKO)

HERE comes Randy Scott again, totin' his gun in the lawless West. This time he's way out in Badman's Territory, in the town of Quinto which is a law unto itself. A law unto herself, too, is Ann Richards as *Henryette*, the pioneer newspaper woman who is trying to get Quinto brought under Federal control as part of the projected territory of Oklahoma.

The James boys, the Daltons and Belle Starr are present, mighty suspicious of Randy and his lawful motives and making up to his brother who unfortunately finally succumbs to the lure of the bad men and joins the gang in their famous Coffeyville raid. There is enough shooting to satisfy a hearty male audience, enough romance between Randy and *Henryette* to please any Western-minded ladies.

A crooked U. S. Marshal and George "Gabby" Hayes as *Coyote* have itchy trigger fingers, too.

Your Reviewer Says: They aim to please.

✓ Janie Gets Married (Warners)

JANIE puts on a wedding ring and an apron and is her bustling delightful self in this genial family comedy. Joan Leslie and Bob Hutton turn into grown-up married people, set up housekeeping under the watchful eyes of Papas Edward Arnold and Robert Benchley and Mamas Ann Harding and Barbara Brown. Everything is blissful confusion until an overseas buddy of Bob's walks into their little dream cottage.

The fact that this "buddy" turns out to be a very satisfactory WAC gives some troublesome angles to the marital picture, leaving *Janie* trying to square things up in her own rare fashion. With a list of capable actors to help her, including Donald Meek, a pint-sized tycoon with a Napoleonic complex, she overcomes her trials and tribulations, among which may be counted sister Elsbeth, she of the "periscope ears." The picture is filled with diverting bits of family life.

Your Reviewer Says: Janie gets the gold ring.

✓ One More Tomorrow (Warners)

THIS is the old triangle, presenting a not-so-pleasant picture of marriage with Dennis Morgan, Alexis Smith and Ann Sheridan rounding out the angles in a fashion that is finished enough to provide a fair amount of entertainment.

Millionaire Morgan is a crusader, aided and abetted by Miss Sheridan, who knows her own mind about business but is not so certain about love. Consequence: she loses Morgan to Alexis Smith whose idea of making her marriage successful is to wear some breath-taking outfits and take part in some questionable schemes to get husband Dennis back on the plutocratic track where his mind will be strictly on her and not on his magazine. Jack Carson ambles his way around the picture as Morgan's alter ego who's rooting for Ann as against Alexis. He and Reno win in the end.

You won't find this the best film you've seen, but you won't be bored either.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair to middlin'.

(Continued on page 137)

SCARLETT'S BACK!

and so is her handsome husband.

VIVIEN LEIGH

and

LAURENCE OLIVIER,

who've been gone for the war years, will delight you in an intimate story of their return

in October PHOTOPLAY

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THE STRANGE WOMAN

By Ben Ames Williams

ANGEL OR DEVIL—WHICH WAS SHE? To her New England world, Jenny Hager was a righteous woman. But to the eight men who really knew her—father, husbands, sons, lovers—this Maine Cleopatra was a shameless, passionate she-devil! You'll gasp at this unforgettable character—soon to be portrayed by HEDY LAMARR in a million-dollar United Artists production!



HEDY LAMARR,
star of United Artists
movie.

THE FOXES OF HARROW

By Frank Yerby

Devil-may-care Stephen Fox landed in New Orleans with a ten-dollar gold-piece, a pearl stick-pin — and a swagging audacity. But he gambled his way to wealth — won the blue-blooded Odalie — then her sister, Aurore — and finally, the sultry Desiree. A best-seller at \$3.00 in publisher's edition!



BEFORE THE SUN GOES DOWN

By Elizabeth Metzger Howard

HE KNEW THE WHOLE TOWN'S SECRETS! As a physician, Dan Field knew the intimate lives and loves of everyone in Willowspring. Yet he hid a burning secret of his own—a forbidden love for the one woman he could not have! "GEE! What a swell book!" says the *Chicago Sun* of this novel—winner of \$145,000 in cash prizes!



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Rachel — who avenged France because of one German kiss too many.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

By Victor Hugo

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He saved her from death—but how could she return his love?

JANE EYRE

By Charlotte Bronte

WHAT TERRIBLE SECRET CURSED HIS LOVE? His wife was driven mad by her own excesses. Then—a French dancing girl, a Viennese milliner, a Neapolitan countess—and at last he forsook them all for the one woman he adored—a girl barely more than a child. What terrible secret tore them apart?



Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine in the 20th Century-Fox Motion Picture "Jane Eyre."

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DOROTHY MCGUIRE
ROBERT YOUNG

in

Claudia and David



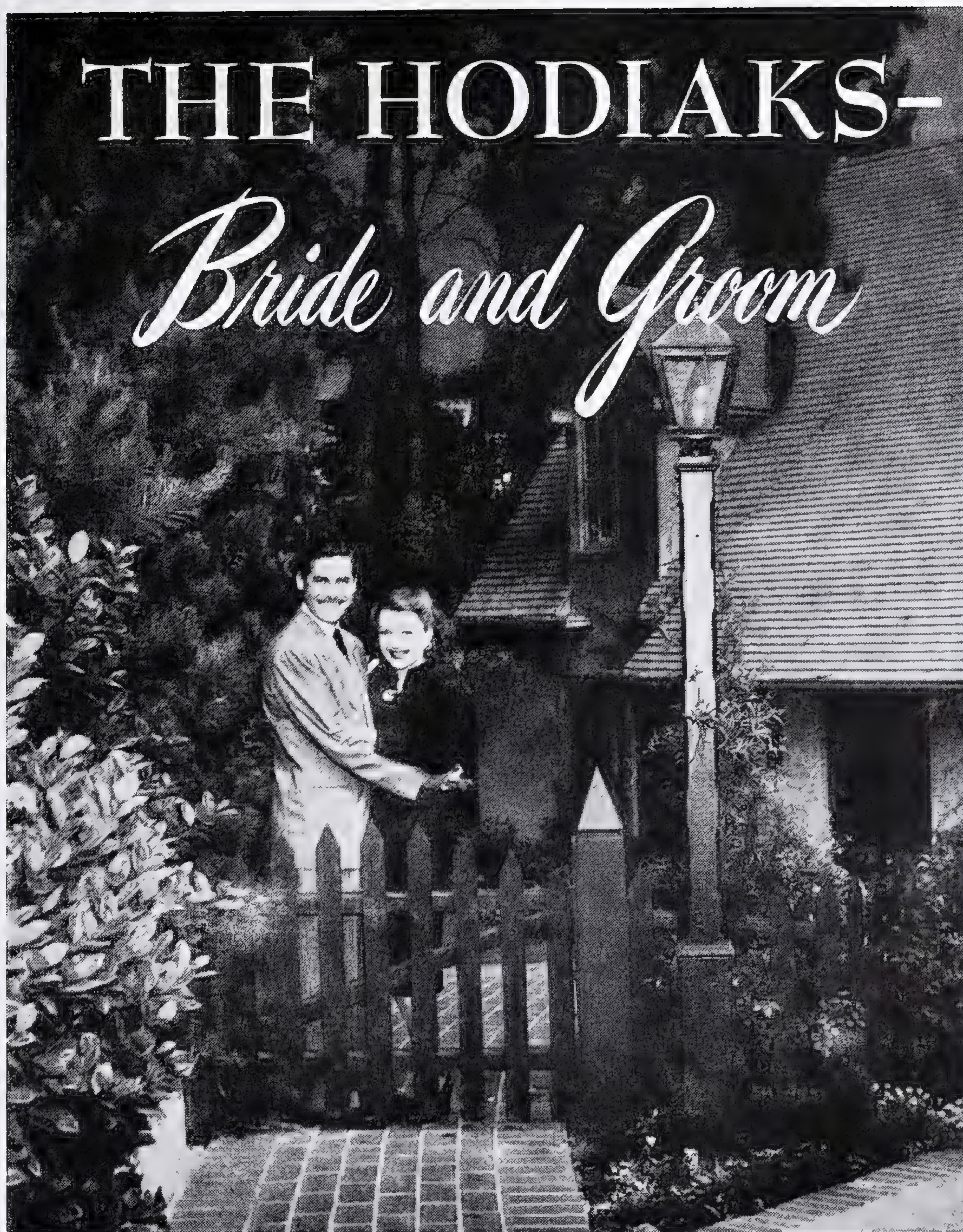
Directed by
WALTER LANG
Produced by
WILLIAM PERLBERG

20th
CENTURY-FOX

with
MARY ASTOR
JOHN SUTTON
GAIL PATRICK
ROSE HOBART
HARRY DAVENPORT
FLORENCE BATES
JEROME COWAN

Adaptation by Vera Caspary • From the Redbook Magazine Stories by Rose Franken

Screen Play by Rose Franken
and William Brown Meloney



John beat her at cards. Anne got angry—and the courtship was on!

BY KENNETH RHODES

FOR anyone interested in how marriages are made in Hollywood, for the records of the Institute of Family Relations, for a honeymoon scrapbook or any similar sentimental purposes, here are some direct quotes:

John: "Anne, will you marry me?"

Anne: "Yes, John, I will."

It's an odd thing that so few persons seem to recall how they happened to get engaged, let alone the exact words of a proposal. The modern legend is that proposals are old fashioned, that understandings are reached without words, and all that. Not so Anne Baxter and John Hodiak.

They were sitting on the couch in Anne's comfortable

living room, with the smart French water colors on the wall, and they had been silent for a long time. John took Anne's hand and he asked the question and she answered it. It was a scene that wouldn't play well on the screen, audiences being used to what they're used to, but that's how it was.

John's a truthful man. "I didn't know what to expect," he confesses. "I was a little surprised when she said 'Yes.'"

Anne is honest, too. She knew exactly what to expect, and had an answer all ready.

Here are a pair of young moderns, just married, ardently in love, of course, (*Continued on page 115*)



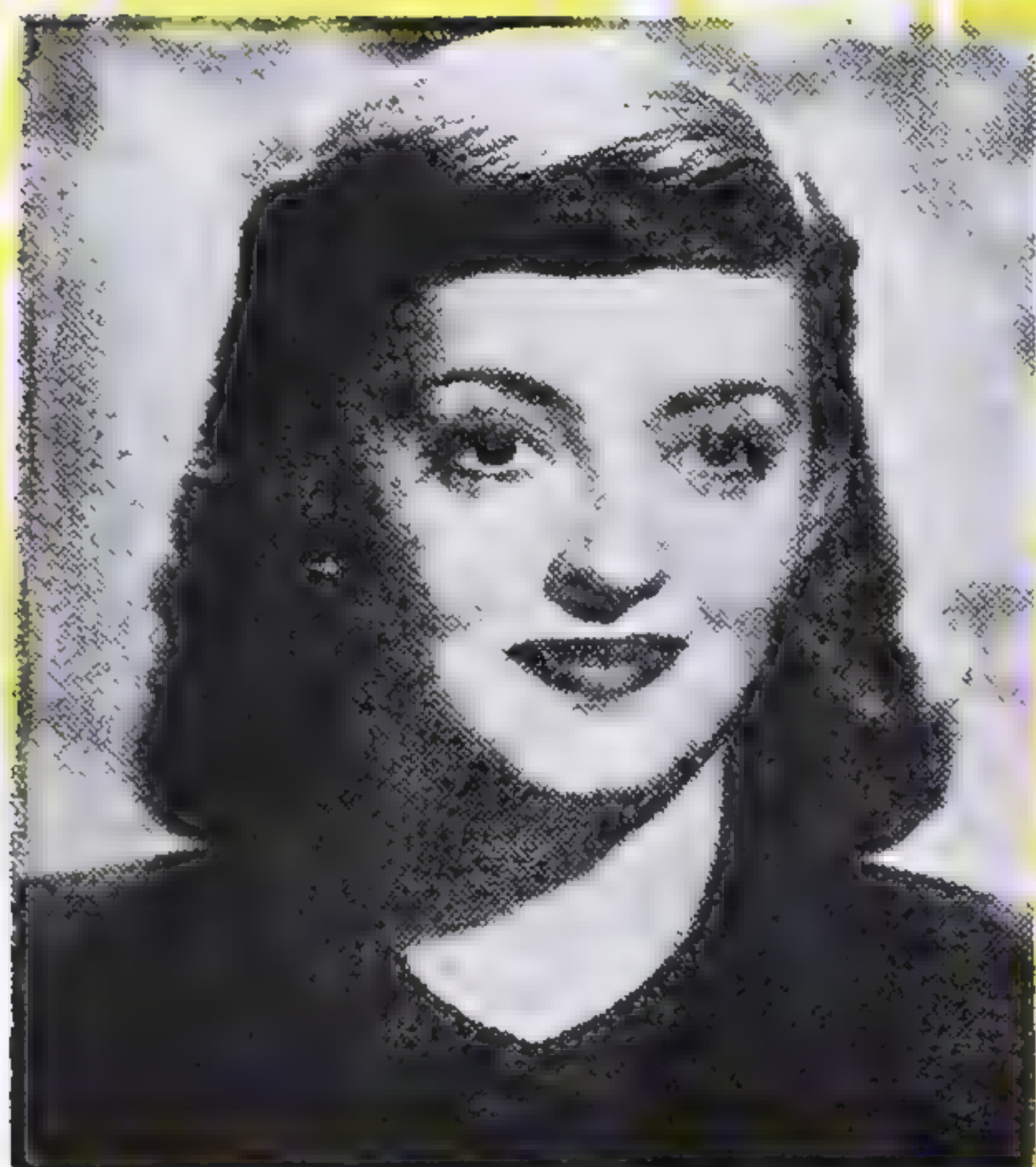
Judy Garland



Greer Garson



Betty Grable



Bette Davis



Ingrid Bergman

**A late summer sum-up
of the stars and pictures out in
front in the race for
Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards**

WHO WILL BE YOUR

THE other night when you were coming out of the movies you said: "That picture should win a prize as the best of the year!" And all around in the lobby you heard others saying the same thing. Perhaps it was "The Bells of St. Mary's."

That same night, in the next town, many in the audience were responding to "The Spiral Staircase" with equal enthusiasm. While in still another town, "The Lost Weekend" was convincing movie-goers that it and no other should be adjudged the best picture of the year.

With 1946 yet to run its full course no one of us can tell which picture will prove most popular with American movie-goers. However, a nation-wide poll, representing a true cross-section of the country is, for the third consecutive year, in the process of being taken. All over

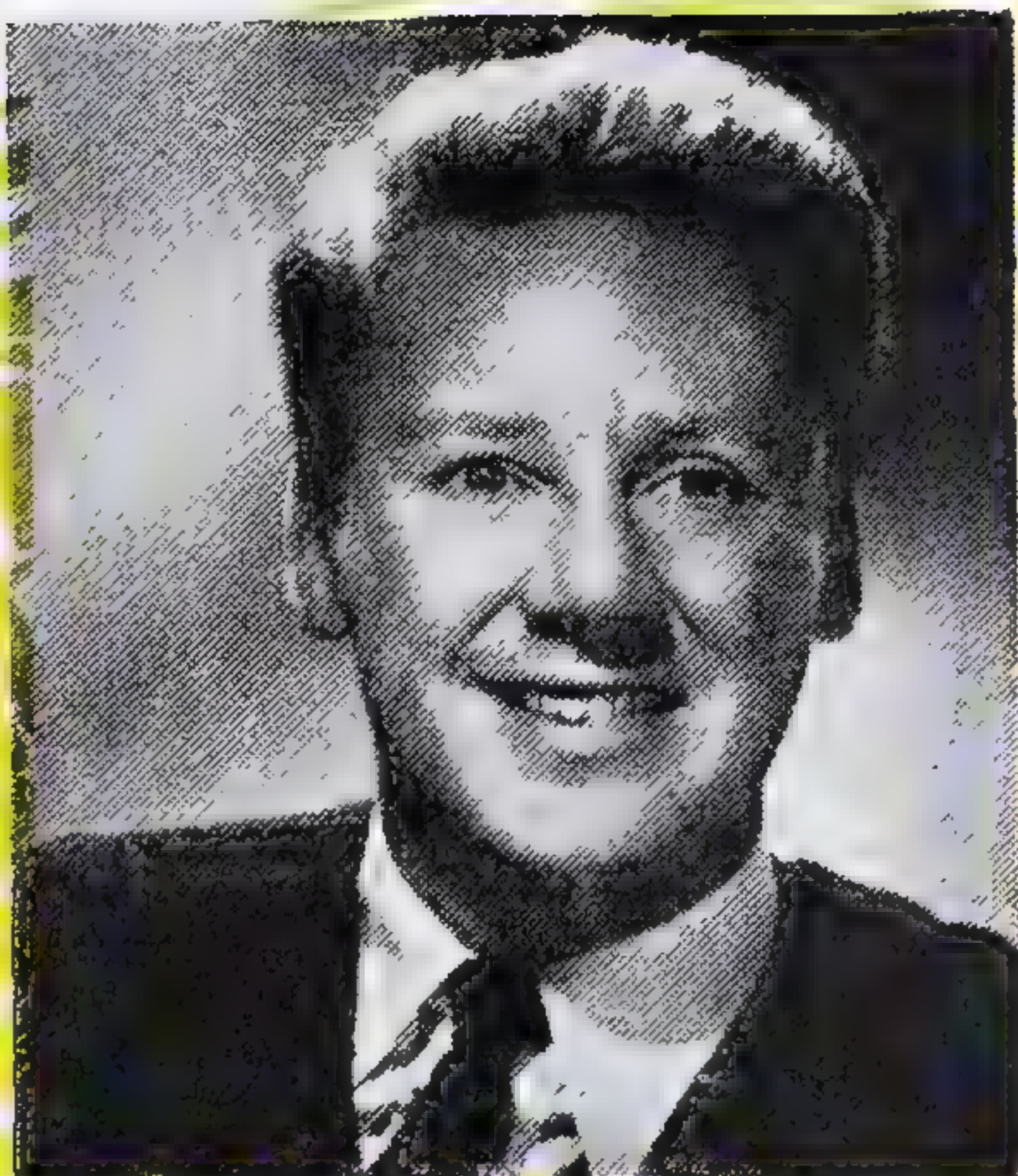
the land, in rural areas, suburbs and cities, Audience Research, Inc. has skilled interviewers in the field consulting men and women, young and old, rich and poor, frequent and infrequent movie-goers, about the films and the stars they have enjoyed most.

It may be that one of these interviewers has talked to you. It may be that he stopped you on the street or at the market or introduced himself when you were sitting on your front porch or when you went to the door in answer to his ring by saying: "We're taking a poll to determine the most popular movie and the most popular stars for Photoplay's 1946 Gold Medal Awards. Would you please answer a few questions?"

One place you have not been stopped by an ARI interviewer is outside of your motion-picture theater.



Spencer Tracy



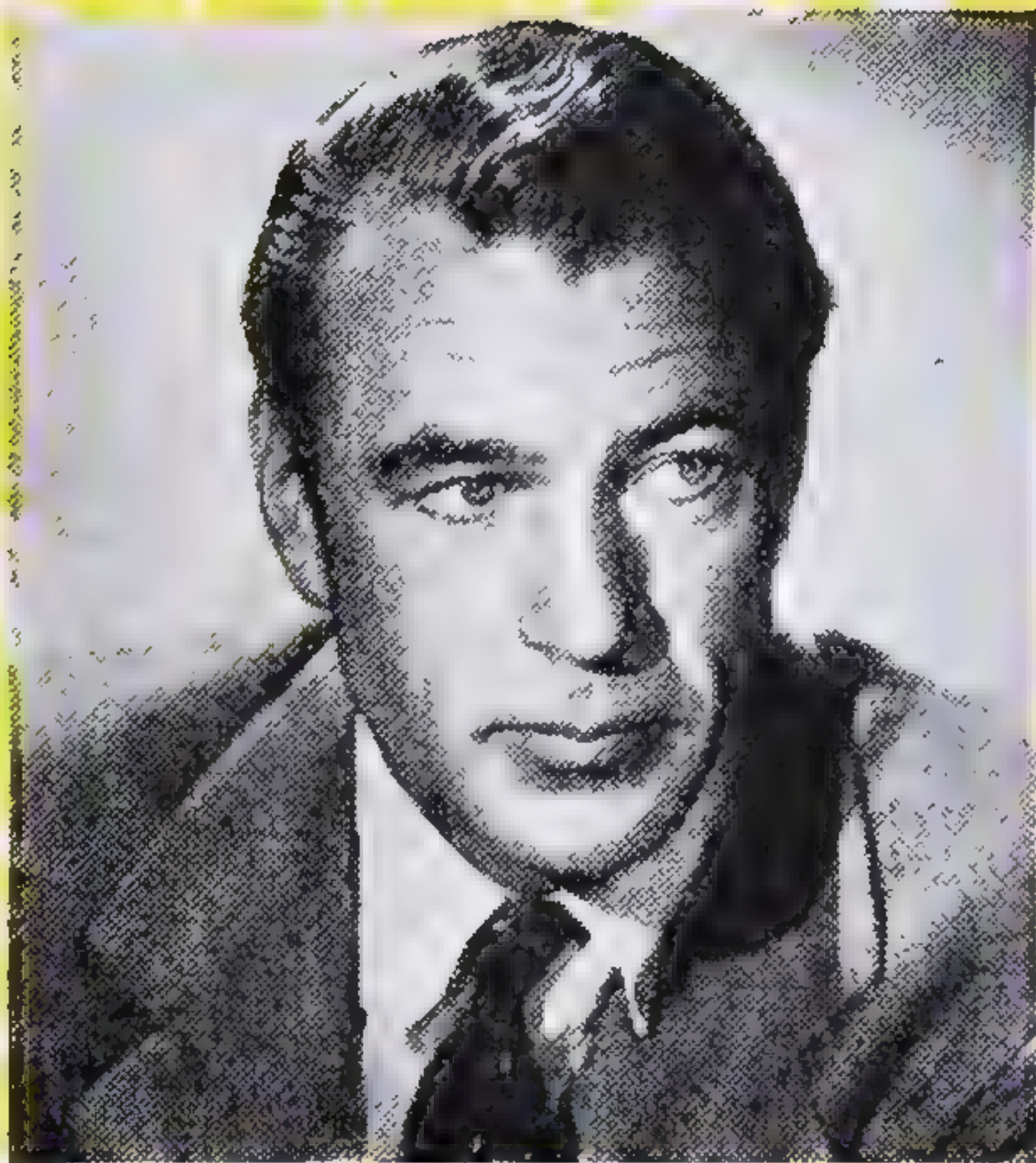
Van Johnson



Clark Gable



Bing Crosby



Gary Cooper

By
DR. GEORGE GALLUP

*Director of
Audience Research, Inc.*

FAVORITES FOR 1946?

For we have discovered respondents, still under the spell of a movie they have just seen, sometimes are unable properly to evaluate the enjoyment other pictures offered. And it is essential that every vote cast in an ARI poll be completely unbiased. In fact, every ARI interviewer carries a list of the pictures released during the year so you cannot forget any picture that you have seen.

At our research offices the thousands of votes you, the movie-goers of America, cast are turned over to our tabulating room where special machines, performing the complicated job of assorting cards and recording four hundred votes a minute, go into action. After which our statisticians, supplied with the multiple machine counts, undertake the final calculations.

The Photoplay Gold Medals, as you know, are the one award in the land based upon Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public's choice both of the best-liked picture and the best-liked stars. And what could be more fitting than that Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public act as the final judge of movies and stars, since it is for the public that stars act and that movies are made. There are other yearly motion-picture awards, of course, but they are decided by the vote of critics, editors, exhibitors or, as in the case of the Oscars of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, by the motion-picture industry itself.

As we go to press, little more than halfway through this year, the eight most popular pictures so far in general release in 1946, arranged alphabetically, are:

Making the greatest stride in popularity, Cornel Wilde . . .



. . . also Gregory Peck, who was in last year's winning picture

WHO WILL BE YOUR

"Leave Her to Heaven," "Love Letters," "Mildred Pierce," "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," "Rhapsody in Blue," "Spellbound," "State Fair," "The Bells of St. Mary's."

And vying for top place are: "Kiss and Tell," "The Lost Weekend," "The Spiral Staircase," "The Story of G. I. Joe," "Wonder Man."

If your favorite picture is not listed here it probably is because it has not yet been seen by one-third of those interviewed, a criterion for the eligibility of any picture. "Saratoga Trunk," for instance, had not been seen by enough people to be eligible at this time. However, the enthusiasm recorded by those who have seen this picture indicates it may very well be a top contender in the final polling. Last year, "The Valley of Decision," not listed at this halfway mark, won Photoplay's Gold Medal as the best-liked film of all.

"The Bells of St. Mary's" with Bing Crosby and Ingrid Bergman, in leading ten pictures



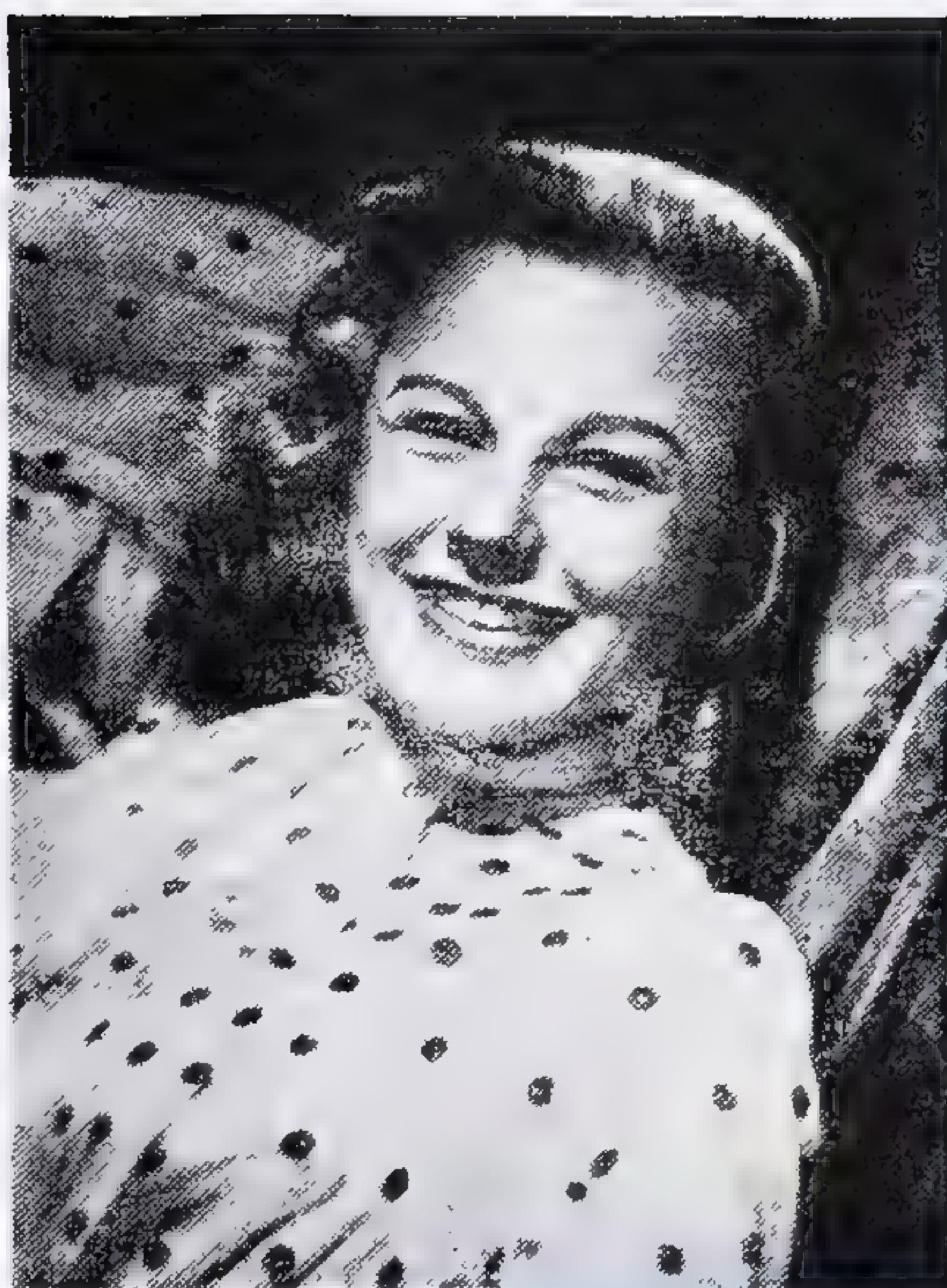
FAVORITES FOR 1946?

Now for the stars chosen as favorites thus far. Listed alphabetically, the five most popular women are: Ingrid Bergman, Bette Davis, Judy Garland, Greer Garson, Betty Grable.

While not far behind are: Claudette Colbert, Betty Hutton, Margaret O'Brien, Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner.

Interestingly enough, the same five women were first in the hearts of American movie-goers not only at this point in last year's race but also at the end of the year when the race was completely run. And at the great Photoplay dinner at the Beverly Hills Hotel, at which three hundred and sixty-eight top flight Hollywood stars, producers, directors, writers and executives gathered to hear the final announcements, it was Greer Garson to whom the Gold Medal was awarded as the most popular woman star for the second year in succession.

Claudette (Continued on page 73)



June Allyson made greatest progress in popularity . . .



. . . along with Jennifer Jones, among girl stars, for 1946

"Saratoga Trunk," starring Ingrid and Gary Cooper, in spite of late release, is also among the high ten



THE CASE *Against* THE OUTLAW

Stricter censorship will mean less entertaining motion pictures for you. At this moment a nationwide fight is being waged involving that vital issue. We feel it is important for you to know about it

BY FRED R. SAMMIS

F

OR five years a motion picture has been the spinning storm center of a bitter controversy involving in its cast of characters all the major movie studios in Hollywood, hundreds of censors, attorneys, theater owners and a confused public.

Finished in 1941, it is only now being shown in scattered sections of the country to movie-goers. Though few have yet seen this film, it has been so widely publicized that almost everyone believes it to be some extraordinary motion picture spiced with daring scenes.

The truth is, "The Outlaw" is a heavily budgeted Western, somewhat amateurishly acted by its young leads, with the usual quota of gun fights, Indian chases and romance. As it is being shown in theaters it is not a film deserving of its notoriety nor worthy of the acute attention of the public.

Had this picture been released in the usual manner, it would have run its course long before this and been quietly forgotten by those who saw it. That it is today the most widely discussed film of the year is the result of ballyhoo and exploitation. It is the manner in which

"The Outlaw" has been sold to movie-goers that has created the storm and the unhappy results of the storm.

The pivotal character in this drama has been the picture's producer, Howard Hughes, a lean, towering forty-four-year-old Texan. As owner of the Hughes Tool Company, whose plants boomed with war contracts, and director of an international airline, his personal fortune is reported to be between \$20,000,000 and \$30,000,000. He has broken world records in aviation and designed the now-famed Constellation. Recently while testing his latest fast experimental plane for the Army he suffered a tragic crack-up, the full results of which are not yet known as we go to press.

Hughes was no stranger to Hollywood and its rules. He made six pictures before he was thirty, the best known of which are "Hell's Angels," "The Front Page" and "Scarface." After the release of "Scarface" in 1932, he was inactive as a film producer until 1940 when he began his film based on the life of Billy the Kid, a baby-faced killer who flourished briefly in the early history of the Southwest.

Late in 1940 Hughes submitted (Continued on page 109)



"Outlaw" scene:
 Jack Buetel as
 Billy and Jane
 Russell as Rio

Censorship trouble
 makes Jane Russell
 the most-discussed
 woman of the year





Engstead

A famous woman talks to the storm-center star of a sensational picture—and discovers young and direct Jane Russell



Jane displays dolls to husband Bob, wizard football star with Cleveland Rams

The Girl in "THE OUTLAW"

BY ELSA MAXWELL

A workout for Waterfield, athlete, with wifely comment



BEHIND Hollywood the hills seem to be flung against the sky. More and more, as Hollywood becomes home to me, I love those hills—so green after the rains, turning brown with summer. Beyond those hills you come to little ranches and farms and orchards and good simple people who know about Hollywood only because they read about it.

On one of these ranches Jane Russell, center of the storm about "The Outlaw," lives. With her live her husband, Bob Waterfield, star player with the Cleveland Rams, and his mother, Frances. Hollywood to Jane is simply a place where she works; no more important in her life than an office would be to a secretary or a shop to a salesgirl.

"I don't see," she says in her young direct way, with little trace of the professional in her diction, "why people go off their stick because they're in movies. So they're in movies! Other people have other jobs. . . .

"I admit if I like a story I think about it day and night. Interviews aren't bad, really. You don't mind talking about yourself. I don't care who you are. But fittings and that junk—oh-h-h . . . And when I have to get out and have pictures taken—well, I want to blow my brains out."

She threw her extraordinarily long legs over the arms of the wing chair in which she sat, tucking in the skirt of her black suit with casual circumspection. She ran long fingers, (Continued on page 130)



Engstead

It's like this to be *Mrs. Cornel Wilde*

It's memories shared and dream-building. It's looking ahead to screen-teaming, to the day that Photoplay predicts the marquees will read, "Starring Cornel Wilde and Pat Knight"

BY PATRICIA KNIGHT

I SUPPOSE every wife has her own album of mental snapshots of her husband—little intimate, funny or tender glimpses that, through the years, make up her private knowledge of the man she knows better than anyone else in the world. Yet, strangely enough, the pictures that flash through my mind when someone asks me what Cornel Wilde is like are of moments that weren't strictly mine, at all. I just happened to be there at the time. . . .

I remember, for instance, standing on a city sidewalk soon after I met him, and watching Cornel come up the street. It was one of those undecided winter days when the snow came down beautifully white, changed its mind, and filled the gutters with slush and water. A half-block away a drab little woman was standing on the curb holding a small girl by the hand, afraid to step into the muddy river which must have been a good six inches deep. I saw Cornel stop, pick the child up in his arms, take the woman by the elbow and half lift her over the swirling water and across to the other sidewalk.

A little bit boy scout, when you set it down on paper, but it was the unself-conscious way he did it that kept the scene in my mind. He didn't even know I was anywhere in sight. I stood there thinking of how the boys I'd known at school—or I, myself, with the thoughtlessness of youth—would have gone right past the woman without noticing her. To Cornel, it was something done as a matter of course.

For variety, I remember a scene—and I do mean scene—we once shared with a taxi driver. It was back in that early era when our temperaments were like the woodman's twigs—rub them against each other and presto, a blazing quarrel. The cab picked us up in heavy traffic—I hopped hurriedly in and landed on the seat with my dress slightly above my knees. "Pull your skirt down!" commanded Cornel—and my hand stopped half-way to the hem. "I don't think I will, I think I'll keep it this short—" I said snippily. "Not with me, you won't—" he said, so mad he was white. "I won't"—"You will"—between us, we ripped the hem entirely out of the skirt. . . .

A half hour later we were howling at remembrance of the cab driver's scared face—poor fellow didn't know whether the young man was going to toss the young lady into the street, or vice versa. A small incident, but as much a part of the private life of Mr. and Mrs. Wilde as any other. In the (Continued on page 112)

He'll dash off on a trip—here
to Palm Springs and a pool dip



Color pictures by Fink

Sue will tell you of his water prowess.
He's an expert swimmer and diver





For leisure, star-checking—Alan, star of "Two Years Before the Mast"

LADD ADDS UP

Probing the people who know Alan to get this super sum

KAY KYSER'S not only Alan Ladd's best friend, he manages generally to get the last laugh.

He's still laughing over Alan and the hen. He had gone with Alan to the new Valley ranch, which is Alan's current obsession, just after Laddie had bought it. Rancher Ladd showed Kay around proudly, taking on all the airs of an experienced hand. Out by the hen-yard Alan insisted that Kay must have one of the bantam hen's crop of miniature eggs. The hen was sitting belligerently on her nest, eyeing them with the glittering, cold eye of hate. Alan hesitated.

"Make her get off," Kay said.

Alan made motions with his hands. "Shoo," he told the hen.

She put up the feathers on her neck, sat tight.

"Go on, scram," Alan said, circling the nest unhappily.

Very gently, Kay stepped up and, slipping a practiced hand under the hen's posterior, lifted her an inch or two. She took off, squawking balefully. "That's how much Alan knew about ranches then," Kay tells you. "That was then—you should see him now. The boy learns fast."

What Alan hasn't learned is some magic formula for beating Kay at gin rummy. But he's still trying—and Kay is still winning.

As a matter of fact, their friendship started with gin rummy when they played a few games at the Racquet Club in Palm (Continued on page 134)

Keeping fit—exercise is a daily ritual



BY HOWARD SHARPE



Esther Williams—they go for her as she goes for water

Man=

Here's who and why and how
they have it—this elusive,
exciting, male magic

BY FLORENCE PRITCHETT

Color pictures by Fink



Lana Turner—she's the reason
for whistles and the follow up

Appeal

LIKE the atom bomb, practically nobody's got the formula for it, but everybody knows when a girl's got it. And, whether she's Hollywood or Kansas, star or stenographer, every girl yearns for it.

In movieland, like everywhere else, there are certain women who've cornered the market on man appeal. While some glitter stars sit home with their Oscars—the gold kind in statuette form—for a few chosen belles the line of masculine admirers once more forms on the right.

Who are these leading ladies in the social sweepstakes and how do they get that way? Draw up a datebook and listen:

Lana Turner: There isn't a man in the world who won't go after the girl he whistles at . . . even though he may whistle under his breath! When the luscious Lana enters a room you can almost feel it start to vibrate.

I'll never forget Lana at Vladimir Roshefsky's New Year's Eve party in Beverly Hills last year. When she made her entrance escorted by Greg Bautzer you would (Continued on page 102)



Lucille Ball—the “ball of fire” is always surrounded by hopefuls



Diana Lynn—it's natural the lads like this natural young lass

Madame Mamlok, great chirol-
gist, who has read the hands of
such notables as Albert Einstein,
Elsa Maxwell, Raymond Massey



VAN = Hands down

*A world-famous reader of hands
writes her own story of what she sees in
Van Johnson's palms — and makes
a startling prediction for his future*

BY MME. MARGARET MAMLOK

VAN JOHNSON extended his broad, strong hands to me over my desk.

"Do you mean," he asked, flashing his quick, honest, boyish smile, "that you can see my life in my hands?"

For a moment I studied the hands of my young visitor—hands that were warm to the touch, fine textured, modeled generously, but well shaped.

What would I find in these famous hands? What insight would they give me into his childhood and into the forces which had molded him?

Smiling at his wonderment, I explained the science of chiromancy or, as it is more popularly known, hand analysis. Chiromancy, I told him, is based on definite laws, strict observations and logical conclusions. From the study of the hand one may acquire a fundamental knowledge of human instincts and motivations.

Van's intense, brown eyes watched my pencil move exploringly over his palm.

"No single feature of the hand gives a complete picture," I said. "The hand must be considered as a whole. The length and shape of your fingers, your nails, the color of your hands and your skin texture, the various protuberances called mounts, and the network of lines in your palms—all these will tell me things about you which even you may not know."

As I took the imprints of (Continued on page 105)

Van Johnson



Bull

"Amazing will and energy . . . deep-rooted honesty" . . . Van, next to be seen in "Easy to Wed"

That Dream Girl Jones



Beautiful duet, Anita Colby and Jennifer, starred in Selznick's "Duel in the Sun"

A best-friend insight, as rare and zestful as Jennifer—who inspired it

BY ANITA COLBY

TALKING about Jennifer Jones is, for me, like talking about one's own family. You know that you're prejudiced and therefore you dare not enthuse too much. Yet to understate would not be fair, either. So I shall try to tell you about Jennifer as I see her—from the outside looking in.

You are all familiar with her ability. You know that she won the Academy Award for "The Song of Bernadette" and has had the remarkable distinction of being nominated for an "Oscar" for every performance she's given since. Her fiery interpretation of the little half-breed, *Pearl Chavez*, in David O. Selznick's forthcoming "Duel in the Sun" will speak for itself.

So I'll confine myself to the Jennifer Jones behind the scenes.

She's really a dream girl, that Jones.

Her zest is so refreshing that just being with her is like taking a cold shower in the summertime. The little things in life never escape Jennifer. They're most important to her and through her own enthusiastic eyes they become important to you, too.

Friendship is a sacred trust with Jennifer. She's one of the most loyal and devoted friends I've ever had. One (Continued on page 74)

Jennifer Jones



Engstead

Cluny Brown comes to town: Jennifer Jones, star of "Cluny Brown"

MARK AGAINST

He's Mark Stevens, hailed the
discovery of the year. How he beat the rap is

Hollywood's most dramatic story

BY JERRY ASHER



Wifely kibitzing: Annelle asks Mark if he's going to leave numbers upside down

THERE'S a reason why I must make good in Hollywood," Mark Stevens said grimly. "I've got to become a star. I know people are going to misunderstand me. I'll probably make a lot of enemies along the way. But I don't care. I've got to become a star!"

Nearly four years ago he sat there talking—disillusioned—embittered—jaw set like steel. Occasionally his voice broke. Quickly he'd cup a shaking hand to his eyes, pretending the light was too bright.

Today, after two terrific performances, Mark Stevens is a star. As the sensitive, romantic soldier in "From This Day Forward," he's reminiscent of the early-day Lew Ayres. In compelling contrast, as the bitter detective in "The Dark Corner," he's vitally remindful of Alan Ladd. As Mark Stevens, individualist and realist, he's hailed by fans and critics as the most definite discovery of the year.

I don't think Mark actually planned on telling his story. Looking back on that memorable night, I do think he always hoped to unburden himself to someone—someone who would understand, or at least respect his confidence. Not even his own



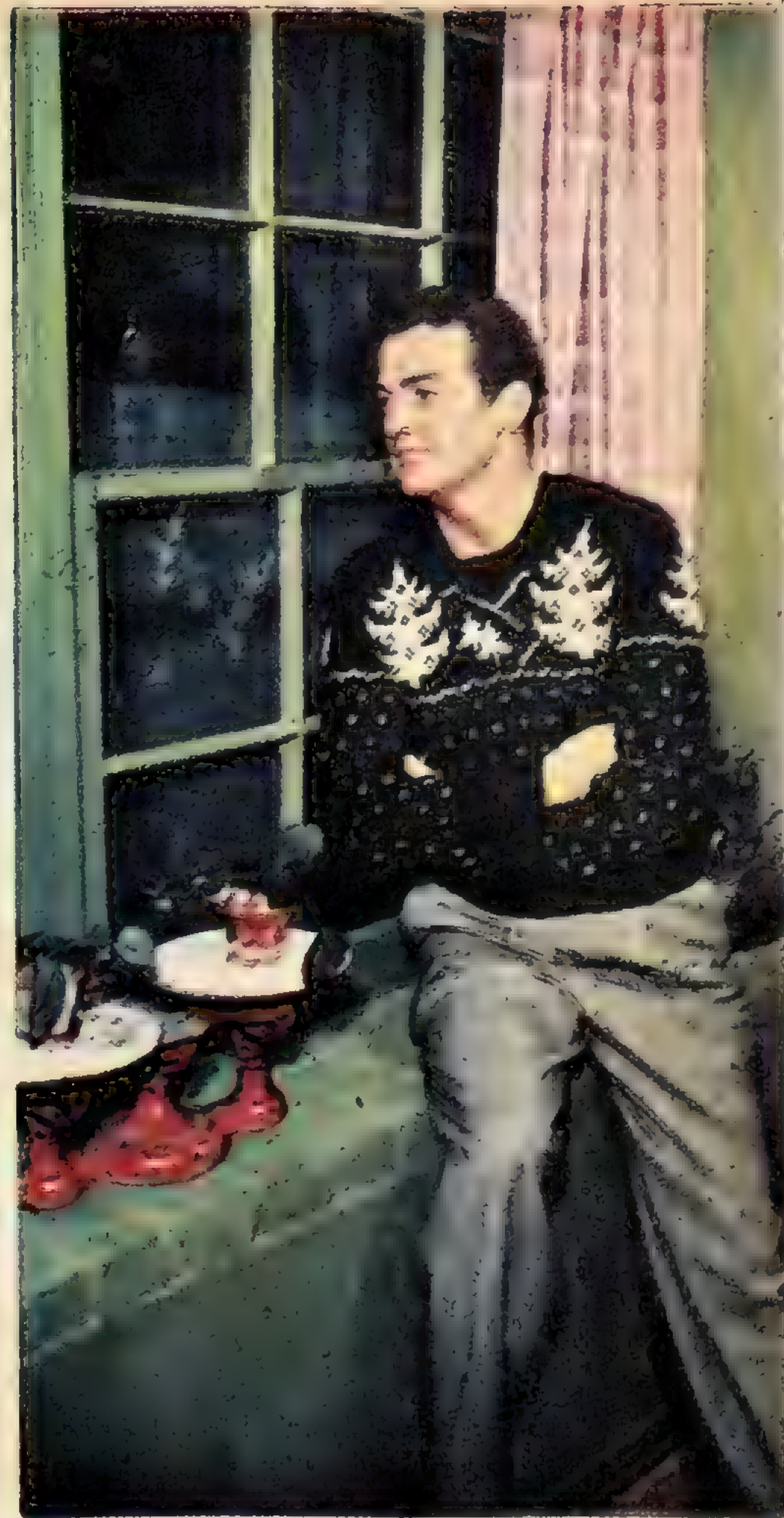
New drapes to hang. Mark likes expensive things — buys them

TIME

Color pictures by Smith



Mark, of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," and Annelle, who knows



Expectant father—he's gambling with the stork for Friday, the 13th

MARK AGAINST TIME



Bright vision: their marriage was brightest spot in his life

family knew this incredible story. And now, with Mark's permission, the story can be told. To tell it, we must go back to the beginning and—Errol Flynn!

On the Warners lot a new boy (who was destined to become Mark Stevens) was being cussed and discussed. His name was Steve Richards (legally, it's Richard William Stevens). He wasn't very happy with his lot in life. He didn't try to fake his feelings. When he was cast as a "voice" in "Between Two Worlds," he had plenty to say long after the scene was finished. In "Doughgirls" he had nothing to say. He said plenty. Six lines cut down to four pacified him momentarily in "Pride of the Marines." In "Objective Burma" he fared a bit better.

For the balance of the eighteen months before they released him, Steve (to his close friends) was generally unpopular. He beefed too much. He was rebellious, indignant, sarcastic.

"Relax, kid," Dane Clark tried to tell him. "It took me three years to meet the boss." Dennis Morgan, others, tried to encourage him too. Steve was adamant.

In a few sentences after he walked into my office, Steve revealed himself as a young man who had been hurt. His eyes were friendly, though sad. He spoke like a gentleman. He behaved like a gentleman. He was eager, ambitious, full of defenses, for example, behaving like a dead-end kid to attract attention. On this particular day, he was concerned about Errol Flynn.

"Errol is giving a party," Steve said. "Nora just called. They want the men to wear dinner jackets. Mine's too small for me. It's the first big Hollywood party I've ever been invited to. I can't go."

He looked wistful as he said it, then quickly he changed his attitude. The corners of his mouth tightened. His chin shot out.

"Oh well," he shrugged indifferently. "They probably didn't want me anyway. Just needed a few extra men."

Without too much persuasion I talked Steve into wearing (Continued on page 124)



Mark and author Asher—friendship began with a dinner jacket

Now Mark's time is spent in good living, future planning



Windup in the kitchen: It all began when Mark proposed to his Annelle on a flying roller coaster

Olivia

HITS HER STRIDE



The Major and his miss—Joe McKeon, in captain days, explains the controls to Olivia, of "To Each His Own"

A blissful de Havilland who

searched through unrest to find

her new self—and romance

BY RUTH WATERBURY

YOU'D never know Olivia de Havilland these days. She's so relaxed and happy.

Olivia used to be the most restless girl in town. You couldn't tell what mood you'd find her in. She'd either be way up in the rosiest clouds, or she'd be sunk to the depths. She was forever going somewhere—New York or San Francisco or merely down to Palm Springs.

But not now. Now she glows. She's put on a shade more weight—just enough. Her enormous, beautiful eyes are very bright, her lovely skin has a wonderful color. She does all but sing aloud. Her contract fight with Warner Brothers which kept her off screen for eighteen months is behind her. The deal she's got with Paramount both in terms of money and opportunities makes her blissful and she's definitely got her finest job of acting recorded for Paramount in "To Each His Own."

What's more, she's given up the house she owned in the Los Feliz Hills section of Hollywood, and after a dozen moves—to a small but very swank house in Bel-Air, then to smaller but equally swank rooms in every hotel in town—she is settled down in the dwelling which Mitchell Leisen, the director, owns. Mitch was a refuge from a house. He sold his home, found a barn of a place, just off the Sunset Strip, bought it, named it the Shoreham Apartments, did the decor inside and out, took his own, very precious furniture and fixed up eight apartments and a dream-like garden. He moved into one apartment, allowed seven close friends to lease the others. Only two of these friends were actresses, Olivia and Paulette Goddard. For sheer elegance, combined with complete comfort and exclusiveness, you've never seen anything to surpass the Shoreham.

Not that Olivia goes about the Shoreham always clad in velvets and satins to match its luxury. Sometimes she does. Other times she bats around in old slacks and a faded sweater. Sometimes she has her make-up on and looks ravishing. Other times she has her hair braided on top of her head, has forgotten her lipstick and looks about ten years old.

In other words, she's become a girl who's found herself. Which means there's a man mixed up in it. There is always a man mixed up in it when a woman is contentedly and unaffectedly happy.

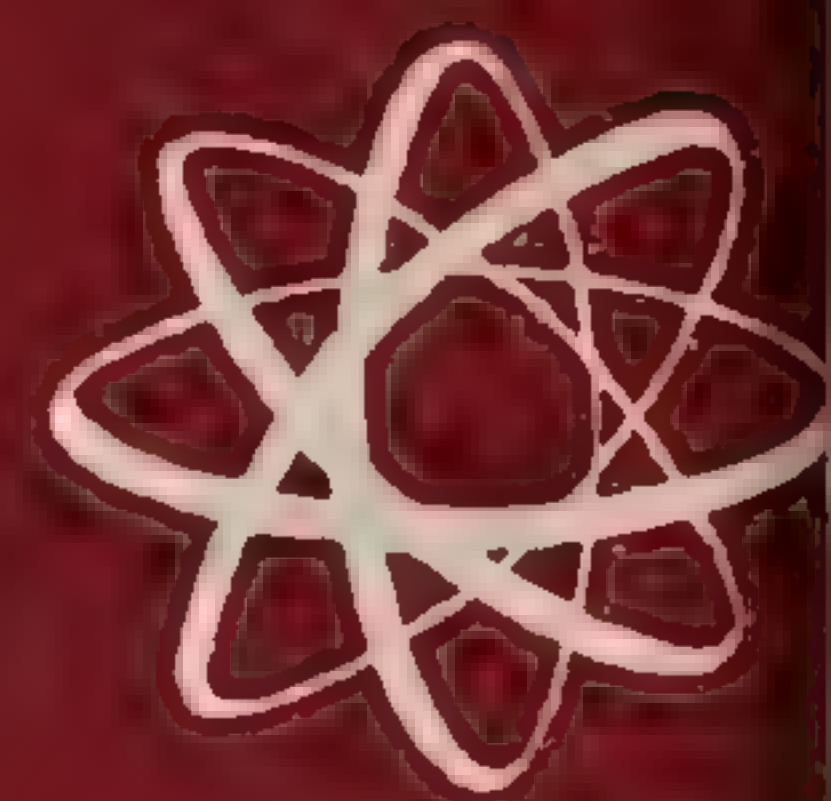
Olivia's young man is the very nicest kind. He's sincere, he's thoughtful, he's full of integrity. His name is Major Joseph McKeon and he's in the U. S. Army Air Corps and likely to stay there. (Continued on page 118)

Olivia in reflective mood for "The Dark Mirror"





He's married to small and beautiful Pamela. They admit they're stay-at-homers—with their four cats



By
ROLAND



Ann Todd, victim of Mason "brutality" in "The Seventh Veil"

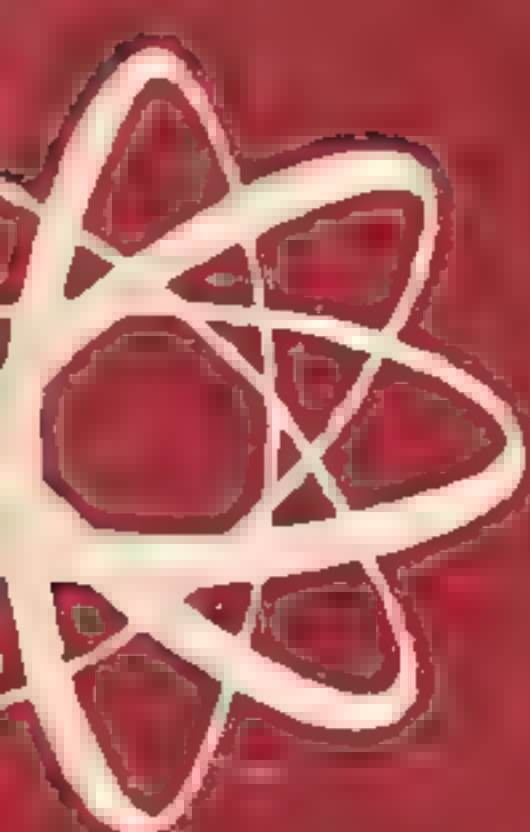
ONE-MAN

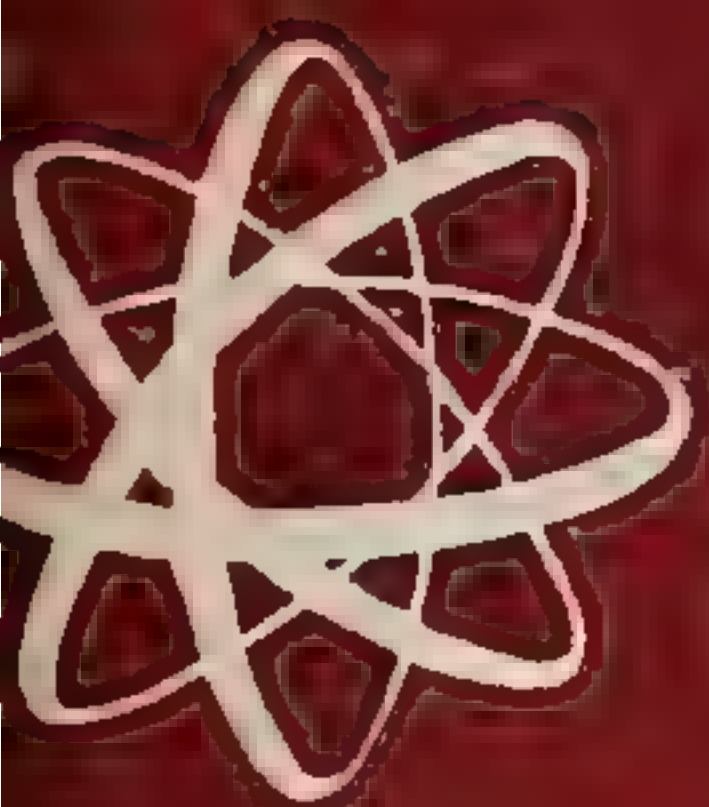
Briton who browbeats beauties . . .

IF you want to raise his British ire, just call him "Bogart with an Oxford accent." In the first place, he's strictly a Cambridge man and in the second—well, obviously he isn't Mr. Bogart.

Yet James Mason, the Briton who currently rules the raves, and Humphrey Bogart have one undeniable point in common: The fame of neither has been impaired by their slugging of the ladies.

Be it said in all fairness, Mason





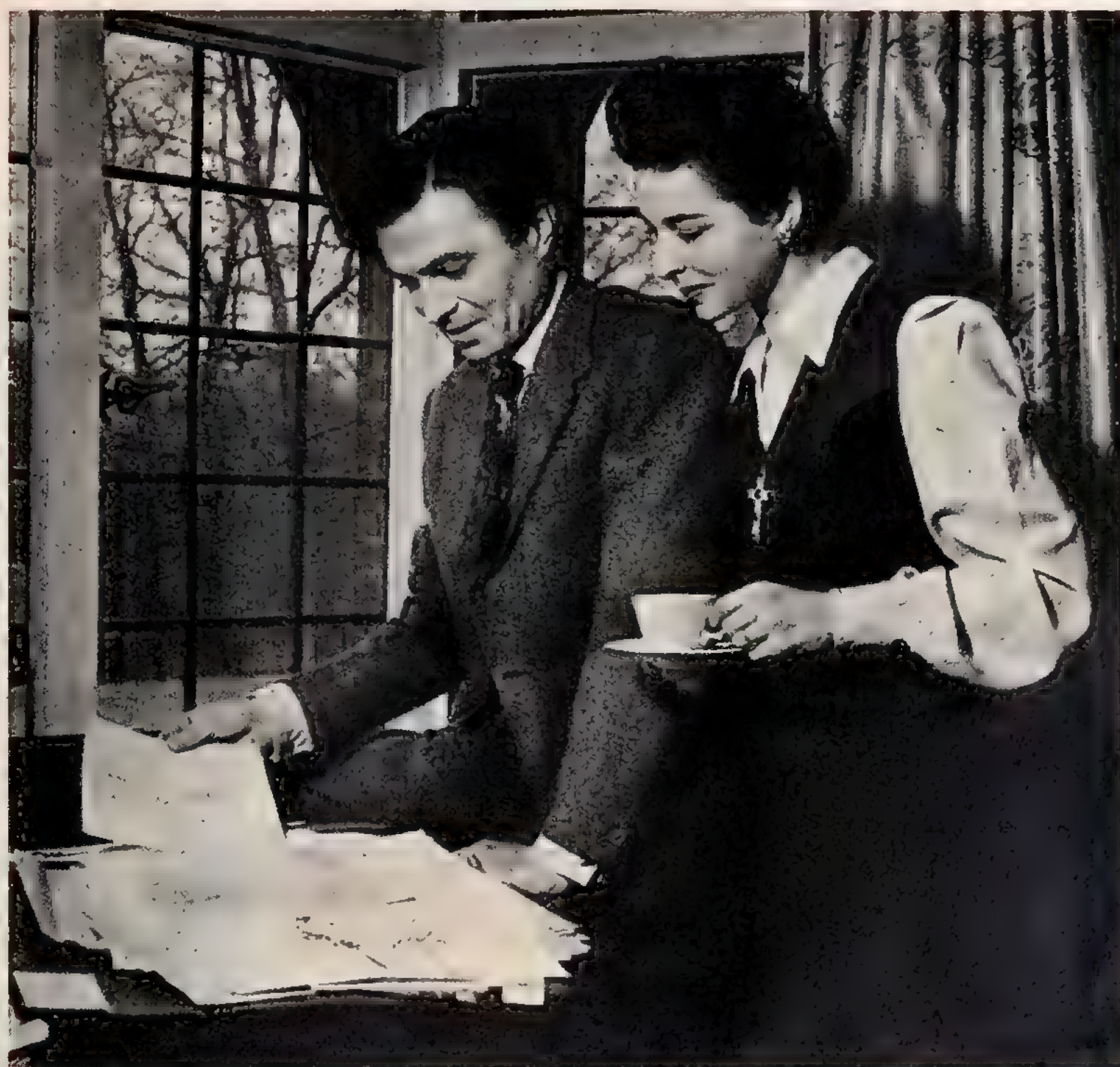
Art's a hobby with him and the line drawings in Pamela's latest book are his. He's now graduated to pastels

WILD

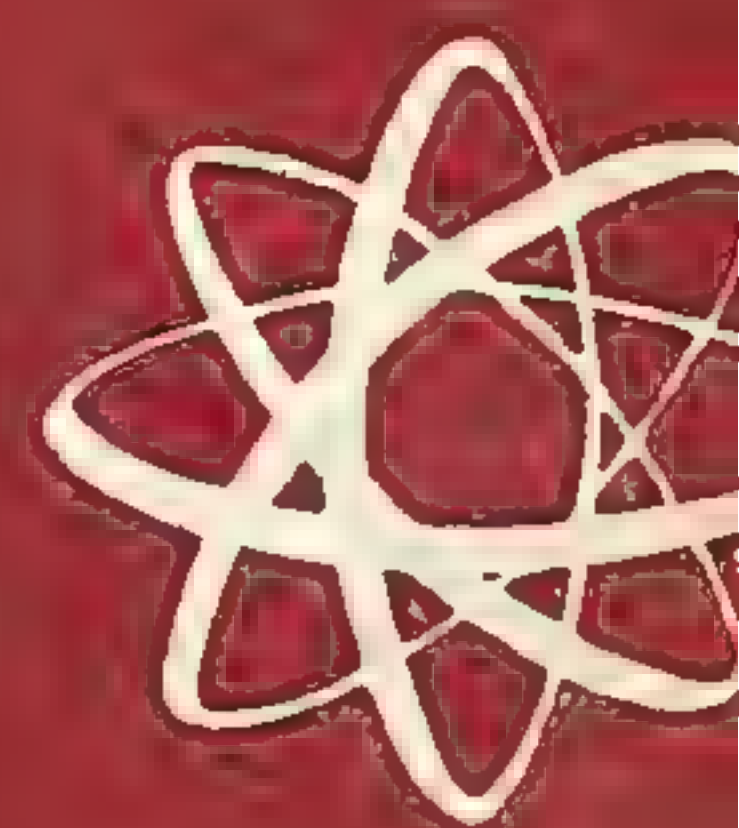
INVASION

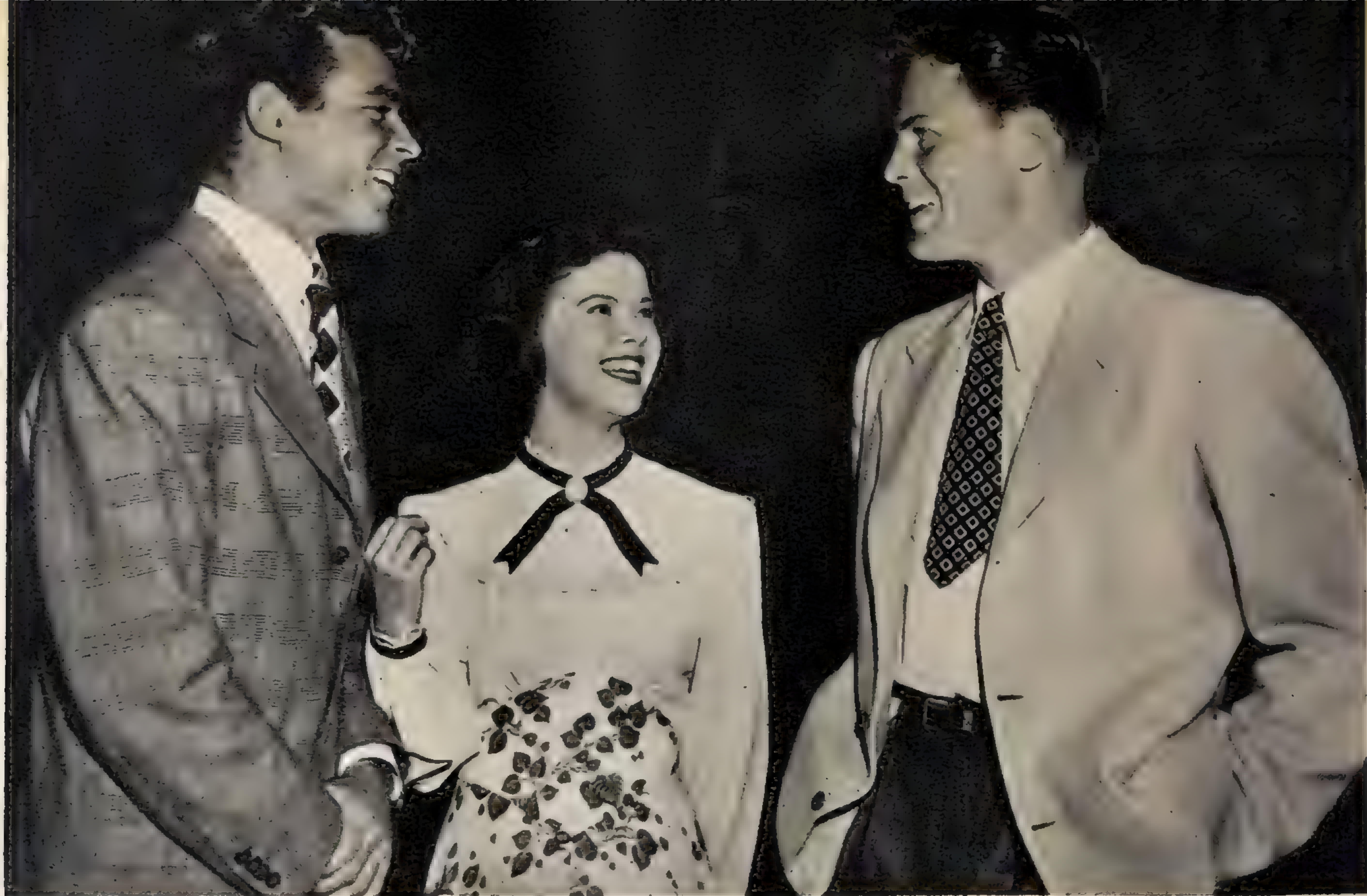
sadistic sensation, James Mason

was a nice young man, unaddicted to assault and battery on females until "The Man in Grey." Then his hand tightened on the hunting crop and he joined the rest of the world in experimenting on the best methods of wholesale injury. The first battle-school tactics were employed on Margaret Lockwood and Phyllis Calvert, and after that he pasted a man in "Candlelight in Algeria," broke the arm of a flunky in "Fanny by Gaslight," (Continued on page 100)



Pamela, looking over his latest sketches, looks after him





Not Shirley's, but Henry Willson's idea that Guy Madison and now John Agar sign screen contracts



Full-fledged wife—Shirley Temple, of "Honey-moon" has one maid to help care for the house

Her home is her playhouse redone just as they want it



TAKE 1: In the chill Hollywood night, a burglar pried open a door to an RKO sound stage. As stealthily as a villain in a silent movie, he approached Franchot Tone's dressing room, opened it up quickly, ransacked it, stuffing his pockets with cufflinks, a cigarette lighter, a fine watch and a billfold.

In Lena Romay's dressing room, next door, he found a good haul of trinkets, jewelry and bills.

His flashlight pencilled toward the door of the next dressing room. It was ajar. On a small placard was the name of the owner: *Shirley Temple*.

He grinned, shrugged, closed the door carefully and went away.

TAKE 2: "We have orange juice, cornflakes, toast and coffee," said Mrs. Agar.

"How about eggs?" said Mr. Agar. "And bacon?"

"Eggs? You mean, *eggs*?" said Mrs. Agar.

"Sure, four eggs," said Mr. Agar firmly.

"Men certainly are amazing," said Mrs. Agar as she burned her fingers. "Especially husbands."

TAKE 3: "Sixteen dollars and exactly thirty-seven cents," said Shirley Temple.

"Ridiculous," said Mrs. Temple. "Nobody could live on that for a month."

"Mostly for steak," said Shirley. "Steak and potatoes."

"No milk?" said Mrs. Temple.

"I'm not counting milk and butter and eggs," said Shirley.

"Anyway," said Mrs. Temple, "did you pay the butcher for the calves liver?"

"I didn't order calves liver," said Shirley. "That was your order. It was sixteen dollars and thirty-seven cents."

"How about the ham?" said Mrs. Temple.

"I hope I never see a ham again. They last too long," said Shirley. "Baked ham, fried ham, ham croquettes, ham and eggs, ham for breakfast, ham for dinner, and now somebody has given us another ham. We'll have steak tonight." (Continued on page 121)

Big Girl

Nobody could live a month on

\$16.37 (and love) except Shirley

(who forgot a few items) and John

BY CAMERON SHIPP



Mr. Agar has a healthy appetite—he'll want more coffee

my first Kiss



Barbara Stanwyck

of "The Two Mrs. Carrolls"

"Yah! yah! yah! braces on his teeth! What a little sissy!" one boy howled.

The others joined the refrain.

It was after a school outing and we youngsters were all riding home on the top of a double-deck bus laden down with picnic baskets, butterfly nets, tennis rackets and so on. I was sharing a seat with the very nice boy with braces on his teeth whom the other boys were guying.

"He doesn't even have a girl, he's such a baby!" they jeered.

My Irish was up and I yelled back, "He does too. I'm it." Then I leaned over and kissed him.

He was as much surprised as I, but we became fast friends from then on. I sincerely hope that he got so he could dispense with the braces. I'll admit they were a strain on romance.



William Eythe

in "Centennial Summer"

"William, stop being mean to Mary!"

Time after time the teacher used to call me down for dipping Mary's pigtails in the ink or throwing rocks at her. She was the ugliest little girl I had ever laid eyes on and she sat directly in front of me.

One rainy day after school when the teacher had gone, we decided to play a combination of hide-and-seek and "post office." Any two youngsters caught hiding at the same time were to kiss each other.

Little Miss Homely hid in the cloakroom. You can imagine how the other children, remembering my past persecution of her, hooted when I was caught hiding there too and had to kiss her.

What they didn't know was that I had hidden near her on purpose, that I had such a crush on her that her looks didn't matter. Throwing rocks and dipping her pigtails in ink had been the only way I knew of expressing my affection . . . That rainy day game taught me another method of expression.



Virginia Mayo

of "The Kid from Brooklyn"

"Quick! Prompt her, somebody! Virginia's forgotten her lines!"

Loud whispers from the wings, but still I stood speechless on the stage, holding up the high-school performance of "The Taming of the Shrew." Earlier I had been letter-perfect in my lines, yet now—for a few moments—I couldn't utter a word.

What had happened? It's simple. I'd been kissed, for the first time. By the leading man, of course, and at the proper moment in the play as decreed by Mr. Shakespeare, but still it was a surprise. For you see, all during rehearsals the boy who played opposite me had faked the embrace. That night his kiss was the real thing.

Love, they say, is what makes the world go 'round. One kiss, my first, certainly made my head spin that eventful evening.



Zachary Scott

starred in "Stallion Road"

I believe her name was Yvonne, but I'll call her Eve because she certainly slipped me the apple.

She was eight and I was ten. She wore a big blue bow in her long blonde curls and her dress was very blue and starched. We were walking through an apple orchard when I got the urge to kiss her.

"Get me that apple first," she pouted, pointing to a topmost branch.

Dope that I was, I shinnied up the tree, tore my clothes, scratched my legs and got the apple as directed. When I demanded a kiss as reward she bet me I couldn't eat the apple in four bites. Dopey me, I did it. Then she wanted another apple.

We went through this procedure over and over and still no kiss. Finally, after five apples and a belly ache, I was allowed to kiss her. Did I enjoy it? I had such pains in my stomach I was miserable.

But I remember the kiss, so I must have loved it too.



Loretta Young

star of "The Perfect Marriage"

The first boy who ever kissed me was an eagle scout so loaded down with merit badges he practically clanked when he walked. He lived in the next block and he rode a magnificent bicycle, pedaling grandly by our house about four times a day, using the "no hands" technique. He was, indeed, a heart-stopper.

One day there was a boy scout jamboree and his mother invited my mother and me. It was wonderful. My hero untied knots and tied them back up, made fire from two sticks, identified the bark from twenty kinds of trees—and generally distinguished himself, being awarded the ultimate medal which made him all-time super-scout or something. He came over to us, kissed his mother and then kissed me. I guess it was just a little extra effusiveness after winning so many prizes, for it never happened again.

He still rode by our house, but that was the beginning and end of our romance.



Dan Duryea

seen in "Black Angel"

"Tonight's the night!" The prettiest girl in my class was giving me a date. I was fourteen, she was twelve and we were going to a movie. Above all things, I wanted to be a dashing swain.

"Dan!" my mother called, "don't forget you've got to pick up that watermelon at the fruit store for me."

"Mo-ther!" I wailed, "Not tonight!" But Mother was adamant. Dressed in my best suit, I had to buy the watermelon, lug it along on the streetcar to my best girl's house and take her—and it—to the movie! Talk about romantic appeal, I felt more like a tired horse than a perfect escort. When we got back to my girl's house after the movie, I rested the heavy watermelon on the step. The minute it was out of my arms I knew what I wanted—and kissed the girl.

P.S. I walked away in such a daze that I forgot the watermelon.

Poignant memories of boy

meets girl. But with these

six stars, one memory,

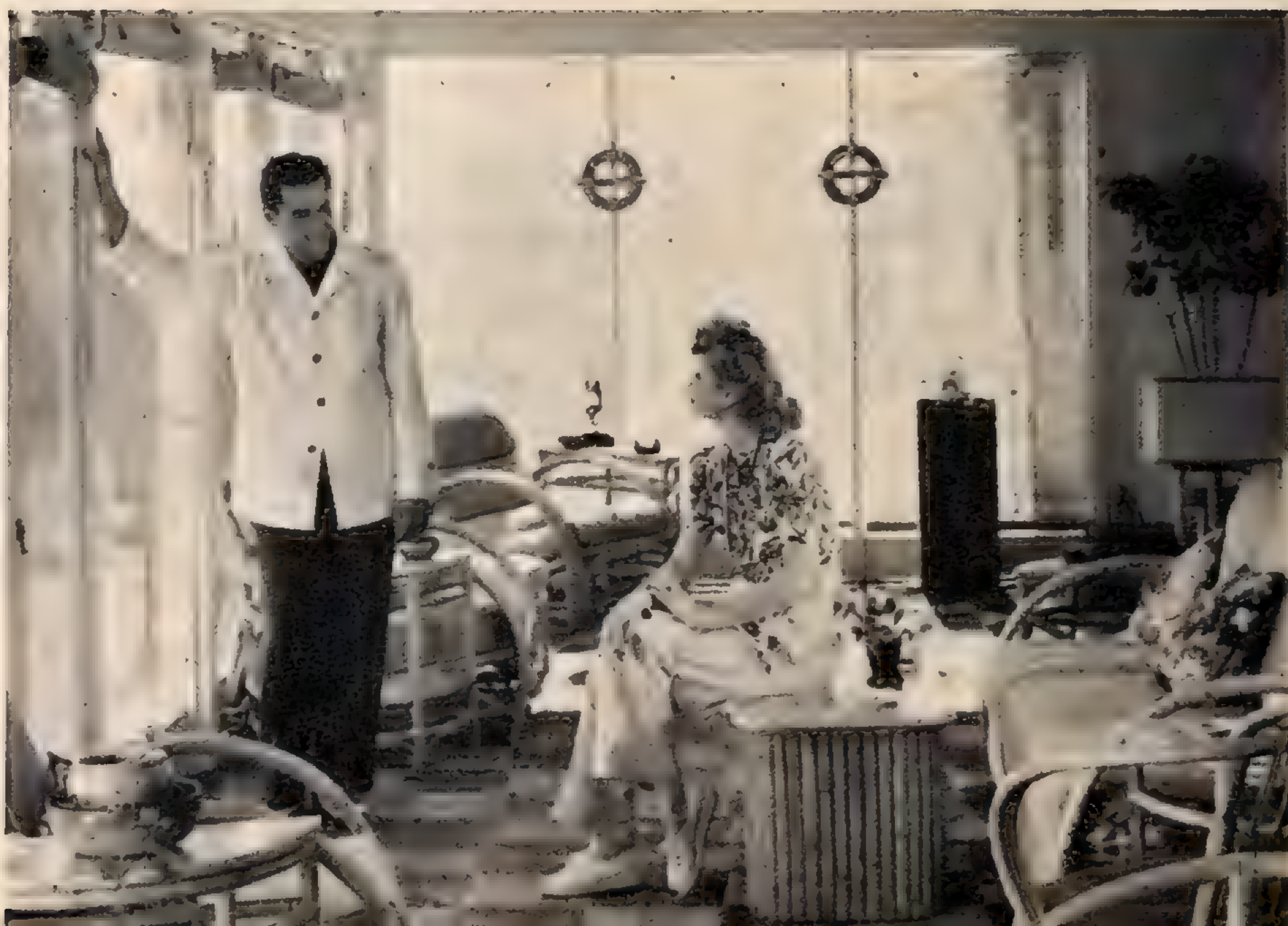
for better or for worse,

outlives all the others



The

Luci, in "Easy to Wed," bit
her nails through the preview



Colorful pair at home before
leaving for New York sojourn

Bouncing Ball

Redheaded woman with the
inner glow—Lucille,
the domestic show girl

BY
FRANK
NUGENT

Fire in the water.
Desi's Cuban, but
their tempers mesh



IT WAS the preview of "Easy to Wed" in the Westwood Village Theater and excitement crackled in the air like lightning in a Mississippi Valley storm. Police reserves were on hand early to control the crowd. The junior misses on the sidewalk were practicing swoons and the wolf cubs were woo-wooing in close harmony. Van arrived in style and ten seconds later was barely intact. Esther's crossing of the lobby could only be compared to Little Eva's crossing the ice floes, but this time there were wolves in pursuit, not bloodhounds. Lucille Ball's reception was all right, too. After all, no one knew for certain then that she was going to be The Other Woman.

Now, playing The Other Woman in a Johnson-Williams picture is a composite of Daniel walking into the lion's den and a girl with a sprained ankle bucking a department store sale of nylons. If she's lucky, the venturesome actress will be hissed on the screen and mobbed off it. (Continued on page 94)



Their animal kingdom includes these three spaniels

inking in

Man of action: A note came from a GI he met in France, so Bing phoned to tell him to "come on over" to the set



crosby

Clothes make some men,
but the guy who drapes der Bingle
will tell you—pheasant feathers
are an added attraction

BY MICKEY COHEN



Short on shorts material? Bing hesitated before okaying



With Joan Caulfield, in "Welcome Stranger"

IN more soignee circles I'd be known as Crosby's "couturier." Around the studio they refer to me more simply as a wardrobe man.

No matter what they call me . . . in all modesty there's nobody better suited to get the measure of a man. After fifteen years of working around the clock with him, listening to his constant crooning, spending weary hours in consultation on sketches, scripts, or who's rated the best in the sixth at Santa Anita, Bing's measurements are well inked in my books to stay. His girth may vary, but his head and chest measure ever the same.

By way of teeing off on this . . . let's "flash back". . . .

Our association started out more or less on a pari-mutual basis. Winner take all. Nothing formal or fancy. Just one of those casual kind of get-togethers where you can go or stay . . . or raise if you have four of a kind.

That was in San Diego in 1928 when he was singing with the Rhythm Boys in the Paul Whiteman band, long before he Binged into his number one post position on the Hollywood Hit Parade. The band was doing a three-a-day at a theater in "Dago," and I dropped backstage for a visit.

After the last show, the boys began whooping it up over in their salon at the U. S. Grant Hotel with the lady who's known as luck. Bing is



Bing and Joan Caulfield exchange tidbits on location at Lake Munz, California, for fishing shots

often winner . . . a very seldom loser. But on this occasion his bland look hid an equally bland hand.

"Ah well . . . he who is caught bluffing must pay," he said philosophically, as he saw the last of his chips disappearing into our stacks.

"Just pencil this one in lightly, boys," he said. "No doubt we'll meet again anon, and we'll really ink it then."

If I'd known then what I know now . . . I still wouldn't have quit when I was ahead.

Three years later I ran into Bing again. He was getting ready to make his first Paramount picture, "The Big Broadcast of 1932," and I was working in the wardrobe department there. I'd been assigned to his picture and went over to the dressing room to discuss clothes with him. He did a delayed take. Then slowly it all came back to him. And so eventually did everything

else. All he'd lost in those poker sessions—and more.

I showed him sketches and asked which he preferred. "Whatever you think I should wear is okay by me," he said.

It's always been that way with us. He never questions my judgment. Trusts me completely. Has the utmost faith. Also . . . it saves him bothering with them.

That was fifteen years ago—and I've worked on every Crosby picture since. You'll usually see most of the same faces in his crew anyway. Guys Bing's gotten used to working with, feels he can count on.

We all enjoy working with him too. There are a lot of laughs. Besides, he's the nearest we have to a buddy who can talk with horses, and there's still the scant chance that maybe someday one of them will talk back.

Though I don't want to get maudlin or sticky about



A walk for a bracer for Bing on location. He's also in "Blue Skies"

this, as Crosby's clothing consultant our association is even more closely cemented than the others. For one thing, both of us are color blind. It doesn't startle me to see Bing arrive early in the mornings wearing a wild red shirt and a Panama hat with a breast-of-pheasant-feathers hat band. He really goes for those feathered hat bands that he orders from Hawaii in all color combinations, each of them carefully feathered by hand. He gave me one and I'm quite proud of it. I've never been sure exactly what to wear with it, but I take it out of the closet at intervals and brush the feathers to keep the pheasants in trim.

It would be unfair for me to take any credit for Crosby creations off screen. Certainly, they display a certain freshness, dash and some ad libbed color combinations that are original, to say the least. (Continued on page 127)

inking in crosby



Disc discussion. Note Crosby's private gallery on the wall

● DEAR MISS COLBERT:

My parents died when I was three, so I was raised in a convent, then went to a college for women. The year I was graduated, I married a man I adored. During the five years we were married we lost three children. Aside from that we were the happiest people in the world. Last August, after a short, terrifying illness, my husband died.

After his death I was constantly ill. From the small town in which we had lived, I moved to a city and took an office job in a manufacturing company.

When my physical condition did not improve, I went to a doctor and learned that I was pregnant. Because of financial need, I worked until a month before my confinement. My twin daughters were born seven months after their father's death.

As soon as I was well, I returned to work, leaving the children in the care of the wonderful woman I live with.

I noticed almost immediately that the attitude toward me, within the organization, had changed. The girls were standoffish and aloof, whereas the men made it a point to chat with me on the slightest excuse. Finally I mentioned the strained situation to one of the girls and she told me that no one believes the story about my husband dying; the rumor is that my children are illegitimate!

I have my marriage certificate, of course, but it seems absurd to make a project of showing it to people. Can you think of a dignified way in which to combat this hideous thing?

Evelyn van S.

I marvel at a fact that may have slipped your attention because you are so close to your own situation. Do you realize that you have endured heartbreak, the burden of going through pregnancy alone and bereaved, have become the lucky mother of two children, and are now disturbed by nothing more than petty malice? Considering the burdens that you have endured with apparent fortitude, this minor problem should have slipped away from you like rain from a duck's back.

In this organization you must have made at least one woman friend whom you trust. Why don't you invite this girl to have dinner with you some night, have her meet your two daughters and the woman who is taking care of them and show your guest some of your keepsakes? In the process it would be entirely possible for you to show her your marriage certificate. If it is possible, don't discuss the fact that you feel that your status has been misunderstood.

Once you have taken this girl into your confidence, ignore all further gossip. This girl will undoubtedly discuss your evening together with other employees and gradually

WHAT SHOULD
I Do?

Your Problems

Answered

By Claudette Colbert



Claudette Colbert, starred in
"Tomorrow Is Forever"

the truth of your marriage and your tragedy will be known. Meanwhile, conduct yourself with sweetness, sincerity and dignity and you will win the respect of your associates.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a man thirty-three years old. At present I am in a hospital with a respiratory condition, but I shall be released at an early date, able to return to active life.

I am in a dilemma. Please believe me when I say with deepest conviction that I am in love with a lady patient in this hospital. She is thirty-seven years of age, has been married but is now a widow, has three children, and is financially able to support herself and her children. This woman has confessed her love for me and her eagerness to marry me as soon as she, too, is discharged.

My question is: Should I marry her, considering that my financial standing is in the red? Is it true, as I have heard, that a woman resents a man who, even for a short time, must be dependent upon her financially? I would be able to assume full responsibility for the family within a year's time.

George R.

It seems to me that there is great misunderstanding among men about the attitude of a woman in regard to financial responsibility. Where there is a good reason for a man's being temporarily unable to assume the cost of his and his wife's maintenance, such a situation is not resented. Bitterness develops only if a man fails to make an attempt to assume his obligations.

(Continued on page 68)

Photoplay Fashions In Color start on page 77

HER RING
a brilliant
emerald-cut
diamond and
baguettes



Miss Mary Hoover Morse . . . her engagement to Lt. (j.g.) Lucian Earl Baldwin II, son of Connecticut's Governor, has been announced by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Keith Morse of Trumbull, one of Connecticut's delightful old towns. Another Pond's bride-to-be, she has a heart-shaped face . . . a warm-toned complexion with the smooth look of a camellia petal.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

THE NEW "BLUSH-CLEANSING" "Sandy" Morse uses for her complexion will give your skin, too
—*an instant sweet-clean look*
—*an instant softer, smoother feel*
—*and bring up a rose-blush of color*

THIS IS HOW TO "BLUSH-CLEANSE" your face the same way "Sandy" does:

You *rouse* your skin by pressing a face cloth drenched in warm water against your face.

You *"cream-cleanse"* while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as if drawing engagement rings over your face and throat. Pond's *demulcent action* gently loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

You *"cream-rinse"* with a second thick Pond's creaming. Spin 25 little Pond's Cold Cream engagement rings up over your face. Tissue off.

You *tingle* your clean, clean face with a good splash of cold water. Blot dry.

THAT'S ALL! "It's so *extra nice*," "Sandy" says, "and makes my face feel glowy clean and ever so soft."

Every night—give your face the complete, "Pond's Blush-Cleansing." *Every morning*—give it a once-over "Blush-Cleansing": a warm splash, quick rings with Pond's Cold Cream, tissue off, then a cold splash.

Dip your fingers deep into a big jar of Pond's night and morning—every day. Ask for a lovely 6-oz. size!



Sandy Morse says, "I just love Pond's new Blush-Cleansing!"



Diamonds and Pond's! Destined for some of America's loveliest engaged girls—these 9 diamonds are valued at \$20,000.

Among the Beautiful Women of Society Who Use Pond's

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III

MISS EDITH KINGDON GOULD

THE LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY

MRS. JOHN J. ASTOR

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE

MISS ANNE MORGAN

VISCOUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 66)

I do think that you should put aside your pride long enough to have a frank talk with the woman you hope to marry. You might draw up a personal financial statement and explain each detail to her. Tell her candidly that you are, as you have said in your letter, "in the red," and give her a full explanation. Tell her that in a year's time you will be solvent and try to perfect a budget for the interim that will represent the amount of money she will provide for your partnership.

It seems to me that if a marriage such as you contemplate could be entered upon as a partnership, the emotional equation set aside for a moment and a full financial agreement made by the partners, many possible causes for future conflicts would have been eliminated.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am fourteen and a sophomore in high school. We have a very nice sophomore class and I am lucky in belonging to a little group of twelve girls. I have wonderful parents and a pleasant home.

I've gone out with all the nice boys in the sophomore class and everything was wonderful until lately. There is a boy in the senior class who has given me that buzzy feeling ever since I first saw him. All the girls felt the same way, and we had lots of fun "swooning"—in the silly way girls have—over our dream dish.

You can imagine how I felt when he telephoned me one night and asked to talk to my mother. He said that he wanted to invite me to the school party Saturday night, but he wanted her permission first. She was sweet and said yes. That night I told him that, as long as I kept my grades up, I was allowed two dates a week, if

Mother approved: Wednesday and Saturday. For three weeks I had two dates a week with him. Mother said that she thought I should accept some other dates, but I couldn't see it that way.

Then, one Saturday, he didn't ask me, and I sat at home. Monday morning, my girl friends told me that my ex-boy friend was now rushing my best friend. You can imagine how I felt.

Could you give me some advice about how to manage these first romances that go awry and hurt us?

Patti Lou T.

First of all, I am impelled to repeat to you the greatest of all true clichés, "Mother was right." In your case, when your mother suggested that you accept other dates instead of devoting yourself—at fourteen—to one boy, she spoke from deep wisdom.

However, I understand your saying that you couldn't see it her way.

I know that you are hurt, but I also know that the hurt will pass quickly. Frankly, I think it is good for a girl to learn early that there are some boys and men in the world who are unable to be interested in a girl for more than a few weeks. It is likely that he left some other girl flat when he started to rush you and that he will drop your successor with similar speed when he sees a new set of dimples across the auditorium.

Incidentally, if you are wise you won't let this episode spoil your association with your girl friend. You should treat her exactly as you did before she began to date this boy, and after he leaves her for the new enticement, you should refrain from mentioning it to her or discussing it with the rest of your group.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

For five months I went with a fellow. We believed that we were in love and we got along together joyously—except for one thing.

I refused to enter into an improper "affair" with him. I explained that, since I was deeply in love, I wanted to be decent and do the right thing, saving the marriage relationship for marriage.

Our arguments on this point were frequent and finally we quarreled bitterly. He said he could not understand me, that I was chilly, and that I didn't love him. Now he is about to marry the first girl he met (after we broke up).

Did someone say something about virtue's reward? My clinging to the right, and knowing that I was right, isn't any consolation at all. What can I think to stop myself from being so bitter over this ironic ending? Are there really exceptions to principles and standards? Was I being too idealistic?

I do need someone who can give me a sound, intelligent perspective with which to view the situation.

Madeleine C.

There are no exceptions to principles and standards. There are only people who take exception to them.

If you could read the letters I receive each day, you would thank your parents from the bottom of your heart for having taught you to be rigidly idealistic and steadfastly to reserve for marriage the marital relationship.

You describe yourself as "bitter." How would you feel if you were to bear a child, the parentage of which the father denied? That has happened to many girls who have written to me. A man who will try to persuade a girl to abandon her convictions isn't worth wasting a tear upon. If this man had loved you, he would have been fiercely proud of your standards.

Continue to adhere to those standards, my dear, until a man who will appreciate them—and there are plenty who do—comes along.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Mother and I would like to know whether you think we should accept my brother's wife. While he was away in service, she was rotten in every respect. She started stepping out even before he left and had a child that wasn't his. She is also on probation for some legal difficulty and has to write a letter once a month to a probation officer. She was about five hundred dollars in debt when my brother came back from overseas.

She told my brother all about her debts and about the child, but he is so much in love with her that he took her back, regardless. They now have a child of their own, so that may be one reason he is so wrapped up in her.

I can't begin to tell you everything about this girl. She is too, too terrible. This is not a case of selfishness, as there is nothing I'd like better than to have my brother married to a decent girl.

Should we forbid her to come to our home? Should we explain to my brother how we feel and ask him to stay away, too, even though we love him dearly? Or must we simply pocket our pride and accept both of them?

Orna W. R.

The goodness and integrity of your sister-in-law are not the prime points for consideration in this domestic dilemma. Your brother's decision is.

His wife is his choice. He has suffered
(Continued on page 70)

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(Continued from page 68)

greatly (make no mistake about that) because of learning of his wife's behavior during his absence. He must be a magnificent person, capable of forgiving and forgetting, so it behooves you to follow his example. Certainly you shouldn't hurt him further by adding to his problem.

As long as he has decided to keep her as his wife, you should be making a serious mistake to close your home to her. He may be able to change her, but whether he is or not, your responsibility is to be loyal to him and to behave as if nothing had happened. Surely, if you must choose between "pride" and your brother's happiness, the choice will not be difficult.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a boy of fourteen. My mother and father are always finding fault with everything I do. They fuss and they nag and they hound and they correct.

Honestly, sometimes I feel like running away to my grandmother's and staying there for a few days just to scare them into treating me like a human being.

I really try to please them, but nothing works. Please suggest some way to make my parents appreciate me.

Eldon B.

Fourteen is a difficult age, during which a human being is neither child nor adult. You will have to be patient with your parents . . . and with yourself.

First of all, there is no doubt that your parents love you dearly. In the second place, you might examine your own conduct. If I were there, and if I pointed out some of the things you do of which I don't approve, you and I would probably laugh about it. Most boys of fourteen need a lot of correction.

It isn't the intentionally disobedient acts that cause the most trouble around the house, I imagine, because most boys and girls of fourteen don't mean to offend. It's the absent-minded, careless behavior that brings a series of parental reproofs. Then, when you try to make up for your mistakes by doing something to please the family, they are probably in such a bad humor that your overtures go unrewarded.

If you ran away to your grandmother, you would find that—after two or three days—she would be finding as much fault as your parents did, so you might as well save yourself the trouble. And, just as a novelty, why not try to do everything your parents ask, even if the shock turns them white haired!

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am forty-two, married, and the mother of three children ranging in age from twelve down to six. My husband is one of the professors at a nearby college.

Since our home is large and the housing problem has been critical, we took a paying guest, a veteran of twenty-three.

My husband is very active in faculty organizations, has written several books and takes an interest in the affairs of a nearby town, so he is away much of the time. In addition to this he is an austere man, far too busy for sentiment, and far too cool of blood to be devoted.

Bradley, our veteran, has spent a great deal of time with me. Since he saw bitter fighting and much anguish, he is aged beyond his years. At first he dated some of the college girls, bringing them to the house for hot chocolate and cookies, on occasion, but finally he gave this up. He said that these girls are too immature and superficial for his taste.

We have fallen in love with one another. Bradley has asked me to divorce my hus-

band, marry him and move to the southwest where Bradley can continue his courses. There would be no question of finances as I have a little income from my parents' estate and he, too, has additional income to his GI Bill of Rights subsistence.

From your knowledge of human relations, do you think such a union, considering the attendant problems, would have any possibility of success?

(Mrs.) Ann M. M.

In considering your problem, I am immediately setting aside all comment on the fact that in doing what you suggest you would have broken your husband's heart and created great emotional problems for your three children. Those are things about which you must have thought gravely before writing to me.

I am not censuring you in any way. These things happen sometimes without a woman's being conscious of their development and certainly without her volition.

Since you have three children and since you are probably a highly maternal person, one of the explanations of your affection for this veteran of twenty-three is your superb instinct of motherhood. And, conversely, one of your attractions for him is that you supply his yearning for a mother. He has been through a difficult experience. In recovering, which he is now doing, it is only natural for him to turn to someone who gives him the sense of security and care given by a mother.

Were you to give in to this attraction and try to make a marriage of it, you would be ruining your own life. In my own profession I have seen examples of a mature woman marrying a much younger man. An actress has every artifice at her disposal; it is a professional necessity for her to retain her youth and vitality so that it is easy for her to look ten or fifteen years younger than her age. Yet, almost without exception, such marriages end in misery.

The solution lies in his suggestion that he go to the southwest to finish his education.

(Continued on page 72)

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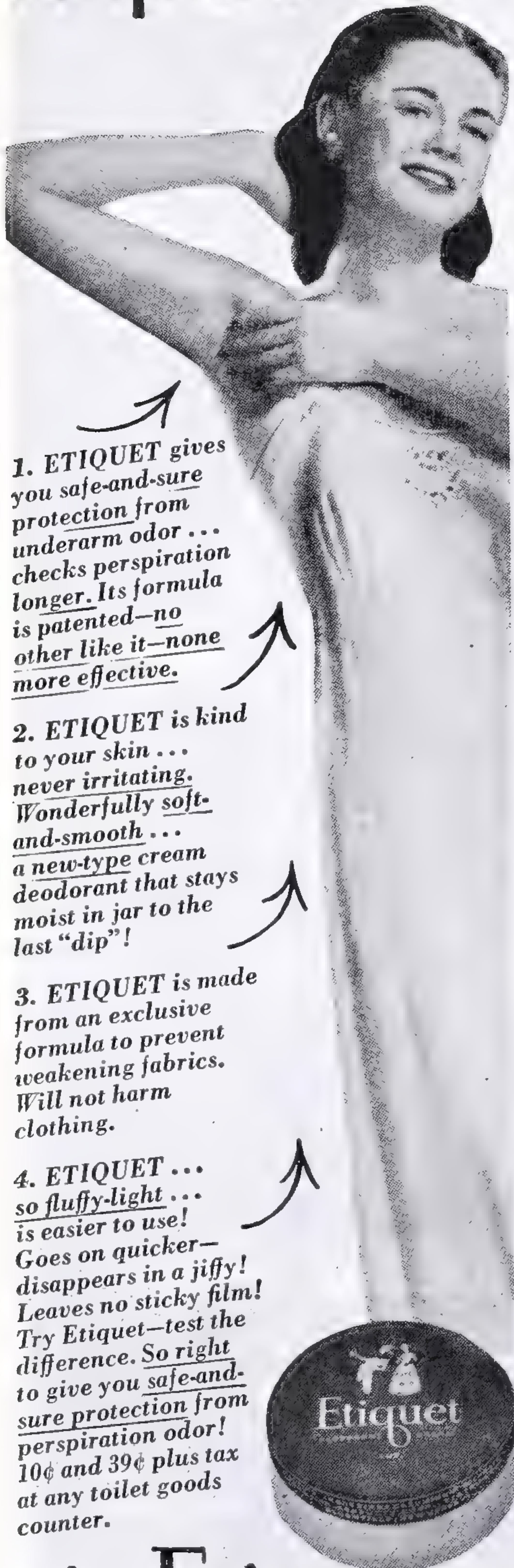
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(Continued from page 70)
cation. I think you should encourage him to do exactly that, while you remain where you are. I think separation will give each of you a wise perspective.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am the wife of a regular Navy man. I am also the daughter of a retired Navy man. When I met my husband, he told me he was a "twenty-year man." At that time, 1939, he was only a seaman, first class. I married him, not knowing what being a Navy widow means, though even if I had, I would have married him.

We were lucky at first and had two years of shore duty with almost a normal married life. Then he went aboard a ship. From that time on, and even worse during the war, he was gone most of the time.

He is a chief now. He's been recommended twice for Warrant. He is, really, on the first steppingstone to a fine, honorable Navy career. He has served nine years and if they grant that war bill bonus of time, he can be credited with thirteen years. In a way, he'd be foolish to quit now.

But I'm lonely. I've managed to buy a little house, earning the down payment and upkeep payments myself, but it doesn't satisfy my dream. I want a place where we can raise our own food, about five acres, close to a creek. I want an old-fashioned country house with a cellar and an attic and a fireplace and a wood cooking stove—a place with chickens and a cow—a place where we can earn our keep and be together. I want to look out the kitchen window and see him cultivating, or whatever they do on farms. And if I should get lonely, I want to be able to call to him; when I awaken at night, I want to see his head on the pillow. I can't face the years with him always away.

He is in the East at present, and he has another year to serve on his present "hitch." What I want to know is this. Would it be right for me to heckle him into leaving the Navy next year? I must be fair and remember his start on a Navy career, yet I need him to the point where I can't live without him.

Carolyn G.

Nowhere in your letter did I find the slightest evidence that your husband has ever shown any real interest in the land. Incidentally, I'm afraid that you have rather a glorified idea of the hard, grinding, heartbreaking work necessary to make farming a paying proposition.

It is obvious that your husband loves the Navy and is doing well in this profession. Suppose, however, that—to please you—he gave up this career and took up farming. Suppose he discovered that he hated every part of it, or that, even if he had no antipathy for farming, everything went wrong! Crops failed, livestock died, and you found yourself in financial straits. Your husband would blame you and your marriage would be jeopardized.

Men are not happy unless they are doing the thing they want to do. Furthermore, a man doesn't change from profession to profession unless he hasn't yet found himself. A man who knows that he loves the Navy, as this man does, would be wretched. Surely, now that we are at peace, you will be able to follow your husband from base to base during the rest of his Navy career. Considering the eagerness of newlyweds for houses, you would have no trouble renting your property, and since you are a Navy wife, provision would be made for you to live near your husband's base.

To insure your future happiness, I

think you should be content to let your husband finish his Navy term. You might still have your farm together after his life in the Navy is over.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Am I at fault for being insulted because a supposedly good friend gave me a luncheon cloth, as a birthday remembrance, when I know that this identical cloth is one that she received last Christmas from a relative?

After coming to my home for two years, either for dinner or for afternoon refreshments once a week, this person knows that I never serve on a card table. Yet this cloth is intended only for card table use.

I consider this entire thing a "slap in the face" because I have been as sincere a friend to this woman as she will ever have.

Am I taking an unfair attitude?

Mrs. Lulu T.

I am publishing your letter because I know that nearly everyone who reads this column will also enjoy your note because she, too, will have had the same exasperating experience.

I have a friend to whom I am devoted. I have known her for fifteen years and we have remembered one another at Christmas during all that time. Nowadays I simply can't wait on Christmas morning to unwrap her gift, just to see what utterly impossible item she has given me. I have another friend who always manages to forget some person on her gift list, and—in desperation—must improvise a present. One year she gave me an impressive gift—one that left me gasping... until I discovered a card that had been left in the box. She had just received it from another of our friends!

You shouldn't regard this luncheon cloth a "slap in the face." No one should ever question the nature of a gift, really, because the mere realization that one has been remembered by a friend should provide a glow.

There are people in this world who simply draw a blank when faced with the desire to make a gift to another person. This is largely due to our fear of not pleasing, since no two of us have the same tastes.

Why don't you make a game of trying to make some use of that luncheon cloth? Divided into sections and bound, it might make nice doilies.

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

Who Will Be Your Favorites for 1946?

(Continued from page 33) Colbert and Ginger Rogers also were runners-up for top honors last year. But Betty Hutton, Margaret O'Brien and Lana Turner are new among contenders. Last year Margaret tied with Lauren Bacall as the star who had made the greatest strides in popularity. This year Lauren, with only one additional picture, has dropped out of the running. But Margaret has forged ahead. The popularity of Betty Hutton and Lana Turner, on the other hand, has been increasing at a steady pace for several years.

The five top men, listed alphabetically, are: Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Clark Gable, Van Johnson, Spencer Tracy. And, again, not far behind are: Humphrey Bogart, Cary Grant, Bob Hope, Alan Ladd, Walter Pidgeon.

BING CROSBY, two-time winner, is high again this year. However, the current list of five top men differs from last year's list with Bob Hope and Cary Grant giving way to Clark Gable and Van Johnson. That Clark Gable should be up there is surprising. For he has made only one film, "Adventure," since his return to civilian life.

Van Johnson's standing, however, is completely understandable. It corroborates the findings of the two previous ARI polls taken for Photoplay. In 1944 we reported that Van had made greater gains in popularity than any other male star. In 1945 his name just missed being included among the top five.

In the second group of men we come to Alan Ladd and Walter Pidgeon, neither of whom was in the running last year. Alan, of course, had been back on the screen only a short time from the Army. Now, with several pictures behind him, he has re-established the strength he showed before he left to serve for Uncle Sam. Walter Pidgeon, however, has been building steadily and this year, "Weekend at the Waldorf" has done a great deal for him.

The stars who have made the greatest gains in popularity during the last six months are: June Allyson, Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck, Cornel Wilde.

June Allyson has had the advantage of many releases such as "The Sailor Takes a Wife" and "Two Sisters from Boston" following in quick succession.

Jennifer Jones actually shows this great gain in popularity for a second time. She qualified for this honor, too, in 1944. Her next pictures, however, were many months in production, so for some time she was without new releases. It took only "Love Letters" and "Cluny Brown," however, to find her moving ahead rapidly again.

Gregory Peck, a star of last year's winning picture, "The Valley of Decision," and the male star showing top gains in popularity last year, now rates higher than ever as a result of "Spellbound."

Cornel Wilde began making strides when he played Chopin in "A Song to Remember," the picture which ranked fourth in last year's poll. Since then, "Leave Her to Heaven" and "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest" have accelerated his popular appeal.

During months of polling that lie ahead, the movie-goers of America again will decide the favorite picture and stars of 1946. It may be that the final sum-up will present stars and pictures, that are not even contenders at this time, as the winners.

In the meantime, we of the Audience Research, the editors of Photoplay and all Hollywood are awaiting your final choice.

THE END.



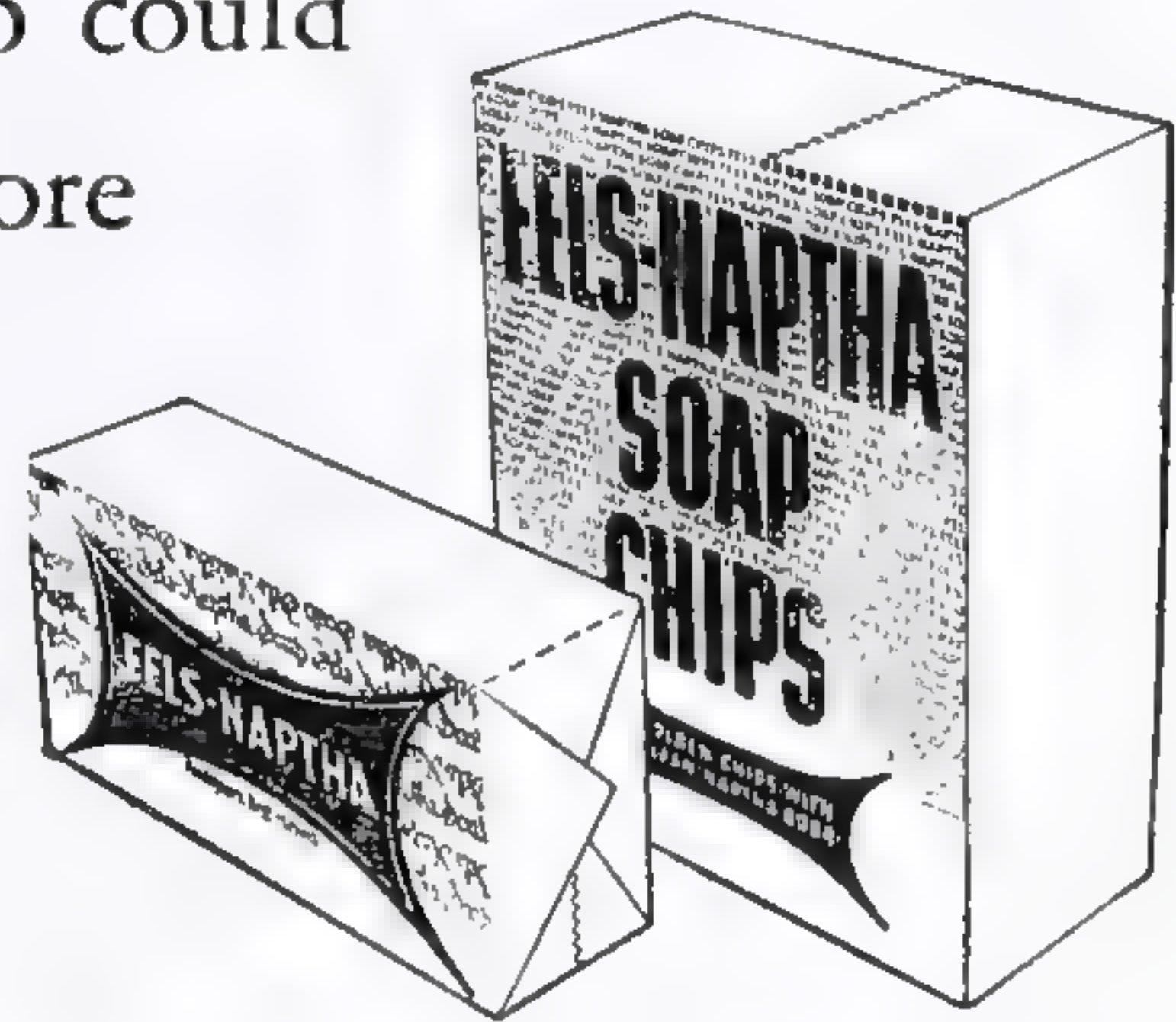
“Dear Diary”

Let's pretend that you still keep a diary—even though you *are* a 'settled', married woman. And then let's pretend today was washday.

Would you write something like this . . . ?

Dear Diary: *Not too much to write this time. Did the usual huge, hot-weather wash today—it's a wonder I'm not worn to a frazzle. But between you and me, Diary, with Fels-Naptha Soap on hand to help, washday's almost a pleasure.*

We know a lot of women who could write this—and a great deal more about the satisfaction of washing with gentle Fels-Naptha Soap. And—*they wouldn't be pretending!*



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

That Dream Girl Jones

(Continued from page 46) who never disappoints you though you sometimes have to work overtime not to disappoint her. For Jennifer puts those whom she likes on pedestals. And perches can be uncomfortable in spite of the wide margin she leaves you for error.

I've never heard her make a derogatory remark about anyone. And I've heard her stoutly defending people she doesn't even know against remarks others have made. Gossip is a dead language with her.

She has an insatiable curiosity about any subject she's interested in and wants to learn *everything* about it. Furthermore, she is quite willing for you to learn everything about it too. "It's more fun that way," she says.

For instance, Jennifer was eager to improve her French. She talked about it for days. "All right," I agreed, "I'll go with you, but I really don't need them. I've had eight years of French. All I'll need will be a refresher course."

She said casually that she'd had a "little" French in school.

Then when we got to the studio of George Jomier, our French instructor, for our first lesson, she was *parlez-vousing* all over the place, while I just sat there dazedly trying to catch a familiar word or so. My eight years of *le francais* were as nothing, while she chattered away as if she'd lived all her life on the Rue de la Paix.

"Never mind," she said, "you must need a refresher course!"

Cosmetics is another subject that has challenged her interest. Though her complexion needs no improvement, she's always experimenting with beauty preparations, as I was to find out when I loaned her my apartment while I was touring the states exploiting "Duel in the Sun."

I came home to beauty creams, colognes, perfumes, bath salts and a new kind of facial cornflakes, not to mention a huge shiny contraption which looked like a school playground slide, and which I still haven't figured out how to use.

When I got back Jennifer was in Texas where her boys, Bobby and Michael, had gone for a visit with their grandmother. She phoned me. "I loved living in your apartment!"

"That's fine," I answered. "You must have packed in a hurry. Did you take *anything* with you? You left quite a few things."

"I don't want any of it. You can keep everything," she laughed.

"They won't do any good without the combination. What do you do with the cornflakes?"

"Put them on your face. They're wonderful!"

"And the mechanical contraption overflowing the guest room . . . that looks slightly like a roller coaster. What do you do with that?"

"Oh—that. I got it at the May Company," she went on.

"But *what* is it?" I asked.

"It's one of those exercise boards . . . only I don't use it that way. I rest my head at the bottom and catch my feet up in the strap at the top. You know . . . the way we do with an ironing board. Only this one is ready-made."

She was referring to a beauty routine we'd tried out—the "model" stance; i.e. propping the ironing board up against the living-room divan and stretching out on it with your head on the rug, letting the blood rush to the foot of the ironing board . . . or something. Jennifer had improved on it while I was gone.

"It's wonderful for your circulation!" she said, still selling me.

"You mean it takes the place of Lady Mendl's theory of standing on your head?"

"Something like that," she laughed. "Shall I send you a blueprint?"

"No thanks," I said. "If there's anything I don't need it's a map for standing on my head. I've been doing that for a long time now."

Regardless of her own fame, she still has all the qualities of the girl next door. She genuinely likes people—all people—and would far rather talk about them than about herself. . . . As Jay Carmody, dramatic critic for the Washington Star, discovered when we were in Washington, D. C., on a bond tour and he was interviewing Jennifer—he thought.

"I read your column this morning and I was very interested in your criticism of the picture," she said. "Especially your analysis of the characterizations. You must have had some experience in the theater."

He remarked that he'd "experienced" her last picture and thought she'd done a very analytical job.

"Have you made a study of psychology?" she went on. "That would be good for newspaper work, wouldn't it?"

He said he guessed so. What about her next role?

"I portray a half-breed Indian," she said. "Do you know anything about them? Maybe you can help me on a few things. I think newspaper work must be very interesting," she went on, genuinely impressed. "How long have you been doing it? Where are the presses?"

"Would you like to take a look around?" he said resignedly.

"Oh yes! Could we?"

When we'd completed a Cook's Tour of the establishment and were leaving, Jennifer thanked him for being so kind. "Thank you, Miss Jones," he laughed, "for the best interview I've never had."

ANY trip with Jennifer turns out to be a fun—no matter how hectic the travel conditions may be. And "hectic" is a gentle word for one return trip we made, after spending a few days in Palm Springs. We were coming back in my car and I was driving, a combination that has great suicidal possibilities. Mine is one of those photogenic jobs that often doesn't run.

Coming back to Hollywood that night it wasn't running. Twelve times it broke down, with water bursting from the radiator and everything. We spent all of our money on it trying to get it fixed and after being pushed for some miles, finally coasted into the Los Angeles city limits just opposite the General Hospital.

We had exactly thirty-nine cents left and I used five of them to call a friend in Hollywood to come get us.

"Aren't you hungry?" said Jennifer. "I am."

Which was no particular surprise. Jones is *always* hungry. When she's working at the studio you'll find her eating an early morning snack of apples and bananas at 9:00 and snacking on hamburgers again at 11:00 A.M. We found a dingy hamburger bar near the hospital. A beaten-up structure . . . too far gone for DDT.

"We'd better watch what we order," I reminded her. "We only have thirty-four cents left."

We studied the menu carefully. There was only one item we could afford. We couldn't even have the Hamburger Deluxe. "We'll have to order the plain hamburgers. They're ten cents cheaper," I said.

While we ate them we kept torturing ourselves remembering money we'd spent in the past. "Remember the time you spent so-and-so on a Hattie Carnegie gown?" one of us would say. This reminiscing went

on back and forth for some twenty minutes. By now we were both digging away like crazy in our bags, looking for any stray pennies. Jennifer found three cents to go with our remaining four.

"We'll leave a seven-cent tip," she said.

"No indeed! We might have to make another phone call."

When our rescue squad arrived, we hurried on late—in our sports dresses—to the Beverly Hills party we'd been "rushing" back to. "I just can't wait to get back to the studio and tell them how you take care of a Selznick star," Jennifer laughed.

Knowing when she's on a picture how hard she works you get a wonderful feeling standing by and watching the time and consideration she gives to all who work with her. When her stand-in was taken ill on the set during a scene in "Love Letters," it was Jennifer who left the set to call the girl's mother and assure her that her daughter would be all right. "Don't worry about her," she said, "I promise you that she'll be made comfortable."

On the "Duel in the Sun" location trip Jennifer took an awful physical beating, as usual, stopping at nothing short of absolute realism for her role. They were filming the climax of the picture where she shoots it out with Gregory Peck. She was black and blue and all scratched up from crawling over the cactus and rocky crags in the desert with a rifle in hand. Her knees were constantly bleeding—her finger nails torn. All this added to the forty miles she had to drive back and forth daily to get out to the location site left her completely fatigued at night.

Yet when I became ill with virus pneumonia, it was Jennifer who assumed command. "I'll get the best doctor there is," she said. And she did—the foremost chest specialist in the country. She got up at 5:00 A.M. to visit me at the hospital before she went out to the set. With her came bottles of perfume, sachets and pretty bed jackets to cheer me up. After work that night, she'd be back again, picking up my nightgowns or lingerie and taking them home with her to be laundered.

Our trip down on the train to Tucson that time is another one I'll never forget. As hectic as some of our other travel experiences. And as much fun. We had Jennifer's two young sons, Bobby and Michael, along with us, and what with their excitement and anticipation at invading the land of real live Indians, all of us were up most of the night. Around 4:00 A.M. we dozed off only to be awakened a little later by the peculiar sensation of four strange little pairs of eyes fastened on us. Bob and Mike, still unable to sleep, had gone out into the train with their nurse and gathered some playmates in to see us.

"This is Mom," said Bobby, pointing to his mother's one eye above the cover. "And this is Miss Colby," pointing to me.

The little visitors just stood there eyeing us gravely, until our sleepy acknowledgment of the introductions was made.

Though she seems more like their sister, Jennifer is a wonderful little mother to the boys. She enters into all of their games with them, and the three of them have hilarious fun. Calling her at home and hearing the noise in the background, I usually ask, "Who's there?"

"Just us," she laughs. "But when we three are together it does sound like a room full of people, doesn't it?"

No day would seem quite right to me without talking to Jennifer. Fortunately, I seldom miss one. We hold fabulous phone conversations about a certain scene, something she's planning for the boys, or just life in general. (Continued on page 76)



Fall fashions aflame with color... with ALL PURPOSE **RIT**

It's the burning-bright look of Aloha Red, the gem-brilliance of Blue Cedar—Fall colors that you can plan yourself, dye yourself with All Purpose Rit. Dip a weary pastel frock, transfigure a blouse...for a glint of color under your coat. Exhilarate work-a-day accessories into fashion highlights...all with color. Yes, be *prodigal* with color...but just be sure you entrust your clothes to All Purpose Rit. Some dyes won't do for the new synthetic materials—but All Purpose Rit is *guaranteed*, so you're fancy free to dye any fabric you choose.

ALL PURPOSE RIT—the finest-dye-that-money-can-buy **25c**

you might . . .

transform last season's pink, grey or yellow dress with deep-fired Aloha Red. Or enliven a blouse and gloves with Horizon Gold to kindle a Fall suit. Convert a scarf into a cummerbund and dye it Blue Cedar. Add a bag of the same shade.

the colors . . .

how to match them in All Purpose Rit shades:

Aloha Red—Use Rit Scarlet

Horizon Gold—Use Rit Gold

Blue Cedar—Mix 1 box Rit Royal Blue, three-eighths box Rit Yellow

Send for FREE Fashion Booklet giving new Fall Color Suggestions and dozens of ideas for reviving last year's wardrobe.

RIT PRODUCTS CORPORATION

1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 7, Illinois

Please send All Purpose Rit booklet U6, "Color Seasoning for Fall Wardrobes."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



A Setting for Compliments

COMPANY coming? No, just the family! That lustrous, lintless napery is for *them*, and they'll love it! And *you'll* love their praise, for making the family table so pretty and inviting. There's no trick at all to it—if you use Linit. That's the smooth, penetrating starch that works magic. Actually makes cotton *look* and *feel* luxurious as linen. You're not letting yourself in for fuss, either! Quite the contrary. By restoring the original finish, Linit actually resists mussing and soiling. Try it, too, for starching dresses, shirts, curtains, sheets and *dozens* of things around the house.

* * *

Sunny says: Your iron flies—with Linit! Follow the simple package directions—and watch all cotton things take on the look and feel of real linen.

© Corn Products Sales Co.

... adds the "finishing touch".



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Fashion Editor

Gerry Southmayd

Fashion Service Manager

Jack Force Jr.

Fashion Art Director

Ben Studios

Photographers

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND

Olivia planned to be a teacher. But, when she was eighteen, Professor Max Reinhardt wooed her from the schoolroom with the role of *Hermia* in his Hollywood Bowl production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Whereupon, signed to a screen contract. Olivia began creating roles that were outstanding movie treats—like her *Jody Norris* in Paramount's "To Each His Own."

For autumn and winter too—a Doris Dodson dress with a gay plaid wool skirt of the new length and a bewitchingly demure black velvet top. Sizes 7-15. About \$15.00 at R. H. White's, Boston, Mass., and Blau-ner's, Philadelphia, Pa.

(For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 86)

(Continued from page 74)

During my trip around the country calling on newspapers for "Duel in the Sun," we talked to each other as often as possible. One morning she called in New York. "It's Bobby's birthday," she said. "I called because I wanted you to sing 'Happy Birthday' to him."

Michael kept getting on the wire instead. "Please Mike, just say 'Hello' and let Bobby talk," insisted Jennifer. "It's *his* birthday."

"Hello, Miss Colby," came Bobby's childish little voice across the miles. "I'm six years old!"

"That's wonderful, darling," I said. Then went into my best sleepy soprano singing "Happy Birthday" to him.

I put the receiver up slowly. Suddenly I was a little homesick for all of them. The two baby dream boys and their Mom—the dream girl who's known as Jones.

THE END

Photoplay Fashions



Whatever you do . . . be chic!

OLIVIA deHAVILLAND. She's 5' 4" tall, weighs 107 pounds and has brown eyes and hair. She's partial to cross-word puzzles, chrysanthemums, the color blue and cold French lamb chops dipped in salt. She dislikes snakes, parsnips, cooking, cigarette smoke and elevators. She looks charmingly Victorian. But she is as modern as tomorrow.



Perfect for fun all year 'round—this three-piece outfit by Koret of California. All color combinations. Jacket \$15.00. Blouse \$5.00. Pants \$6.95. Sizes 12-18 at Sanger Bros., Dallas, Tex., The Hub, Baltimore, Md.



Wonderful news—a broad-shouldered jumper that can be worn without a blouse too! Of Berlinger rayon. By Peggy Paige, in sizes 9-15. About \$6.00 at Lansburgh's, Washington, D. C., and Gimbels, New York, N. Y.

(For the store in your vicinity write the manufacturer listed on page 86)



Step into autumn looking glorious

IN A PHOTOPLAY SELECTED TOP-COAT, SUIT AND BLOUSE

PAULETTE GODDARD, born in a New York suburb, spent her early life as plain, everyday Pauline. Then, as now, however, there was nothing plain or everydayish about her! Paulette, currently appearing in United Artists' "The Diary of a Chambermaid," has just signed a seven-year contract with Paramount. Also, next spring she will make a picture in England for Alexander Korda.

Right: You'll stop traffic in this beautifully tailored suit and matching topper by Swansdown. A Winthrop Mills woolen in sizes 10-20. Each about \$40.00. Matching cap by Betmar, \$8.95. At Elder & Johnson Co., Dayton, O.; Sage, Allen & Co., Hartford, Conn.

Above: A smooth, sleek blouse with embroidered birds, by Vicki Lynn. Also in white, pink or blue. Sizes 32-38. About \$3.00 at Famous-Barr Downstairs Store, St. Louis, Mo. and Carson, Pirie Scott & Co. Downstairs East Room, Chicago, Ill.

(For the store in your vicinity, write the manufacturer listed on page 86)





Slim,
nicely molded curves
under dress or
play clothes...and
feeling free as a bird!

WISPESE, Inc.
302 Fifth Ave. • New York 1, N. Y.



Cinemodes

By Photoplay's Fashion Scout

In the past few weeks we've seen Joan Crawford in at least six divine outfits. At the cocktail party she gave for Viveca Lindfors she wore the new ballet-skirt-length dress, black with a tight bodice and low neck and tiny sleeves. The skirt was the fullest swishiest one we've seen in years; reams of black net over a black taffeta underskirt. Caught on the underskirt, here and there, were enormous dark red roses. This dark red, peeping through the net, was the only color in the costume. Joan wore her hair down, medium length, and full around the face. High-heeled black patent leather sandals with wide ankle straps accented her famous dancing feet.



And you should have seen Joan at the Mike Todd party! In a room full of glamour-pusses she was outstanding in a very décolleté gown of chartreuse crepe. Bare over one shoulder, the bodice had almost no back. It was draped up the front with one side of the drape crossing over to her right shoulder where it ended—or rather almost never ended—by falling into a long scarf which hung almost to the floor. The skirt was cut circular and enormously full. On the scarf, just below the shoulder line in back and again at the bottom, were dead white blossoms. Add to this matching chartreuse sandals—a terrific sunburn—a soft hair-do—and you have Crawford.



At Joan's party for Viveca Lindfors Claudette Colbert wore a very chic black silk faille suit with a tailored short coat and a pencil-slim skirt with a tiny slit in front. Lots of white frilly organdy billowed out from the neck of her coat which buttoned high. She wore a huge stiff-brimmed black

straw sailor far on the back of her head. White gauntlet length cotton gloves, black patent pumps and an enormous black patent pouch bag.



Betty Hutton wore a wonderful dress the other summer evening. It was of white pique with an off-the-shoulder neckline. The lower part of the very full gathered skirt was hand-painted with chartreuse and yellow tiger lilies. And around the hemline were narrow bands of chartreuse and yellow pique to match the flowers. With this dress Betty wore white, thonged sandals and a stole of the flowered pique. This dress could be copied in many variations by having the flowers applied.



Joan Bennett has a high-necked, tiny-sleeved black silk jersey sheath, over which she ties skirts of multi-colored prints. When she wants to be really dressy she ties on a full overskirt of black net that has been stiffened. This stands away from the sheath and makes a lovely silhouette. Another over-skirt is of palest pink silk splattered with huge black cabbage roses. . . . Joan wears tiny black straw bonnet-type hats with the several outfits this one dress achieves and sometimes puts flowers on a bonnet to match the print of the overskirt.



Gene Tierney, lunching at La Rue, wore a stunning rich cream-colored silk shantung suit with big disc buttons down the front then across the shoulder seams. And under the long-sleeved, softly-tailored jacket was a bright gold silk gilet. Her big kid shoulder-strap bag was gold kid. Her gloves and shoes were dark brown. And she wore no hat.

WHEN leaves come tumbling down Lana—in a suit of warm honey beige, with sable and jewels—illustrates the perfect way to look as you step into fall

See October Photoplay Cover



Vicki Lynn



\$3 at leading department stores.

*From the song, Pretty Vicki Lynn, by Charlie Tobias



Youthful or mature;
 short, medium
 or tall, there's a
 Miss Elaine
 Precisional* to fit
 you to perfection.
 Personally Yours!



*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SEL-MOR GARMENT CO., INC. • ST. LOUIS

Fashion is Fun

and makes you lovelier

If you're going to be a bride why not add "the something blue" to your veil. Twine a few baby blue satin ribbons through your hair . . . they'll peep out very prettily through the veil and maybe match your eyes.

Don't discard your black linen slacks now that summer's almost gone. For autumn "evenings at home" make a knee-length striped satin coat, tightly belted, and with your slacks underneath you'll look as tempting as any harem dish.

To turn last year's evening dress into this year's, snip it to ten inches off the floor in front and graduate the line until the hem is floor length in back. With this wear your prettiest newest slippers, please.

Team your black short-sleeved sweater with a cocktail length black satin skirt and a big crushed satin belt of a bright color. This is strictly for dress up but you can wear such a sweater with plaid skirts and leather

belts, slacks, suits, and just about anything else you can think of. Your sweater, in fact, can be the most used item in your wardrobe.

Braid felt flowers in your pigtails when you plait your hair; then wind the braids around your ear. And to be doubly effective, match the flowers in your hair with those on the toes of your dancing slippers.

When you make a full easy-swinging woolen skirt this fall be sure you get enough material for a matching stole. Wear the stole "hood effect" for outdoors and around your shoulders at other times of the day.

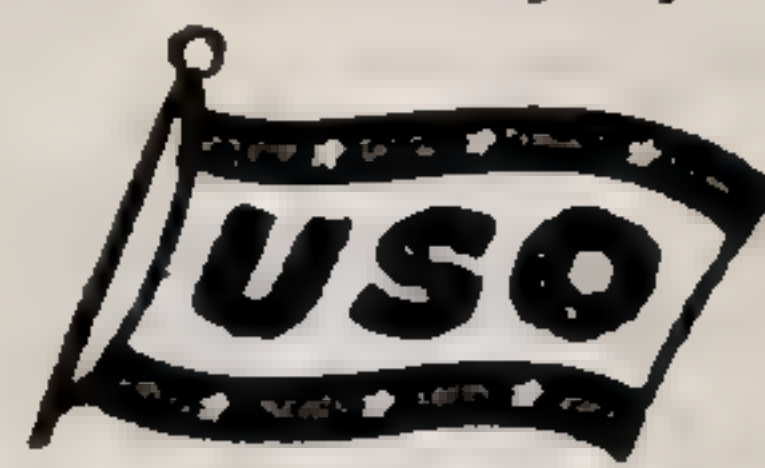
This will look so new and exciting on a plain felt bowler hat . . . Buy a yard of light-weight silk (either patterned or plain) and cut the length in half. Sew the ends together, drape it around the crown of the hat, and let the ends hang down in back.

(Continued on page 86)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ COMMUNITY GIVING IS COMMUNITY LIVING

USO and the Community Chests of America
 appeal to you for funds

To help the citizen at home—
 The citizen away from home



The USO discharges your community responsibilities to the citizen away from home—your men and women who are still in the armed forces. With your help, vitally needed clubs for new inductees, men awaiting discharge and their families, the convalescent war wounded, can be continued. USO-Camp Shows are still important entertainment for wounded men in hospitals.



For the citizen at home money is needed by Community Chest Red Feather services for hospital, clinic and nursing aid for the sick, care of dependent and neglected children, home for the aged, etc.

When citizens of all classes, all races, all religions unite in giving, either to the USO or the Community Chests of America, the whole community benefits in the interests of everybody's health, welfare and happiness.

LET US BE GENEROUS to the men and women who must continue in uniform—to the citizens here at home who need our help. Support the USO and your local Community Chests.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

DRESS FOR THE MEN IN YOUR LIFE



"CAMPUS DEB"... Carole King takes a vibrant plaid of Wool and Rayon Trepaca, hugs your wee waist with a magnetic midriff and saucily binds, then bows, the hi round neck with Wool and Rayon Kasha Weave. Junior sizes 7 to 13. About \$11. Exclusively at one fine store in your city.

THIS IS, INDEED,

NYLON HOSIERY "AS YOU LIKE IT"! A day-time delight, a date-time necessity, these lovely stockings lead a double life! They're gossamer sheer and amazingly serviceable, with a knit that makes for perfect fit. Hosiery "As You Like It" is full-fashioned, of course, and delightfully clear-textured. You'll be wise to ask for it by name at your favorite hosiery counter.



NYLON HOSIERY

As You Like It

READING, PA.

(Continued from page 84)

Put a large velvet collar on a simple bright wool dress for extra special occasions. Black shortie gloves and black suede shoes will complete the picture.

* * *

Watch for the smart-looking barrel skirts in dresses and suits. You might think these will do nothing for slimming but the full look they afford around the hips tends to whittle inches off your waistline.

* * *

Crocheted wool gloves, usually seen in the shortie length, can now be had in the nine inch length—and in the brightest colors! Match these gloves with colored wool stockings for the first fall days in the country.

* * *

Put lace bows on your quilted satin slippers. And even if you're not a bride you'll feel and look like one!!

* * *

If you are changing the buttons on a suit or dress, make a wide belt of grosgrain ribbon and sew matching buttons on the belt—about three inches apart if they're big important ones. Fasten the belt with another button and a regular buttonhole.

* * *

If you like off-the-shoulder fashions (and who doesn't) there is a wonderful strapless bra you can buy that actually stays in place, regardless of activity. This bra can be worn under anything strapless—be it bathing suit or evening dress. . . . And it is especially good for low-necked peasant blouses.

FOR THE SHOP in your vicinity where the Photoplay Fashions shown on the preceding pages are sold write to the manufacturer listed below:

When shopping for clothes shown on the preceding pages be sure to tell the salesgirl the fashion appeared in Photoplay. This will enable her to direct you to the department where it is available.

Plaid skirt and velvet top

Doris Dodson

1120 Washington Avenue

St. Louis, Mo.

Jacket, blouse and pants

Koret of California

611 Mission St.

San Francisco, Calif.

Jumper

Peggy Paige

224 West 35th St.

N. Y. C.

Blouse

Vicki Lynn

2 Park Avenue

N. Y. C.

Suit and matching topper

Morris Haft

500 Seventh Ave.

N. Y. C.

Matching hat

Betmar

1 West 39th Street

N. Y. C.

Inspiration for these smartly striped

lantern sleeves comes straight

from spirited Spanish pirates.

It's Doris Dodson's dashing frock,

"THE BUCCANEER"... made of kitten coat

wool and rayon jersey. Colors... natural and black,

copper penny and grey. Sizes 9 to 15. About \$15.

Write for the name of your local shop...

Doris Dodson, St. Louis 1, Missouri.



Doris Dodson



JUNIOR ORIGINALS

NEW

The Miracle Girdle with the Magic Inset

Here is one of the greatest girdle miracles of the century—an amazing—revolutionary construction that every woman has dreamed of, yet has never enjoyed until now—but at last "Perma-lift"* accomplishes the almost unbelievable.

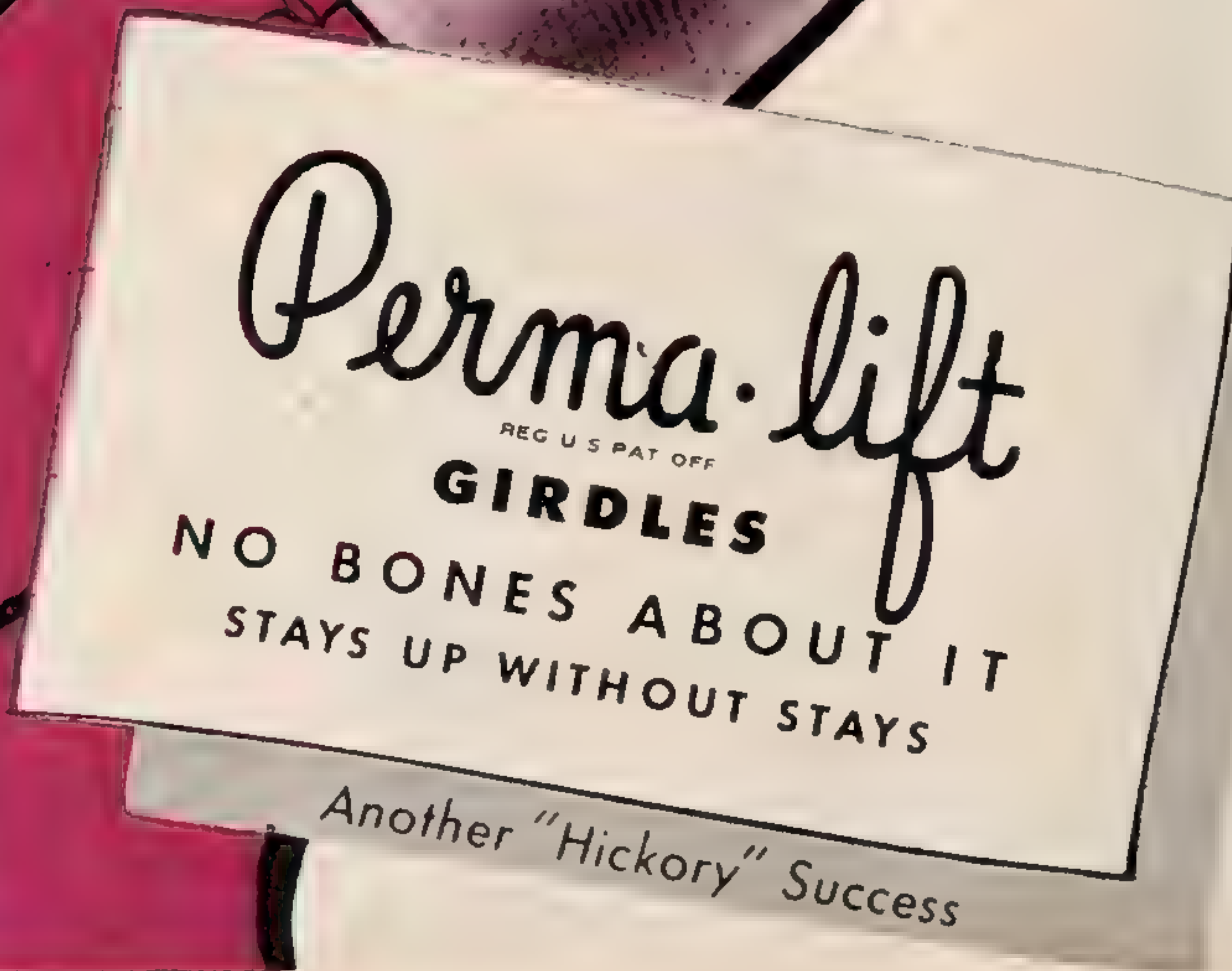
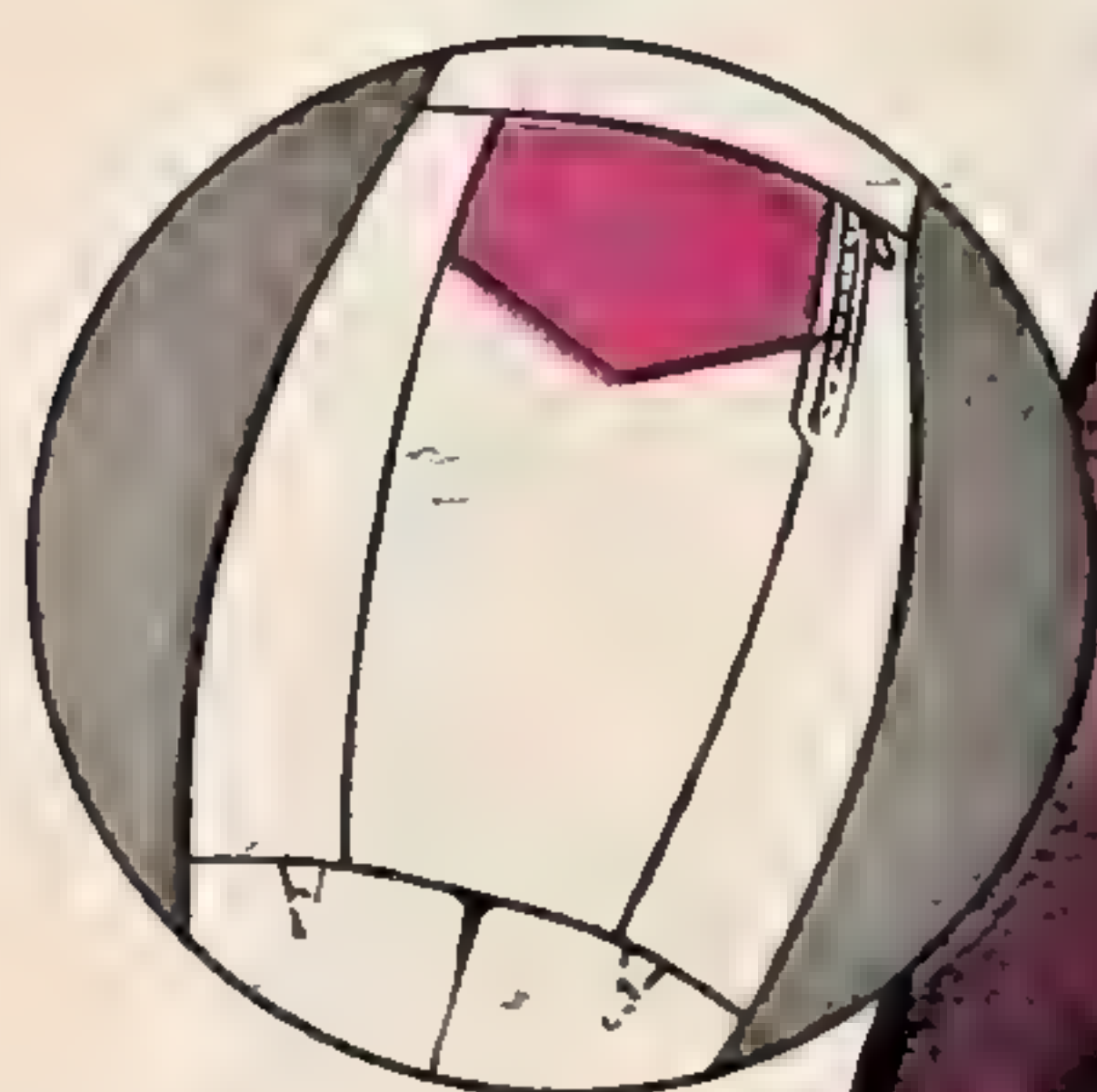
"Perma-lift" has created a new—thrilling—youthful—lightweight girdle with all the advantages of boning—but With No Bones—all the restraint and control of boning—but With No Bones. A "Perma-lift" Girdle won't wrinkle, won't roll over, absolutely banishes the annoying discomfort that boning, even in the lightest garment, has caused you— withstands countless washings and wear.

No Bones means new comfort—"Perma-lift" Girdles assure you undreamed-of comfort for the life of your garment. Smartly styled, youthful, lightweight "Perma-lift" Girdles, Panties, Foundations—\$5 to \$10—at fine stores everywhere. Here is the perfect companion to your "Perma-lift" Brassiere, America's Favorite Bra with "The Lift that never lets you down."

*"Perma-Lift" and "Hickory" are trademarks of
A. Stein & Company, (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

REMEMBER—"PERMA-LIFT" GIRDLES STAY UP WITHOUT STAYS

NO BONES ABOUT IT
STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS



Sight Unseen

Hintful queries to give you clues
to who's hiding behind the specs



1. The place of her birth should remind
you of a national holiday:

- A. New Year's
- B. Christmas
- C. Fourth of July

2. When she was a small girl, she had an
unusual experience:

- A. She kicked a redheaded boy
in the teeth
- B. She won six boxes of candy
for her dancing
- C. She was kidnapped



1. If she wanted to, she could call herself a:

- A. Baroness
- B. Countess
- C. Viscountess

2. The initial letters of her name spell out
the word G-E-T. That's because her mid-
dle name is:

- A. Eliza
- B. Edith
- C. Edna



1. She once sang "The Dipsy Doodle" with such fervor that she was hired by:

- A. Benny Goodman
- B. Vincent Lopez
- C. Hal Kemp

2. The place of her birth should remind you of:

- A. Breakfast food
- B. Smudge pots
- C. Creole dishes



1. He got the first start toward his career at the age of two when a physician made him a present of:

- A. A bazooka
- B. A violin
- C. A puppet theater

2. While still in his teens he:

- A. Was entertained by the Eagle of Teloulet, the great Moroccan chieftain
- B. Flew by plane from England to Asia
- C. Became a psychoanalyst



1. The strings of her heart used to go zing for:

- A. Bing Crosby
- B. Mickey Rooney
- C. Robert Taylor

2. Her stage name was suggested to her by:

- A. George Jessel
- B. Harry Richman
- C. George Brent

(Answers on page 110)

Junior Convertible

Definitely devastating — this double-duty smoothie in *Columbia's* fabulous salt 'n' pepper rayon.

A two-way wing-sleeved jumper with flanged shoulder detail and a tucked waistline, cinched in by a slim belt of licorice leather edged with white saddle-stitching. Silver buttons march up to the flattering cardigan neckline. Wear it as a dress or — twice as smart — over a contrasting blouse.

9 to 15

About \$7



SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT

The Wm. H. Block Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

Broadway Dept. Store
Los Angeles, Calif.

Conrad & Co.
Boston, Mass.

Crowley Milner & Co.
Detroit, Mich.

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Kaufmann
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Lansburgh & Bros.
Washington, D. C.

Frederick Loeser & Co.
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Mabley & Carew
Cincinnati, Ohio

The White House
San Francisco, Calif.

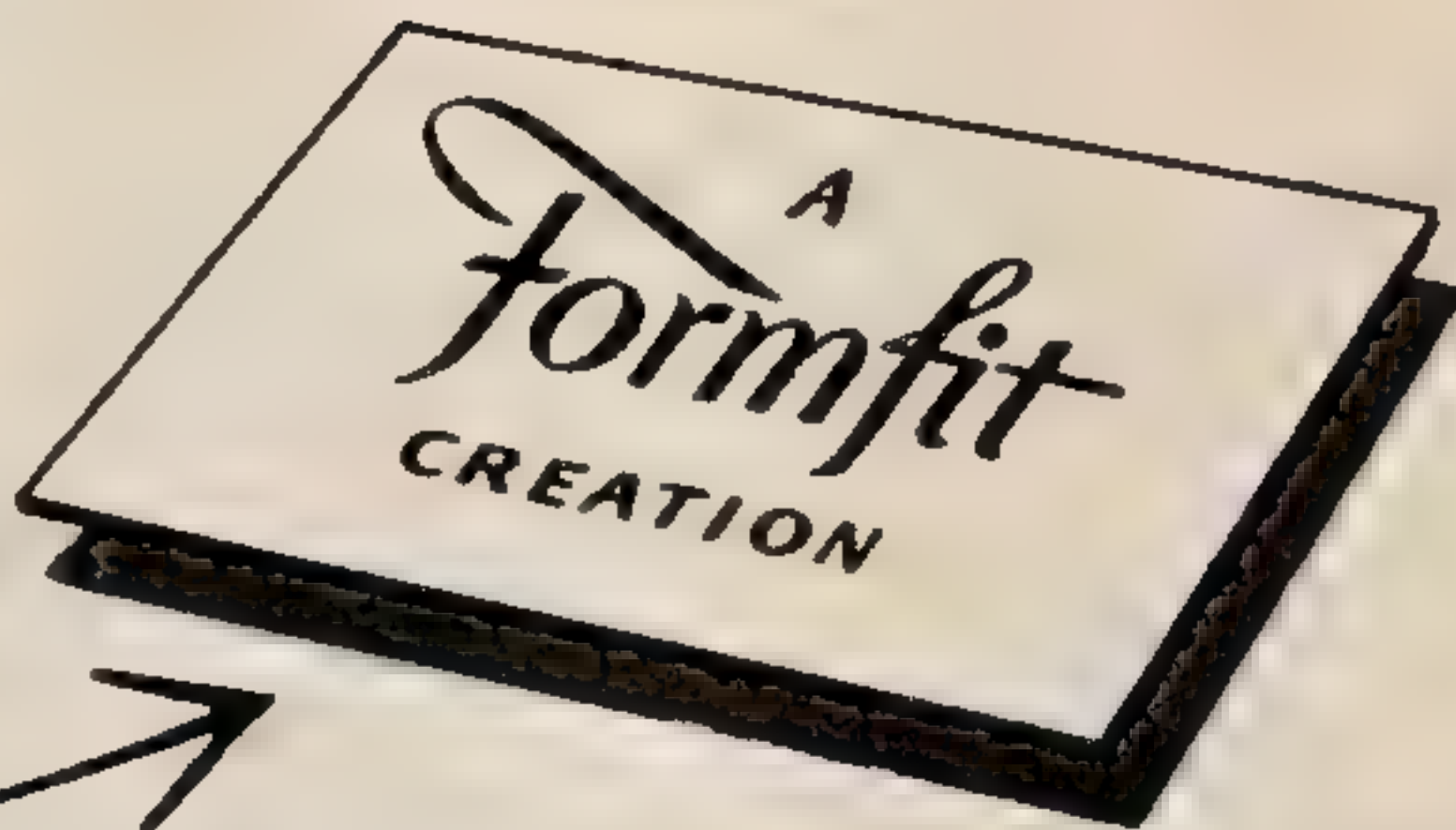
MAIL ORDERS FILLED



FOR THE
Lift of your Lifeline
Life-Bra

● All of a sudden your heart sings... as Life-Bra brings firm, young, curvaceous contours to your upper figure line... and keeps them that way. No other bra is so artfully designed for this alluring magic. See how the clever quilted cushions Lift, Mold, Correct, Hold—all at once. Today—be fitted and see. At any of the better stores.

\$125 to \$350



THE FORMFIT COMPANY, Chicago, New York



Jane Wyman, next to be seen in "Night and Day"

Jane, GO-BETWEEN
A prisoner's hidden plea...
A star's way of granting it

NO matter how many stars glitter across the screens, Jane Wyman will always be the favorite of Ethan Campbell, civilian... because he'll remember back to that time when he was Ethan Campbell, Sergeant—one of the few survivors of the infamous death march of Bataan.

He was taken with the rest of his buddies to a Jap prison camp. Time stretched ahead, an endless nightmare that might mean death rather than freedom. He was starving, lonely, longing for his mother and his sweetheart, Mary Kathryn McCampbell, longing for word from them. For eighteen months he filled out the permitted monthly form postal card home. There was no response. Finally he and his fellow prisoners were convinced the Japs weren't sending their cards through.

He could almost see his mother going to the mailbox—and disappointment. He could see tears well up in Mary Kathryn's eyes—and there was nothing he could do.

Nothing, that is, until one of the boys thought of addressing their cards to movie stars and giving, in the few words they were allowed, the names and addresses of their families.

Ethan chose Jane Wyman because she was his favorite and because she came from his home town, St. Joseph, Missouri. He knew the Japs pretty well, how they were familiar with famous names, with the magic word, Hollywood. He knew it was a slim chance, but he was desperate.

He thought a long time, then wrote: "Give my regards to my mother, Mrs. Goldie Campbell, 1719 Calhoun Street, St. Joseph, Missouri." If only Jane would catch on—that was his urgent prayer.

And then he waited... It was a great day for Sergeant Campbell, that day in October, 1944—a great day because of the letter from home! He read it over and over. It was his first letter since the hell of imprisonment. Simply, his mother told him about Jane Wyman, about the note she had written enclosing his card, about Jane's message: "Don't lose courage, as he will need you when he is free again. And remember, God is with him wherever he is."

And so a soldier, sick with worry, almost without hope, gained courage to hold on until victory—and his release.

Back home he went—to his mother and to Mary Kathryn—to the long months of gaining back his strength, of putting on weight, of getting a new grasp on life.

Now that he's well, Ethan, his bride and his mother would like to meet Jane Wyman, would like to shake her hand and say from their hearts, "Thank you, Jane!"

THE FITTING IMAGE OF YOU

It's Fit First... a revolutionary fourth-dimensional fashion idea, incorporating quality fabric, young design, and exquisite workmanship by Rein Mode.

This all-season suit is proportioned scientifically to fit every woman everywhere. A scalloped sweetheart neckline hugs your throat, casual shoulders meet freedom-loving armholes... triple tucks taper a tiny waist, fastened by a single chunk of gleaming button above that hip-whittling cut-away effect.

All this and a wonderful slim skirt too, for a mere postage stamp... plus your check or money order for \$35. There's a money-back guarantee because we KNOW you'll love it. Just put your measurements on the coupon below.

Rein Mode
EXCLUSIVE
fabric by Pacific

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Original

Mail Order Division, Rm. 1305
200 West 34th St. New York 1, N. Y.

Please send me the suit pictured in Black ☐
Brown ☐ Green ☐ Grey ☐ Beige ☐ Normal size...
From the back of my neck to my waist I measure... inches.
From my waist to my hem I measure... inches.
I am enclosing Check ☐ Money Order ☐ for \$35 with
understanding of refund guarantee.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Zone..... State.....

Send for our new fascinating booklet,
THE FITTING IMAGE OF YOU,
illustrating many more wonderful
coat and suit styles which you may
conveniently buy through the mails.

c a l i f o r n i a

c a l i f o r n i a



Koret of California

Star fashions that function for you, designed by Koret of California. Fluid Teaser Skirt wraps around and bow ties, no alterations needed to fit your figure! Two-Way Turtle-Neck Blouse you wear buttoned back, equally becoming worn buttoned front. Both match up with other separates you own. Skirt rayon crepe or rayon and wool; small, medium, large; about \$8. Wool Jersey Blouse, a Koret Knits design; 32-38; about \$6. At fashion stores wherever you are. KORET OF CALIFORNIA, 611 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 5

VIRGINIA MAYO APPEARING WITH DANNY KAYE IN SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S
TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION "THE KID FROM BROOKLYN."



ALLURA
Junior Fashions
A Lou Schneider ORIGINAL

Here's a coat by ALLURA, and what a coat it is—cut with plenty of room for an active outdoor gal. The front belt detaches at will—the spacious pockets can be headquarters for all your gadgets—the fabric is a wonderful cuddly shag in lively colors loomed for us by the DEXTER WOOLEN CORP. Sizes 9 to 15. Around \$45.

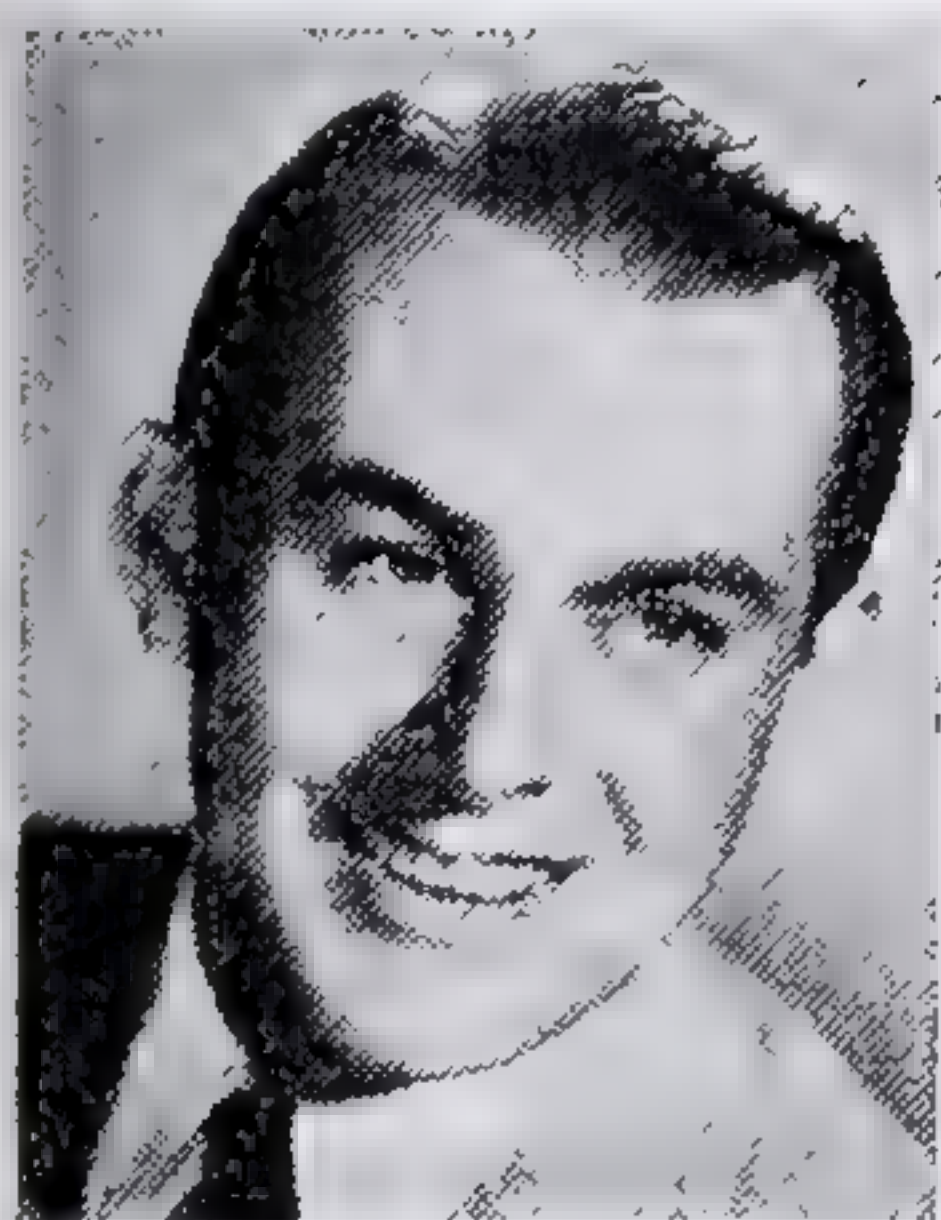
*Consult with your Local Retailer,
or write* **LOU SCHNEIDER**
512 Seventh Ave. • New York 18, N.Y.

Grand Canyon Colors as featured in the technicolor Columbia Pictures "RENEGADES"

Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

Melody collection of the songs you want to play back—from your favorite motion pictures



Vaughn Monroe

TO EACH HIS OWN: The heart-tugging pathos so warmly portrayed by Olivia de Havilland in this fine Paramount drama is beautifully expressed in the film's theme song just recorded by Eddy Howard, a top-notch tenor (Majestic).

BORDERTOWN TRAILS: Once again it's a western that, surprisingly enough, possesses an infectious melody, "It's My Lazy Day." Hear the virile-voiced Vaughn Monroe make merry with this Republic film tune (Victor).

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE: Another 20th Century-Fox musical that will be well represented on the bandstands and juke boxes. Victor's top distaff side discovery, Betty Rhodes, a movie performer herself, spins "This Is Always" and "Somewhere in the Night."



Jane Froman

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK: Republic has come through with another screen glorification of one of Hollywood's cavernous cafes and commissioned that prolific pair, Styne and Cahn, to write a hit song. Their latest handiwork is "I've Never Forgotten" and Jo Stafford (Capitol) and Jack Smith (Majestic) are among the first to record it.

FAITHFUL IN MY FASHION: Nostalgia is one of Hollywood's surest formulas. M-G-M prescribed it in a musical dose for their latest, and resurrected a time-worn but still beautiful ballad, "I Don't Know Why." Here's a partial list of recording artists who have just grooved it: Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Hoagy Carmichael (ARA), George Auld (Musicraft), Larry Clinton (Cosmo), Tony Martin (Mercury), Frank Sinatra (Columbia), and King Cole Trio (Capitol).

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO: "You, So It's You" is the repetitive melody from this south-of-the-border cinema spectacle and the lovely, heroic Jane Froman selects it for her first recording in a long time (Majestic).

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD: Frank Sinatra adds to his distinguished disk repertory with a sensitive interpretation of the title song from this RKO love story. Axel Stordahl's orchestra (Columbia) provides a creditable background.

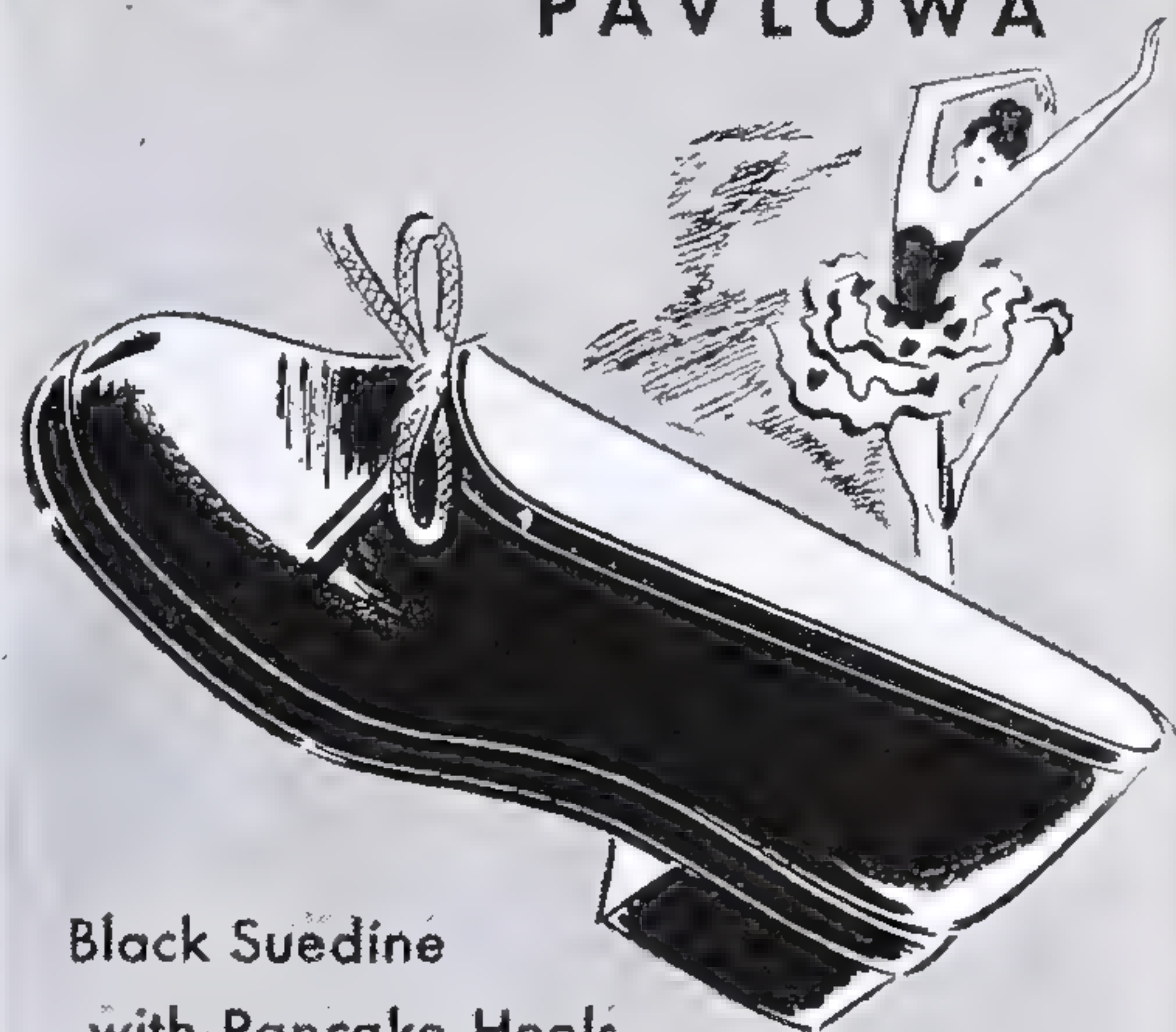
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The Bouncing Ball

(Continued from page 61) And well aware of it on that night was Lucille's bodyguard—which included husband Desi Arnaz. Mechanically they noted the nearest exit and mapped a line of retreat as the house lights dimmed and the picture began. Lucille nervously ran a hand through her hair as the flamboyant *Gladys Benton* came on the screen. Mr. Arnaz and the other members of her bodyguard exchanged understanding glances; they felt the tension, too. And then a giggle ran through the theater, chased by a chuckle and followed by a guffaw. *Gladys* was doing fine—with everyone except Lucille. She kept running her hand through her hair, pushing it back, and back, and back. "Take it easy," Desi whispered once or twice, extending a restraining arm. "They like eet." He was brushed off, literally. Lucille kept biting her lips, tugging at her hair.

There was no vengeful mob waiting to get at her in the lobby when the picture had raced to its howling climax. The kids were grinning, and a bit respectful. Lucille had been the other woman, but she was a good sport and a good loser—and funny as the dickens. They asked for autographs and grinned at her hair-do.

"It was that darned hairdresser!" she explained. "I had no idea when we were making the picture that my bangs were so low. So all through the preview, I just naturally kept pushing my bangs back. And out there in the lobby they were so far back it looked like an off-the-face hat!"

The Bouncing Ball was probably exaggerating. No one could possibly mistake that pink-gold thatch of hers for a hat. But it's no exaggeration to say that "Easy to Wed" is her best picture to date and a shiny red apple for a girl who has been handed more than her share of lemons in her twelve years in Hollywood.

LIFE started bouncing Little Lulu against its brick walls from the time she was a red-headed fifteen-year-old in Celoron, New York, a tiny resort town on the shores of Lake Chautauqua. Stage struck from the start, Lucille had prevailed on her widowed mother to enroll her in John Murray Anderson's dramatic school in New York.

"Previous experience?" asked the admission director.

"School plays and summer stock," said Lucille, fingers crossed behind her back.

"Say 'horses and water'" ordered the diction coach.

"Horr-ses and watt-er," said Lucille in the flat accents of upstate New York. The coach shuddered and for the next six months her nickname was "Miss Horr-ses and Watt-er."

They tried her on comedy. ("I had no animation.") They tried her on tragedy. ("I was completely stunned.") They tried her on love scenes. ("I was very shy.") They sent her to a class in ballet. ("I couldn't stand on two feet, no less one toe.") They bit their nails and started her on eccentric dancing. ("I thought I was pretty good until they put me in a room lined with mirrors. I got one look at those big feet and skinny legs, ran out of the room and cried my eyes out.")

After three terms of this all parties agreed to call it quits. There followed troubled times when Lucille tried to be a chorus girl, failed again and turned to modeling, winding up as Hattie Carnegie's pride and joy. Then came the skidding car in Central Park, the smash-up, the blanket of oblivion from which she slowly emerged a paralytic.

For three long (Continued on page 96)

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(Continued from page 94) years of bed, wheel chairs and crutches she fought the fear that she could never walk again as a normal human being—and won.

"Your old job's waiting for you, honey," wrote Hattie. "Come on back."

So the Bouncing Ball began practicing the mannequin's glide with a cane in each hand to steady her. Lucille never has forgotten her debt to Hattie, still marvels at the modiste's kindness to her.

"I guess it was because I was always the dumbest of her girls, knew less, had to be helped more," she says.

And then there came that hot July day in Manhattan, soon after she had gone back to work, when a friend told her they were looking for one more Goldwyn Girl to round out the dozen they were sending to Hollywood for the Eddie Cantor musical, "Roman Scandals."

"But I'm no show girl!" Lucille said.

"You could use some sunshine," the friend countered. "Besides, Hollywood won't know the difference!"

And Hollywood didn't, nor does it yet. Give the average producer a script with a part in it for a show-girl type and he automatically begins thinking of Lucille Ball. You can't blame him either, for on screen or off the Bouncing Ball is a show girl to the life—except that she may be a little whackier.

LIKE ninety-nine out of a hundred show girls, she looks dumb—and isn't. She tries to be hard-boiled, yet gurgles over babies, puppies and kittens. She knows all the angles and is a push-over for anyone with a hard-luck story. She can stand at the top of a night-club stairway and rivet every masculine eye in the place (and pretend not to know it), but she has more fun next morning wearing a pair of blue jeans trowelling fertilizer around a rose bush.

Show girls, when they're not dreaming of Park Avenue penthouses, like to picture themselves in the doorway of a rose-covered cottage tossing popcorn (or whatever it is) at a herd of chickens. Lucille has her five-acre ranch in Chatsworth with a rose-papered living room, fluffy white curtains and a small flock of chickens who die of old age. Or because a weasel gets into the coop. Lucille refers to the weasel as "a dirty old thing" but, since she hasn't the heart to kill off any of her flock, it probably is just as well that the weasel is around to keep the population down.

She had a cow for a while, had raised it from a calf and couldn't understand why it suddenly began acting so strangely. Her handy man sheepishly informed her that the Duchess had reached the age when—well, when it ought to be introduced to the nice, gentlemanly bull who was living a mile down the road.

"But she's just a baby!" wailed Lucille and later, with trembling lips, stood leaning over the fence rail as the Duchess philosophically—or was it eagerly?—waddled down the lane to keep her date with destiny. Lucille went to visit the Duchess some time later, but she didn't like the change that had come over her. Something about the gleam in her eye. The Duchess never was invited back.

Show girls have a sense of humor, too. Captain Ken Morgan, husband of Lucille's kid sister, Clio (she's a cousin, actually, but the two were raised together and consider themselves sisters), became one of the most popular men in his outfit overseas because he would read aloud Lucille's twelve-page letters retailing all the Hollywood gossip and family news with footnotes that not even the chuckling censors had the heart to delete. She also sent him a pin-up to end all pin-ups: A shot of herself at her swimming pool wearing a 1908-model bathing suit with black cotton stockings and (Continued on page 98)



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(Continued from page 96) bloomers, her wet hair plastered down the sides of her face and her front teeth blacked out. It was autographed "From Your Glamour Girl, Luci."

Then—still in keeping with successful show-girl tradition—there's her maid, Harriet, a small-scale Hattie McDaniel who has been part of the Ball menage for the last eight years. When Lucille and Desi were married, Harriet went along on the honeymoon and referred to him then—as she does now—as "our husband." The porter had warned Mr. and Mrs. Desiderio Alberto Arnaz de Acha III to have their shoes outside their drawing-room door by midnight if they expected to find them shined the next morning. It is quite possible—honeymoons being what they are—that the couple might have forgotten all about it had there not come a loud knocking on the door and a hearty voice crying:

"Cinderella, get out of those shoes! It's gettin' near to midnight!"

Harriet remembers everything.

PERHAPS it is only in her marriage that the Bouncing Ball doesn't suggest the show girl. And this is a laugh on Hollywood which winked knowingly when the zany redhead ran off with the volatile Cuban. "Boy!" said the town. "Will those temperaments clash!" Strangely enough, they seem to have meshed. Lucille's best friends remark enviously that she's simply "maa--aad" about Desi, and Desi's best friends repeat that he's just as "maa--aad" about Luci.

It must be love when a gal exchanges a swimming pool, a comfortable house and California's climate for a small apartment in a New York hotel during the hottest months of the summer. That is exactly what Lucille did when she elected to be with Desi this summer when his band was booked into the Copacabana and the Paramount. Of course, she won't exactly be roughing it. That would be too much to expect of Hollywood's foremost show girl.

She spent the week before she left on a shopping tour. Let's see now: There were three fox stoles, one white, one platina and one dyed periwinkle blue. There were twenty-five (count 'em—twenty-five) John Fredericks hats, minimum price \$49 apiece. There were six basic outfits, three black and three in colors. There were the gowns Travis Banton had designed for her in "Lover Come Back" and which she managed to buy from Universal after the picture was made. (Report was that the Banton wardrobe had been budgeted at \$75,000, but she didn't have to pay that, naturally.) Anyway, these—plus some old rags she happened to have at home—required one trunk, five bags and seventeen hat boxes. And, in case she ran short, there was Hattie Carnegie's—a sure stop on the Ball shopping itinerary.

Lucille was happily describing her New York wardrobe to some palpitating pals at the studio when a bystander cruelly suggested that she seemed to have overlooked the most important item, the one item without which no show girl can be happy.

"What," he asked, "about a mink coat?"

Little Lulu batted her blue eyes and looked demurely at the carpet.

"Oh I couldn't wear a mink," she said. "Not unless my husband bought it for me. I made up my mind about that long ago. And naturally, with Desi in the Army for three years—well, you can't buy mink coats on a sergeant's pay."

They agreed that was unfortunately true. "But now," she resumed confidently, "with Desi back in pictures and doing so well with his band, well..." and she smiled serenely at her smiling friends.

Careful, Desi! The Ball is getting ready to put the bite on you!

THE END

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One-man Invasion

(Continued from page 55) and went into training for "The Wicked Lady" and "The Seventh Veil." Off the set he is still amiable.

All this came about because James Mason, six-foot son of a Huddersfield wool merchant, was making no money as an architect and working too hard for it. He was then a big-boned youth with brown eyes, a Tarzan coiffure, expressive hands, a disastrous taste in ties and a voice that was already causing a bizarre silence to envelope any company of women, for they liked listening to even the most outrageous of his statements.

Deciding to break homes in fantasy instead of making them in bricks and mortar, James put away his tools and took a job in a touring show offered in a stage paper. The hours were long, the lodgings terrible and the audience was lonely.

When the last curtain mercifully descended on the catastrophe, the actor came to London with so little money in his pocket that he frequently spent the night on a seat on the Embankment with newspapers for blankets.

Today James Mason has moved two hundred yards farther north, into the first floor of the Savoy Hotel and has no need for any money in his pockets. He now has a small and beautiful wife named Pamela who has great influence over him, a weekly offer from Hollywood and an overwhelming ambition to work for James Mason as a writer, director and producer.

THOUGH this is the kind of success that thins your hair, raises your ego, loses your friends and often changes your wife, it is unlikely to do any of the advertised things to the Yorkshire boy, who has become Britain's No. 1 pin-up boy.

Mason's wife puts a finger on his great appeal. "It's because he is a sadist. Women like sadists, especially after a war. I think it's because they want to fight back after the revolting conditions of war, the food and so on. And he's no sissy."

And it is not coincidence that he goes for brutal parts. There's something in his nature that makes him troubled and sadistic. "I know I'm bloody-minded and people think I'm peculiar." He honestly thinks he dislikes the people he works with and he is never satisfied with a film because he is an artist. "It's for their own good," he says. "I am cruel to be kind."

Yet Pamela shows no signs of having been beaten either actually or verbally. She wields great weight in the Mason menage. It was she who saw to it, in 1940, that he get over the heart trouble which is an occupational disease with artists who find the world followed by critics, at their often clumsy feet. Five years later they were touring together, reading scripts together and avoiding the bright lights together. Pamela runs a most pleasant house and they are happy enough with four cats: Toy Boy Mason; Lady Augusta Leeds, who was picked up in Leeds station; Tribute, Pamela's own Siamese, and Whitey Thomson. If you don't like cats you don't get much of a chance in the house and the Masons have given their meat ration in order to feed them that one and twopence a week.

Pamela has written a second book, "Ignoramus, Ignoramus," which is more human than the title suggests. The artist of the line drawings is her versatile husband. Art's an old hobby with him. His new hobby is photography. However, his drawings have graduated into pastels. Not by plan, but because he was banned from the living rooms if he used oils which smelled up the place. Further, nobody in the house would consider for a moment his request for a model. So he draws himself in a

mirror, in pencils, in the warm drawing room that looks out over the lovely garden.

They have collected a vast stock of things that clutter up a marriage and the personal record of the Mason life is in two large scrapbooks. Their contents are picture postcards of Gretna Green, colored pictures of cats, the more exciting of his fan letters, recipes for drinks, advertisements for women's hats, pictures of friends cut from magazines and anything else that happens to take his fancy.

An example of Pamela's acting the governor—but a sophisticated one—was the affair of the fish poisoning.

The Masons had played hooky from the studio after being kept waiting a couple of days hanging about doing nothing and there came an impassioned telephone call with the theme song: "Where's Mason?"

Pamela quickly replied, "He's ill. I think he's got the measles."

This was more than unkind, for the Masons had dined with the producer only a few nights before and had fraternized with his children. Hoping against hope that she was lying, the producer said, "Let me talk to his doctor!"

"There's no doctor here," said Pamela. "It's too late to call one. I'll call a doctor in the morning."

"Then I'll send my own doctor at once," returned the producer. "We will find out tonight if it's measles or if he's ill at all."

WELL, what's an actor for? Mason looked uncomfortably healthy when he got into bed. Pamela gave him a drug to raise his temperature and beat over his body with a hairbrush to produce a convincing effect of rash. When the producer's doctor arrived he made a careful examination of the body and gave his verdict: "You're wrong about the measles. It's fish poisoning."

And the Masons, laughing uproariously, had a strictly-for-two-Masons holiday! It's the way they like it, listening to the radio, reading scripts, talking. As James says, "We come to London only when we have to. Pamela doesn't seem to like to go dancing with other guys." In other words, they don't like a flock of people.

Mason is always himself and he has his own idea about things. It was he who changed the end of "The Seventh Veil." Ann Todd was going to run past her lovers and into a close-up with the man who had crippled her hands. Mason said no; so we were given the scene of her running away to where he limped into the background.

His feeling about clothes—his own—is disinterest. A typical Mason ensemble is a brown suit, a white shirt with stiff cuffs, a floppy collar, a blinding tie, socks that almost fall over cheap shoes and cuff-links as large as half-crowns. "I looted them in Germany," he explains.

The artist in him makes him a perfectionist. He will no doubt produce with his wife and there will be a lot of intelligence in the finished product. "I have not forgotten the days when the dud road companies ran out of money through inefficiency," he says. "And I will never forget that day when there was to be a lot of shooting in the play and the prop man ran out of blank cartridges. We all shouted 'Bang!'"

He is now making "Odd Man Out" and when it is finished he and Pamela will head Hollywood way for the business of Mason taking sadistic slugs at American screen beauties!

Which will really be something, for already Hollywood is talking excitedly about him and already American movie-goers are looking wishfully his way!—awaiting this one-man invasion from Britain.

THE END

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Man Appeal

(Continued from page 43) have thought there wasn't another woman in the room. She was as pretty as spun sugar candy all pink and white and glistening from head to toe.

From Lana's shoulders hung a long, white fox cape with clusters of tremendous white orchids spilling down one shoulder. Her white, white hair was swirled and swept up off the shoulders and twisted through her tresses were the tiniest white reindeer. Underneath the coat she was incased in a sensational white satin dress. It draped heavily across the front, forming a puffy bustle in the back, and the very low neckline was encrusted with seed pearls and sequins.

Naturally, the ejaculations went something like this . . . even from the girls. "Whew!" . . . "Oh, boy!" . . . "Terrific!" and around these were spotted varied whistles.

Added to her looks, Lana is a magnificent operator when it comes to handling the male of the species for she makes each one believe he is every bit as good as he thinks he is! So how can she miss?

Betty Grable: Judging from the comments, La Grable has more than a pair of legs, though they aren't exactly a handicap. No matter who speaks up on the subject of Betty they do so with a special lilt in their voices.

Harry James, the famous band leader Betty married several years ago, occasionally plays at the Astor Roof. This tremendous room atop the Astor is the Mt. Olympus for the jitterbug enthusiasts of the world. They crowd in by the hundreds with their jive-y feet and hep-cat minds.

One night I happened to be sitting next to Betty's table where she waited for her husband between numbers. Jitterbugs are rabid movie fans so Betty was constantly being mobbed for autographs.

One of the men at her table turned to her, after the hundredth time she had been bothered and asked, "Betty, why don't you speak to the waiters and keep these kids from pestering you?"

Betty looked at him for a minute and at the next bunch of kids approaching and laughingly said, "Oh, what difference does it make? If they want my autograph, the least I can do is be agreeable about it. It doesn't bother me."

Once before her marriage I had the opportunity to observe Betty under slightly different circumstances, and she still showed a good-natured, fun-loving, easy-going manner. It was at a cocktail party in New York to which she was escorted by the young millionaire, Alexis Thompson. All the Beau Brummels of the town were gathered together for the party, and they proceeded to try to charm her away from her date. Not once did Betty wander. She laughed with them all, smiled and was as lively as could be, but she left with the man she came with. That's quite a novelty in some circles!

Esther Williams: I met her at a gay party Jinx Falkenburg and her mother gave to show all the curios they collected on their Mexican junket.

I ate my fill of rich, hot Mexican food, wandered over to a quiet corner and watched the guests.

The girl in the shocking pink dress was Esther Williams. Though I wanted to talk to her I hadn't a chance unless I could make a flying tackle at those ten men. So I watched her.

My, her face was mobile. I never saw such an alive, vibrant girl. She seems to glow all over, but I guess it's because she

knows how to enjoy herself. She was very self-confident. For some reason, people who are sure of themselves have the time to make others feel at ease because they aren't worrying about themselves.

It was really fun to watch someone who was as lively and had such a healthy appearance. Maybe it's all due to her outdoor life, but I think you'll find it's because she is relaxed inside. It's a great secret to discover, the same one in fact that Ponce de Leon never found.

Claudette Colbert: Never have I had the pleasure of meeting a more charming and gracious woman than France's contribution to Hollywood! Not so very long ago, a visiting member of the out-of-town press and I were being shown through a studio by a publicity man.

About mid-afternoon we wandered onto a sound stage where Miss Colbert and Don Ameche were working. It had been a particularly difficult sequence so tension ran high around the set. When the publicity man suggested we meet Claudette, I was loathe to do so for I knew she was tired. However, no sooner was the scene shot than she came smiling over to us.

I murmured something about not wanting to be a nuisance, but she said, "Why, I always enjoy talking to people between shots."

When we had settled down in her dressing room she turned to me and said, "I love the suit and hat you are wearing. Where in the world did you find them?"

I explained they were made in New York and that this was my initial trip to California.

She then asked, "How do you like our country out here? Have you been having fun going around to the studios?"

I replied in the affirmative and Miss Colbert then turned to the gentleman of the press. She asked intelligent and interested questions about his work, his mission in Hollywood and his opinions of the town. The extraordinary thing was that she actually listened to his answers.

As I watched the manner in which she centered the conversation around us, I marvelled at her friendliness and straightforward manner. Fame had obviously not led her into egocentric clouds, for with a kind and gentle hand she put herself out to make us feel at ease. As a result, Miss Colbert made two strangers feel as if they were the "stars" in her dressing room. When we left the man with me said, "There is one of the most delightful women I have ever met."

Anita Colby: Remembered fun was the night I went to the supper and swim at Ruth and Hoagy Carmichael's. We had a wonderful meal, for Ruth runs one of the best tables and houses in Hollywood.

After paying my respects to our clever hostess, I wandered through the bar and out by the pool, where Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart, Johnny McClain and Eddie Duchin were looking highly entertained. The pretty girl responsible was "The Face."

Here is a beauty who contradicts the old expression. Anita is smart and so very witty and entertaining that the men were afraid they'd miss something. So they stayed right where they were!

Diana Lynn: Here is the young girl every boy dreams about. As fresh and sparkling as a newly budded rose, but with just the right amount of sophistication, Diana is one of

the most sought-after girls in the younger set. She can dance until dawn and rise at seven the next morning looking as fresh as a daisy.

One night I saw her dancing with Bob Walker in Mocambo, the next making up a foursome with Guy Madison, Gail Patrick and Henry Willson at Romanoff's, and on another night in Mocambo with Loren Tindall. The night Desi Arnaz opened at Ciro's Diana was with Henry Willson and David Selznick and when she got up to dance with Henry, all eyes followed her, including Henry's openly adoring ones and why not? Diana has said yes, she'll marry him—in the fall or perhaps January.

Being curious, I queried several of her ex-swains one day. "Why did you like Diana better than the other girls here?"

One boy thought a minute and answered, "Because she is such a darn nice girl. She didn't lead guys on, but was always completely honest and natural."

"What did she talk about when you were out with her?" I asked.

Another youth replied, "Oh, just about everything. You know she is very bright and talented. Her conversation can run the gamut from entertaining chit-chat to intelligent discussions of music, literature, or most anything. She never talks about other girls in a catty way."

"Was she always the same?" I asked a laughing boy who squired her occasionally.

"No, she suited herself to your mood but she was never bored. Diana always acted as if she was having a wonderful time which makes you feel good," he answered.

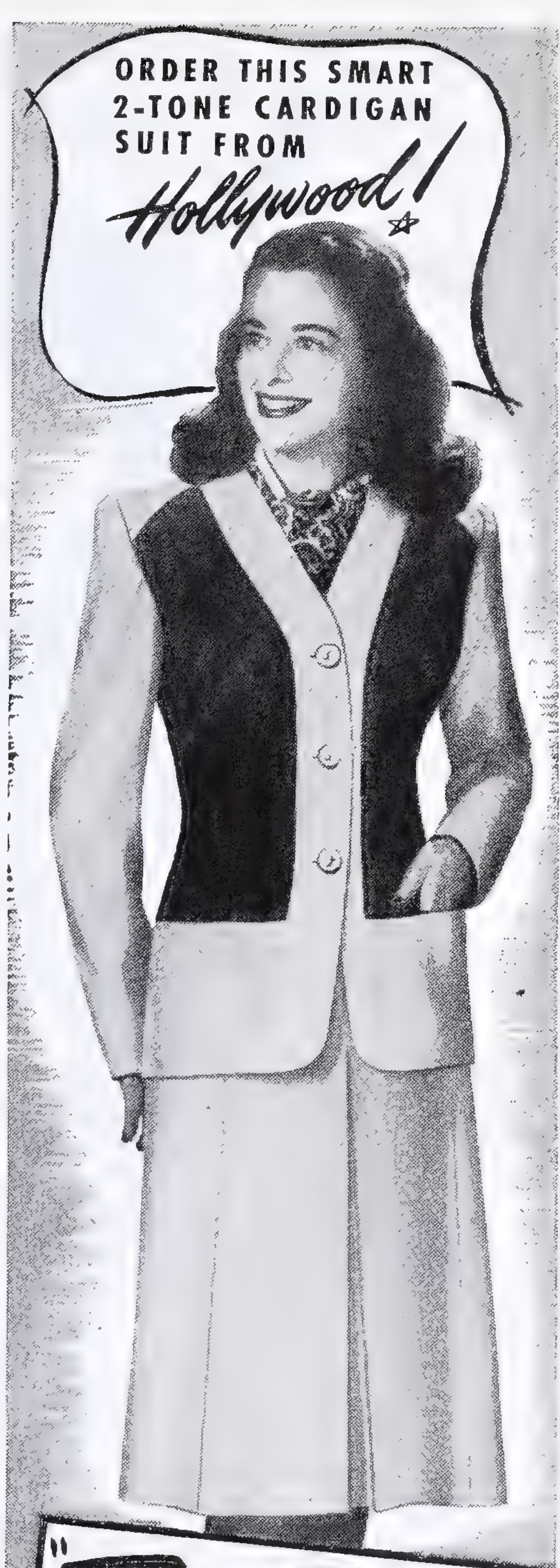
Lucille Ball: During my Hollywood sojourn I went with friends to see Lucille Ball who lives out in the San Fernando Valley.

A crowd of people were already there. Van Johnson was over by the barbecue and Peter Lawford was helping him, the man who helped us park the car was Francis Lederer and Desi Arnaz led us into the playroom by the pool. Our red-headed hostess rushed over to us.

What a personality! It's like a torrent of fireworks, just as forceful, just as vivid and just as brilliant to the eye. Talking to her for a minute is almost like getting a shot in the arm. Luci is a real dynamo. She tore around from the playhouse to the pool to the main house to get us bathing suits, to see that Marion and Francis Lederer had enough pepper and to see that Susan Peters, the guest of honor, was well taken care of. What energy and selfless thinking this girl is gifted with, all a benefit to the many people she puts herself out for in a day.

Susan Peters: Speaking of Susan, this girl has won the respect of women and men both, but particularly men. She has proven women can take it with a smile, rising above physical pain and loss and still be gay, laughing and interested in the world. There isn't a man in Hollywood who didn't worship this girl at Ciro's opening. There she sat as pretty as a picture in her wheel chair on her first jaunt out. She faces good and bad breaks with a grin and an intestinal fortitude that is admirable. Laughter has been her shining armor and all have been touched by its glow.

Ann Sheridan: One night in the famous Cub Room of the Stork I noticed an outstanding table. It was up in a corner in full view of the room, but all you could see was a tight circle of men. They pressed forward eagerly with alert and alive expressions on their faces, and every now and then would throw their heads back and roar with laughter.



"Film Favorite" SUIT ONLY \$12.98 plus postage

NEW! Two-piece suit with movie glamour! Beautifully tailored of rich, firm "YEAR-ROUNDER" rayon suiting. Skirt has kick-pleat—jacket has two big pockets. Flatters every woman; looks more expensive! Sizes 10 to 20
Brown & Aqua; Black & Grey; Red & Black; Aqua & Black.

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Colors:
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Extra in comfort,
Easy to use!**

"Next time" try Meds-Slender—internal protection in the new slimmer size with regular absorbency! You'll find it a happy experience in freedom, convenience and security. No belts, pins, pads. No tell-tale ridges or bulges. Peace of mind—at work or play!

If you need super absorbency, choose Meds-De Luxe — already so popular with many, many women. Both sizes give you Meds' marvelous advantages:

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absorbency



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with regular
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Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.

It was quite a group to keep amused, for it consisted of the Stork Club "regulars," Steve Hannagan, Damon Runyon, Walter Winchell and host Sherman Billingsley. I peeked a little farther into the charmed circle and saw the girl responsible.

The deep rollicking laughter, the delighted, animated expression on her face, the regular gay attitude she bears so gracefully, the firm handshake belong to Annie Sheridan.

When she disappeared to powder her nose, one of the men turned to the others and said, "You know the thing I like about that girl is, she lets men relax. Dames you have to string along with false flattery, sweet talk and innuendos get tiresome. Annie is more like a man in her mental approach to life, so she's good company."

Irene Dunne: It was at the very wedding of Gen Travers and Sam Moors in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, that I met Irene Dunne.

The church looked beautiful. The tall columns were all hidden by a forest of white silver birch trees, the altar completely covered with white gardenias.

Irene came down the aisle and everyone was watching her. There were many whispered comments.

"Gee, Mommy, who is the pretty lady?" in the falsely deep voice of a seventeen-year-old. "Why she is as attractive looking as any of the debutantes!"

And in the still more adult voice of a fifty-year-old. "I can't recall when I have seen a more poised, gracious and lovely-looking woman."

You see, whether they be five or fifty, men will always adore the woman who remains as youthful and delighted with living as a young girl. Irene Dunne is a perfect example of this fact for she never fails to stimulate those around her. It might be her native integrity combined with a gracious and feminine manner, but whatever it is, it's ageless!

These may only be a few of the stars playing leads both on and off screen, but these are the ones who win hands down. They are the group spoken of as the "belles of the ball" for they have discovered the secret of eternal success with men—how to be loved and liked both.

THE END

GLENN FORD

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forging ahead!

*Catch up on his exciting
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when Photoplay gives you

THE PHOTOLIFE

OF GLENN FORD

in the October issue . . .

on sale September 11,

or as soon

thereafter as transportation

permits

Van Hands Down

(Continued from page 44) his hands, he furrowed his brow and admitted that this was a new experience for him. When I had finished, he marveled over the countless small, delicate, criss-crossing lines of his hand and listened intently as I spoke of the complexity of the human hand. With some twenty-four hundred nerve fibres threading over every square inch of the palm, these imprints, I pointed out, were the chart to his whole personality.

I worked and as we talked, Van relaxed. Suddenly there was established between us the heart-warming relationship which I have known in my work with people all over the world—people like Albert Einstein, Hendrick Willem Van Loon, Gertrude Lawrence, Elsa Maxwell, Raymond Massey, Susan Peters, Raymond Swing.

Van's hands spoke to me of the amazing will and energy which have carried him to stardom. I saw clearly the tragic accident which almost ended his bright career and the almost unbelievable physical resources upon which he had drawn to save that career.

TWO other interesting facts were there in his hand, also—and I shall speak of them at the outset.

In five years there will be a marked change in the type of roles which he will play and a temporary excursion into another medium of drama.

Emotion has not yet touched deeply this handsome, good natured idol of the American screen. But it will come to him in about five years.

These, I realize, are surprising statements. But they are important ones—important to Van as a human being and as an actor.

It is the Apollo line, that fascinating line which runs upwards under the third or ring finger, which indicates a significant alteration in Van's career as an actor. The line runs strongly and surely to a point measuring five years hence; a fresh, new line, far deeper than that which is at present running its course, then takes command.

Although the human hand with all its complexity and mystery yields up many secrets, no chiologist can always name the precise nature of career changes. One has to go over the hand minutely, relating one line to another, then put the findings together to arrive at a conclusion.

It is my belief that Van will break with the youthful, boyish parts which he enacts so capably and begin a distinguished career as a serious, dramatic actor. In all likelihood the change will come through a great, challenging role. And from that point onward, Van will bring the full measure of his rich resources as an actor to his screen work and for a time at least to another dramatic medium.

Although I have seen it in hundreds of hands, it has never failed to draw a murmur of pleasure from me that the deepening of the artist's art so often comes simultaneously with the deepening of his emotional being. A great, new influence will come into Van's life about the same time as the change in him as an actor occurs. This influence will be wholly romantic, and while I can not say what type of woman she will be, Van will find his first real happiness through her. Until now, his true emotional nature has been sealed. I do not think that he will marry, although he will be attracted to many women and seek in them the qualities which can release his emotional reserve, until the woman who holds the true key will come into the orbit of his life five years from now. Van's discovery of love will be of



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Fresh stops perspiration worries completely. Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

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A-O Cool-Ray Sun Glasses keep your eyes in the "Safety Zone"



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A-O Cool-Ray Sun Glasses, unlike inferior types, absorb both ultra-violet (sunburn) and infra-red (heat) rays, while admitting plenty of "seeing light" and providing the eyes with a "Safety Zone" in which they remain cool and comfortable.

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vital importance to him. That it will help to mature him as an actor goes without saying. But from it will come something more valuable. The scars of his childhood will heal over and he will know for the first time the altogether ennobling emotion of deep love—love that strengthens the whole personality and enriches it beyond belief.

"Van," I said, holding his hand up to the clear sunlight, "so much in you comes from the shocks of your early life—so much that is truly admirable in you and so much that is undeveloped in you."

He regarded me with the look of a man who has been taught to value truth and who does not flinch from the darker regions of his memory.

I took his right hand, which is Van's inheritance hand, in my own and searched for the parental influence etched there. From one of his parents, as may be seen in the fine formation of his first finger, Van has been given a priceless legacy of honesty and integrity; from the other—and this is apparent in the curving of the little finger—he has inherited a tendency, which he must fight down, to avoid facing things with complete realism. Love of music has been bequeathed by one of his parents, and besides, a strong religious feeling. I was pleased to see that in Van's left hand, in which his personal life is reflected, religion and spiritual depth are thoroughly evident. Van told me that these qualities came from his father. His parents gave him quickness of perception, too, but Van has developed that quality to an even greater degree, for the little finger of his left hand is longer than its equivalent on the right.

WITH a sense of sympathy, I came to Van's fate line. It is a joy to see a clear, unhalting course in the early, formative years. It is equally disturbing to see a sudden break of that line in childhood.

"What happened to you at the age of five?" I asked.

"My father and mother separated," he said quietly.

I looked at the line again. One does not always recognize shock and disturbance in children, but it is there, nevertheless, in the subconscious mind of the child, and in the hand of the adult who was that child.

Even today, the effects of the separation throw a troubling shadow on a career brightly illuminated by success.

Fortunately another influence was recorded by his fate line which showed regularity until Van was eight.



Van's right hand, showing ability and drive—and tendency not to play enough

"My grandmother," Van volunteered.

I looked at the second sharp break in his early fate line and the past formed its outlines for me as, I am confident, it must have for Van himself at the moment. There was a quick, sharp picture of a young blond boy seeking, through his grandmother's sweetness and gentility, to fill the emptiness in a household that was not complete, searching through her for the vital factor in child life of security. And gradually, with her, confidence returns and he can play with joyous abandon once more, ready afresh to explore the intriguing outside world around him.

Then the second blow falls. His grandmother dies. Again the lad withdraws into himself, numbed past all comfort by this second loss, inarticulate, puzzled.

A great gap follows his grandmother's passing in Van's fate line. In confirmation there is the life line, which runs downward from under the first finger to the wrist, and which forms an island signifying distress. At the age of ten, in both the fate and life lines, regularity is established once more and the lines progress clearly and uninterruptedly.

It is here that the influence of Van's father is manifested, as a definite, constructive force. A man of simplicity and honesty, the father became a comrade to him. He awakened the love of music that was dormant in his son and he gave him renewed faith in a world that twice before had darkened.

In Van's hand today, his father's influence is still strong. No other firm influence appears.

AS Van grew older, the desire to escape from the bleak New England way of life, to fill his boyhood existence with fanciful pictures, increased and began to shape him as an actor. His imagination flowered in crude, back-yard plays and in boyhood sports, enlivened by his own ideas. The triangular form of his thumb at the base reveals that from his boyhood fantasy came a well-developed sense of rhythm. It is from this rhythm that his sense of timing as an actor flows.

Thus his childhood and a stern New England tradition together became great teachers to Van Johnson.

I tried, as I progressed in my study of Van's hands, to separate the actor and the man.

Ten years from now it may be possible to follow the maze of lines which have the index to his inner being and say, "Here is that part of him which belongs to the theater. And here he is as a free individual in his private life."

But it is difficult to trace that division today.

The truth is that Van's existence as an actor has over-shadowed his free, natural growth as a thinking, feeling man.

There is so much in his nature, albeit dormant, which is fine and rare—his sense of social responsibility and his deep love of humanity as are shown by the combinations of the Mount of Venus and the Mount of Jupiter, both well developed.

But over all of this, there is drawn tightly, like an inflexible iron band, his dominant urge for accomplishment in his career.

I have spoken before of the insecurity which resulted from events in his early childhood. This lack of security, so strange in a man of his kind, has blocked his capacity to enjoy life fully.

Van's insecurity fires his ambition. It is ambition and relentless drive which he has chosen to ride in his search for security. And no man can so dedicate himself without leaving a blank page or two in his personal life.

Because he did not protest, I spoke to him naturally and frankly of his reserve.

"RC tastes best, I say!"

says **BARBARA STANWYCK**



BARBARA STANWYCK

Starring in

**"THE STRANGE LOVE
OF MARTHA IVERS"**

A Hal Wallis Production

Paramount Picture



"THE WINNER IN MY TASTE-TEST was Royal Crown Cola! I tried leading colas in paper cups—found R C much the best!" Try it yourself. Say, "R C for me!" That's the quick way to get a quick-up with Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!

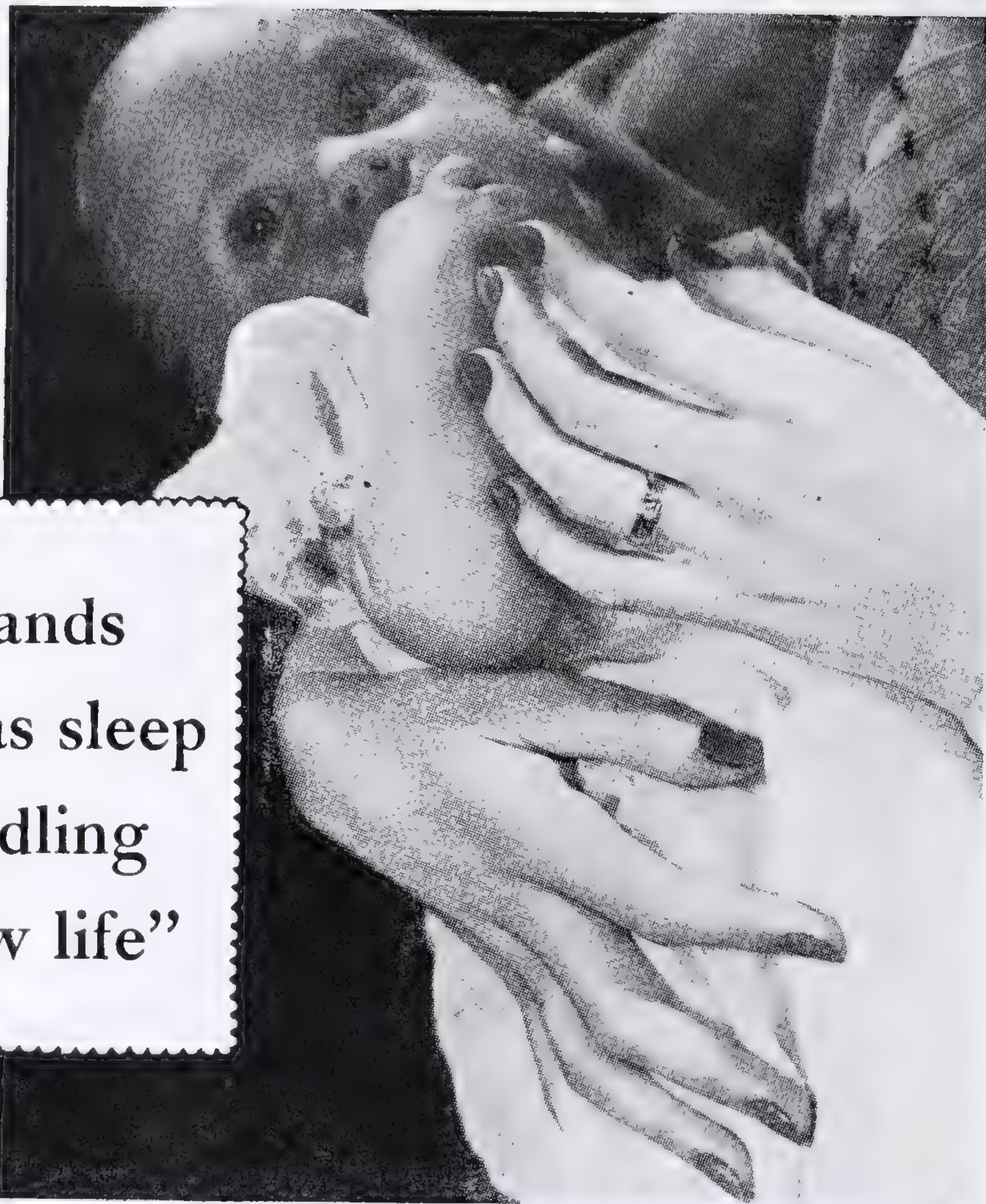
RC is the quick way to say...

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by taste-test



**"Hands
soft as sleep
—cradling
new life"**



**Do your dirtiest housework... and
still have hands "soft as sleep"**

Scrub and scour till your home is shining bright... but help keep your hands happy with rich-as-cream Pacquins Hand Cream! Shoos away redness, dryness. Makes hands feel comfy as a kitten on a cushion!



Doctors and Nurses use Pacquins

It was originally formulated for them because their hands take such a beating...in and out of water thirty to forty times a day! There was a crying need for an extra-rich cream that would turn the trick in a twinkling... leave hands softer, smoother, whiter. Pacquins does just that... so convenient to use too! No spilling... no waste. Pick up a jar of snowy Pacquins, today!



Pacquins
HAND CREAM

Creamy-smooth... not sticky, not greasy. More hands use Pacquins than any other hand cream in the world.



It is not a shyness, this reserve, nor a reluctance to live completely, but rather a kind of withdrawal which enables him to give undivided attention to his career.

"I never had time to play," he said solemnly.

"But you must," I counseled him. "You must not deprive yourself of the full measure of light-hearted living. You need it as a human being."

My fox terrier, Tommy, who has little or no curiosity about two-legged creatures, trotted into the room and to my astonishment mutely implored Van to play with him. Van answered him with an affectionate pat on the head.

"You have no dogs?" I asked.

"No, but I love them."

I shook my head reproachfully as I had when he had told me that he lives at a hotel in spite of his yearning for a house and a garden. His self-denial, I pointed out, was contradictory to his true nature and entirely a part of his subconscious urge to subordinate everything which might bring him satisfaction to his career.

There were other contradictions which I found. His New England thrift, for instance. For days he will budget himself, deprive himself of small, necessary luxuries. Then suddenly he will follow the dictates of his real self and shower his friends with generosities.

I CAME finally to the signposts of the hand which reflect health. In the head line and life line at the age of twenty-nine, there appeared with absolute clarity the break indicating a fracture of the skull.

"There," I said, tracing the break with my pencil so that he might see for himself what an astounding mirror the hand is of all that happens in a lifetime.

We discussed the terrible accident which missed tragedy by the smallest margin. It was my turn to marvel as he told me how, against doctor's orders, he had returned to the studio to complete the picture on which he was working.

Few men could have mustered such strength! But then few men have Van's determination.

I am convinced—and his hand confirms it—that no obstacle, natural or self-imposed, will ever halt Van's progress. The bone structure of his friendly hand, which yields only slightly when the hand is pressed from the knuckle of the first finger to the little finger, asserts his drive and energy and strength. Ambition resides in the Jupiter mount. His fine-textured skin is the clue to sensitivity. He has long, patient nails—a guarantee that he can work tirelessly. The fine line of intuition, which runs deeply from his life line to his little finger, bespeaks his ability to perceive quickly and to exercise sound judgment with trigger-like rapidity.

As for natural creative ability, the spatulate tip of his Apollo finger, the ring finger, indicates originality and creative ability throughout his lifetime.

When I had finished my reading, I was glad to be able to say to him:

"There is much that you must develop within yourself. But that is true of most people today. Time seems to move too quickly for all of us and we have discarded many of the hallowed formulas for complete living. You, Van, will discover all or most of the riches within yourself. You are lucky, for most people never do."

And as he left, waving goodbye from his car, I thought to myself that rarely had I met anyone better equipped to cope with sudden fame or better gifted to hold tenaciously to it and still grow as a human being than Van Johnson.

THE END

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

The Case Against The Outlaw

(Continued from page 34) a script to the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, of which he was a member, and ran into his first trouble.

It was not real trouble. He was told that there were certain things in his script that would be offensive to audiences. He was advised to cut them out before he started shooting—since local censor boards all over the country would insist that he cut them out of his finished picture, anyway, before they would allow it to be shown.

With this advice in mind, Hughes made his picture and, early in 1941, submitted it to the Association for their official Seal.

He was told that certain scenes and treatments were still sure to make trouble for him, that he would be given the Production Code Seal as soon as he changed or eliminated them. He argued hotly, and even took an appeal to the Board of Directors, but finally gave in, made the corrections the Board required and was given the Seal in May, 1941.

In order to know why "The Outlaw" later became the storm center of so much trouble, it is important to know how Hollywood's Production Code works and what the acceptance of the Seal involves.

The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America wrote the Production Code in 1930 after there had been some public protest over films with sensational themes or scenes. All of the major producers got together and devised a set of rules which all voluntarily agreed to follow. The rules were simple, based on the common decencies of speech, morals and conduct. These rules are called the Production Code, and it has no other purpose than to make sure that no member, either deliberately or through ignorance or oversight, puts on the screen material that would be offensive. The fact that only six states maintain censor boards today is proof of how thorough a job of self-regulation Hollywood has done. The Production Code was long administered by what was popularly known as "The Hays Office" because the producers retained the distinguished ex-Postmaster General, Will Hays, to run things for them. This office is now headed by Eric Johnston, and the parent organization is now known as The Motion Picture Association of America.

It is to be remembered that the MPA is not, essentially, a censor board. It is a banding together of the men who make and distribute the biggest and best of films in an effort to serve the best interests of Hollywood by serving the best interests of the nation. Any producer, member or not, is welcome to submit his product, get advice and, if his film meets requirements, get the Production Code Seal. The MPA cannot prevent the making or the showing or the exploitation of a film. Its strength lies in the honor of the men who voluntarily decided what rules they wanted to play by and, in cases of disagreement, allowed the organization they themselves have set up to make the final decision.

"The Outlaw" was now ready to go. Hughes had retained the resourceful Russell Birdwell to handle the publicity and the build-up started. Then on February 5, 1943, Hughes himself with great fanfare gave "The Outlaw" a world premiere at the Geary Theatre in San Francisco.

Here the real trouble started. As a member who had accepted the Seal, Hughes obligated himself to observe MPA rules concerning advertising—simple rules based on good taste. Ads were used that were not approved by the MPA. Nor did San Francisco citizens approve the posters displaying on a haystack the ripe



"Love? I'm
too interested in
my career"

Applesauce!
You'd like to make
marriage
your career. So
set the scene:

KEEP FRESH! For a smart start, shower your body with Cashmere Bouquet Talc after you bathe. Like a cooling caress, it sweetens your skin, leaves you radiantly fresh.

FEEL SMOOTH! For *ultra* comfort sprinkle extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc over those little trouble spots. It protects chafeable places with a silky-smooth sheath.

STAY DAINY! Use Cashmere Bouquet Talc generously and often. It leaves your skin cool and comfortable, sets your daintiness on high with its flower-fresh scent—the *fragrance men love*.

**CASHMERE
BOUQUET
TALC**

In 10¢, 20¢ and 35¢ sizes*

For the luxury size
with velour puff ask for
Cashmere Bouquet
Dusting Powder 65¢*
*plus tax



MARTHA TILTON

Star of "Crime Incorporated" a PRC Production and singing star of Radio Hall of Fame.



Makes Dull Hair Beautiful

1. Friends — and your mirror — will tell you that there is new beauty, more silky sheen, more dancing highlights in your hair after your very first, easily applied Golden Glint hair rinse.
2. Emphasizes the natural color. There's a special Golden Glint rinse for your hair—12 different shades and many more combinations easily prepared.
3. Relieves tangles and snarls. Pure RADIEN, used only in Golden Glint, adds gloss, saving hours of comb-snagging and brush fouling. Your hair is easy to arrange and willingly stays in place.
4. Fifty million Golden Glint rinses sold. Why not join the throng of modish women who know how much superior to lemon juice or vinegar this scientific, modern rinse is? Get a 25c or 10c packet at drug or variety store today or send for free sample.

FREE SAMPLE

Golden Glint Co., Seattle 14, Wash., Box 3366-C62
Please send free sample for shade marked "X."

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|-----------------|------------------|------------------|
| 1. Black | 5. Nut Brown | 9. Topaz Blonde |
| 2. Dark Copper | 6. Silver | 10. Dark Auburn |
| 3. Sable Brown | 7. Titian Blonde | 11. Light Auburn |
| 4. Golden Brown | 8. Golden Blonde | 12. Lustre Glint |

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GOLDEN GLINT

NEW creamy, white odorless LOTION Safely REMOVES HAIR



1. A pleasant white lotion without bad clinging depilatory odor.
2. Not messy, quick to use. As simple to remove as cold cream.
3. No razor stubble. Keeps legs hair-free longer. Economical!
4. Does not irritate healthy, normal skin.
5. Removes hair close to skin, leaving skin soft, smooth, and alluring.

NAIR

Cosmetic lotion to
remove hair

49¢
plus tax



At Drug, Department and 10¢ Stores

young figure of Jane Russell with very little on above the waist except an expression of sultry threat; or newspaper ads calling attention to her physical charms by the line, "Sex has not been rationed."

People started calling up the police department, complaining about the advertising and the dirty words that volunteer copywriters scribbled on the billboards.

Chief of Police Dullea had a situation on his hands. The hue and cry did not seem to be directed primarily at the film; it was the advertising that caused such widespread pain that Hughes was forced to take down his billboards. Nevertheless the film played for eight weeks and was a great success financially. That, however, was the last it was seen until this year.

Hughes's office claims that this delay was because it was held up by censorship troubles. True, The Legion of Decency had put it on the condemned list in 1943, and by so doing had requested all Catholics not to see it. But powerful and large as The Legion of Decency is, it is not powerful enough to prevent the national showing of a film, and we can find record of no other action against "The Outlaw" then.

For whatever reason "The Outlaw" holed up, the fact remained that it was not shown anywhere for three years. But it was not forgotten. A steady stream of publicity on Jane Russell seeped through the press. Her face and figure became famous. The girl is beautiful. The poses were effective. The press agent was on the job. By the time Hughes made a deal with United Artists to release "The Outlaw" curiosity about the film and the lady were at fever pitch.

Once again, an advertising campaign was prepared and put into action, some of which did not carry the MPA approval and which quickly proved to be offensive. The campaign, like its San Francisco predecessor which had created such a wave of protest, once more was based pretty much on the anatomical charms of Miss Russell. One ad asked blandly, "What are the TWO great reasons for Russell's success?"

Another ad inquired in bold type under a picture of our heroine on the now-famous haystack, "How would you like to tussle with Russell?" Many national magazines, among them Photoplay, refused to publish this advertisement. A second ad was prepared, the copy slightly revised, which found acceptance among a number of magazines but which Photoplay again rejected. Following this, a completely new advertisement was prepared and offered to those magazines which had rejected the previous ads. This was also refused by Photoplay. Subsequently, still another ad was offered which Photoplay's publishers decided was in no way objectionable and it therefore was finally accepted.

Out in Los Angeles, according to the report of conservative Newsweek magazine, "... the picture's publicity men achieved a literal new high in vulgarity. Over Pasadena, a sky-writing plane traced 'The Outlaw' and then drew two huge circles side by side and placed a dot in the center of each."

Undoubtedly more through this advertising than through any other factor, the picture began to run into serious censorship trouble. In Syracuse, Wilmington, Bridgeport and Providence the picture was banned in its entirety. In Galveston, the Most Reverend C. E. Byrne, Bishop, sent a letter to all of the churches under his jurisdiction requesting Catholics to boycott any theater where "The Outlaw" played, not only during the engagement, but for a year afterward!

In Memphis the film was banned and in San Francisco was closed after a day's run. Hughes took the latter case to court and the right of the theater to show the film was upheld.

Such censorship did not interfere with the cash collections for Mr. Hughes's coffers. It is reported that the producer got back his original investment of \$1,200,000 in just two cities where his film was shown, so that from then on, the rentals on the film in later showings were all profit.

Though financially censorship actions did not impose any hardship on Mr. Hughes, the public's reaction did pose a crisis for the MPA and, in a broader sense, for the film industry as a whole. One producer of one film had managed to stir up such outcries against Hollywood as hadn't been heard for sixteen years since the writing of the MPA Production Code.

Something had to be done. Hughes was asked to appear before the Board of Directors of MPA for a hearing as to his violation of agreement as a member. Hughes never appeared, for the day before the hearing was scheduled, he resigned from the MPA and filed suit charging restraint of trade under the anti-trust laws. Here the MPA must have asked itself, "How can we be in restraint of trade when we are a completely volunteer group?"

The United States District Court in New York seems to have asked much the same question since the judge denied Hughes's motion for a temporary injunction to prevent the MPA from withdrawing its Production Code Seal on "The Outlaw."

Although Hughes had lost his suit for the time being, by bringing the matter to court action he managed in still another way to spread the burning oil of censorship restrictions.

Photoplay believes that as the producer of "The Outlaw" and as the man responsible for the advertising campaign on his motion pictures, Mr. Hughes has and is doing the film industry a disservice.

In our capitalistic democracy, Hollywood has been blessed with comparative freedom of action. There are no federal censorship statutes to contend with and few state censor groups to lay restraining hands on Hollywood. That films should have such freedom is largely because of the self-restraint of producers. By voluntary censorship they have saved the industry from more severe and stifling outside political censorships.

"The Outlaw" has provoked a feeling throughout America that perhaps, after all, Hollywood does need some sort of policing. In order to quiet such unrest, the film producers will of necessity lean over backwards to escape any further cause for alarm. It may well be that in so doing they will refuse to approve some great drama of inherent honesty because it is too controversial.

If "The Outlaw" prevents one honest, adult motion picture from being made, it has done more harm than it ever could good. If "The Outlaw" provokes one new censorship law, it will have incalculably injured Hollywood. Had "The Outlaw" dealt with a great social wrong or the abuse of some human right, the fight against censorship of it would have won Photoplay's immediate support.

The fact remains, after the shouting dies down, "The Outlaw" is just a semi-fictional story of an outlaw and a girl who put on the lowest cut blouse ever worn in a chilly desert night.

THE END

Sight Unseen

ANSWERS TO QUERIES ON PAGE 38

Ginger Rogers: 1, C (Independence, Missouri); 2, C.

Gene Tierney: 1, B; 2, A.

Betty Hutton: 1, B; 2, A (Battle Creek, Michigan).

Orson Welles: 1, C; 2, A.

Judy Garland: 1, B; 2, A.

Loretta Young
in "THE STRANGER"
An International Picture



"Pan-Cake" creates a lovely new complexion;
it gives the skin a softer, smoother, younger look



"Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults;
the exclusive formula guards against drying



A "Pan-Cake" make-up takes just a few seconds;
and it stays on for hours without retouching

Look Beautiful Always
... today and tomorrow



Do you want to add glamour to your beauty for today:
...do you want to keep your skin young-looking
for tomorrow? Then try "Pan-Cake"...the modern
glamour make-up that also safeguards the skin against
sun and wind which often bring aging signs
tomorrow. And remember, there is only one "Pan-Cake",
the original, created by Max Factor Hollywood for
the screen stars and now the make-up fashion of millions.

PAN-CAKE* MAKE-UP

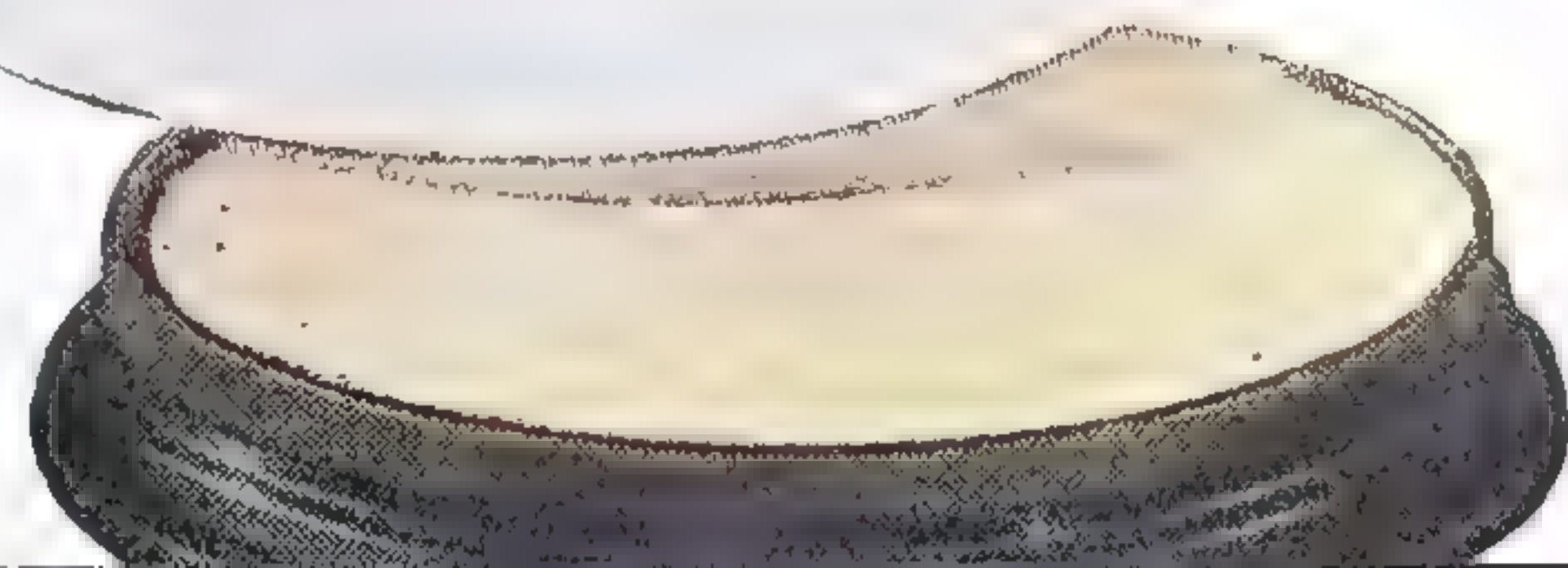
An Exclusive Formula Protected by U. S. Patent Nos. 2034697-2101843

Max Factor
HOLLYWOOD

Photo by Kelley

Originated by Max Factor * Hollywood

*Pan-Cake...Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

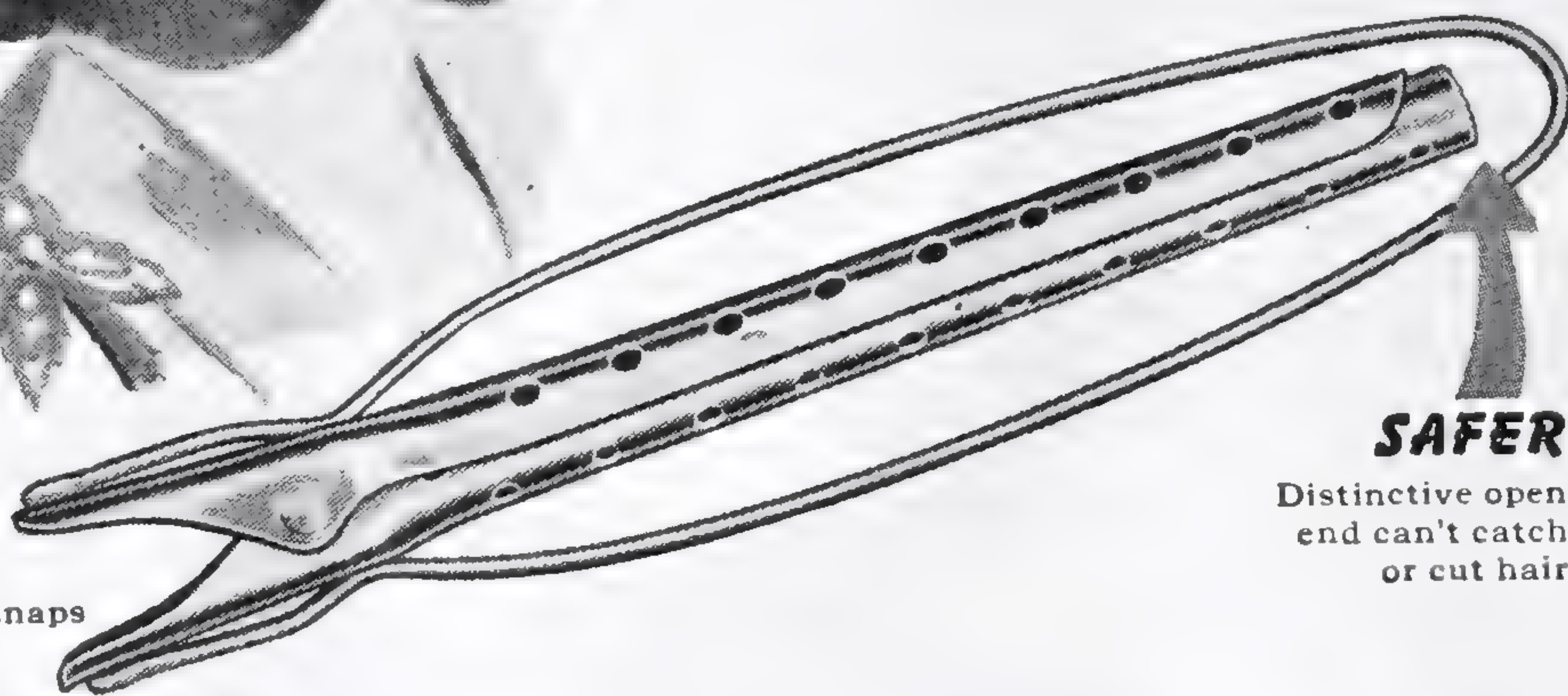


GUARD YOUR HAIR FROM BROKEN ENDS WITH THIS NEW CURLER



No matter how beautiful your permanent, no matter how natural your wave, broken hair ends can cause ugly, unmanageable frizz.

The revolutionary new GAYLA "Easy-Lock" Curlers "baby" brittle hair-ends, treat them softly, gently—thanks to the unique "open end" feature. No wonder your hair looks so soft, so lovely, so natural!



EASIER
Patented
"Easy-Lock" snaps
closed easily
with one hand
from any position

SAFER
Distinctive open
end can't catch
or cut hair

DON'T RISK SPLIT FRIZZY HAIR

Get a whole set of these new, safer curlers today and help yourself to uniformly soft, flattering, natural curls every time.



Gayla
"EASY-LOCK"
CURLER

by the makers of the famous
Gayla Hold-Bob bobby pins and hairpins

It's Like This to Be Mrs. Cornel Wilde

(Continued from page 39) beginning, there was hardly a day passed that we didn't spend a part of it blazing at each other, and the rest of it laughing over how mad we were. It helped, we realize now, to liven the monotony of bad breaks and being poor for so long.

The story of how Cornel and I passed each other on a New York street and fell spang into love has already been told. This, too, was an entirely public moment, occurring on 7th Avenue, parade ground of agents, actors—and all kinds of theater folk.

It would be nice if I could say this first and most important glimpse of my future husband was one that will never fade from my brain, but I can't. I can't even tell you whether he was dressed in blue, gray or brown. But I did receive a lightning impression of brown eyes, curly hair and dark handsomeness.

I had on a new black suit, which I considered very sophisticated and glamorous, and just right for touring the booking agencies. The kind of suit you put on and set out to make something happen—and, after I'd passed Cornel, I knew it *had* happened. The event itself is rather hard to define, because it was a very strange thing. Just two pairs of eyes, meeting each other in a crowd, and refusing to turn away....

He was talking to another man on the edge of the sidewalk—and I had to walk by them. I kept walking, mechanically, until I reached a drugstore, and collapsed on a soda stool. It's been told, too, how Cornel made a phony telephone call, while I drank a coke I didn't want—and both left the store without getting up nerve enough to speak to each other. My feelings were a wild mixture of wanting to cut my throat for not having said something, and of wondering just what a girl raised in Boston *does* say on such occasions.

FATE took care of the whole thing nicely, two days later, when I came out of the RKO Building and saw Cornel talking with some other actors. I walked by—but slowly, this time and if he hadn't followed me maybe I would have gone back. But he did follow me—and it resulted in a date for two nights later. It was conventional enough to please the movie scripters—a romantic little Hungarian restaurant, a bottle of Tokay, hours and hours of talking, and a Gypsy fiddler playing for us alone.

That Gypsy music, if I had been able to analyze it, was a sort of condensed version of the man I was going to marry. Moody as Cornel's own Hungarian self—gay, angry, tender, wild, subdued, inspired, in turn. Quick to change, but always very, very sweet.

Our current Hollywood home is called "Country House"—which is a pretty good description. It has five acres—and its master is personally acquainted with every tree, bush, flower and stretch of grass on the place. The house was built by Norma Talmadge, and decorated by ex-movie star William Haines. The day we first saw it, we felt they must have had blueprints of our dreams. Lots of color and comfort—sunlight and a view for every room—twelve rooms in English cottage style.

Cornel is like a kid, puttering around the grounds the whole weekend and evenings until dark. When we first moved in, we decided to have a group of eucalyptus trees taken out, and called a nursery to do it. We watched them pull up four trees, then Cornel decided they were having all the fun. So he and a friend of his took out thirty-two trees in three days! His favorite room in the house is the bleached ash panelled study, because of the

Oriental prints which cover one end of the room—bold-colored warriors and horsemen, each picture fitting exactly into the square panelling of the wood. The collection brightens the wall from floor to ceiling.

I share my husband's pride in what we fondly call our "estate." Both of us are still too close in mind and spirit to those New York days when we couldn't have kept even a boarding-house roof over our heads if the hotel manager hadn't believed in us enough to carry us, week after week, on the cuff. It was a broken-down place but home to us, because all the other occupants were poor but hopeful actors too. . . . We used to dream then of a place like "Country House"—and now we're living in it!

Cornel has never been quite as impulsive as I am, or at least he picks better times for it. It took him quite a while to get used to my crazy insistence on celebrating the bad breaks instead of the good ones, but it gradually grew to be an old family custom. When luck was the hardest and prospects the gloomiest, we'd take our last ten-dollar bill and splurge on a show or a bottle of champagne. It was a great morale builder, just saying "To blazes with it," and usually something good happened right afterwards.

When we were "rich" we'd carefully look for a fifteen-cent movie. It gave us that fine feeling of affluence you get when you can really afford something better. Currently, we like to sit and plan on a trip to Mexico, to be made as soon as we get a sizable vacation between pictures. We want to travel leisurely and in style, "—do it up brown, for once—just to see how it feels."

HE LOVES to look back on our years in the theater—and so do I—especially the plays we did together. There was Tallulah Bankhead's "Antony and Cleopatra," in which we were both rehearsing when we got married. Immediately afterwards the company went on tour for three-and-a-half months of one-night

It's new!

It's different!

It's exciting!

"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

Every Sunday afternoon the thrilling, factual stories from True Detective magazine come to life over the stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System. If you enjoy the suspense-filled, action-packed stories in True Detective, don't miss this new and exciting radio series.

4:30 p.m. EDT • 3:30 p.m. CDT

2:30 p.m. MDT • 1:30 p.m. PDT

ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

From my window
I can see the children
trooping back to school.
How happy you must be
when you think that some
day your baby will be
part of a similar lively
procession.

Mrs. Ivan Gerber

**Hurry Mom—
I'm Hungry!**

That's the way every baby should feel about food. To be sure that *your* baby does, get Gerber's Baby Foods as millions of mothers do. So many advantages make Gerber's a favorite. We take extra care to make our foods taste good, to achieve that "just-right" texture.

Our choice vegetables and fruits are carefully washed in pure, deep well water . . . our cooking process is done by steam to retain a high amount of minerals and vitamins for your baby to grow on. Every step is laboratory checked for quality.

As a mother you'll be right if you get Gerber's—with "America's Best-Known Baby" on the label!

Barley—a new cereal for baby!

Gerber's Barley Cereal (in yellow box) now joins Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal. All three cereals pre-cooked, ready-to-serve by adding milk or formula.

Gerber's
FREMONT, MICH. OAKLAND, CAL.
Baby Foods
Cereals Strained Foods Chopped Foods

19 kinds of Strained Foods, 9 kinds of Chopped Foods, 3 special Baby Cereals.

Remember, it is wise to check baby's feeding program with your doctor.

Free samples

My baby is now _____ months old; please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food, Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Barley Cereal.

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. F9-6, Fremont, Mich.
In Canada: Dept. F9-6, 49 Wellington St. E., Toronto 1, Ont.

Name.....

Address.....City and State.....

stands, a schedule we promptly rejected as being a heck of a honeymoon. It was a brave gesture, because it was many weary weeks before we got new jobs. We played in "French without Tears," together, and enjoyed a wonderful dual engagement at the Spring Festival in Ann Arbor. Always, however, there was "Moon over Mulberry Street"—

"Mulberry Street" was no gem but whenever we got broke we could always take it on the road and we did have fun with it. It was a triangle affair with me playing a Park Avenue deb, Cornel a poor Italian boy from the slums, and my society fiancé played by our dear friend, cherubic-cheeked actor, Jimmy Metcalfe. That baby face of Jimmy's, coupled with the seriousness of his role could break Cornel up on the slightest provocation.

Once, in the final scene, when Jimmy had worked himself up to a very dramatic farewell, he tried to don his collapsible evening hat and it wouldn't un-collapse. Cornel promptly went into hysterics. I might say that laughter is my husband's most violent mood—when he starts, he just can't stop. He stood there with his shaking back toward the audience, unable to say a word. Jimmy finally made his exit. Then the curtain stuck and wouldn't fall on our final kiss . . . That sent us both sky-high. We had to get offstage somehow so Cornel took me by the hand and gasping, "Come darling," led me into what had been established as the bedroom!

Cornel has a wonderful sense of humor and he loves to play little jokes. His specialty is fake phone calls—he's a great mimic of other people's voices, plus various dialects and accents. Not long ago, when we decided to dispose of a few pieces of furniture we no longer needed, he got caught in his own joke. All afternoon I was pestered with calls from people "an-

swering our ad," asking me a series of perfectly mad questions. It took me a long time to catch on that it was the Wilde boy. When the next caller announced in guttural Russian accent that he was very anxious to buy all the pieces, I told him a very sad tale about having used it all for firewood. You guessed it—the Russian was a real prospect. . . .

A gift from Cornel is always one of the

Here Comes Beauty!

Photoplay's big news for October is the first of famous and beautiful

Anita Colby's

beauty articles
illustrated with a lovely full color
picture of

Shirley Temple

Don't miss it!

finest gifts ever given, because he puts so much of himself into it. The first present he ever gave me was a medal he won for a saber championship in '36. If he'd been able to afford a diamond tiara for me at the time, I think he still would have been prouder to give me the medal. Our wedding rings were dime-store ones and they soon turned green. Recently we bought each other gold wedding rings. Inside

are two lines from the marriage ceremony, one line in his and one in mine.

I now have my second "decoration," too. A St. Christopher's medal made into a locket, with a sapphire on top. It opens up into four sections and each has a picture glazed on the gold—one of himself, one of us together, one of Wendy and one of Punch. It has a poem engraved on the back—four lines that he composed himself, every word so precious to me that I never have repeated them to anyone else.

Wendy, now three, has her Daddy's coloring—his dark eyes, and I believe her hair will eventually be as dark as his, too. He's a very reasonable father, delighted with his off-spring and content to have her grow up to be whatever she wants to be. That's going to suit me, too, so long as she can manage to be herself at all times—in the same way he does. Punch, for the uninformed, is our French poodle.

Someday, perhaps, I will get a chance to play opposite my favorite leading man on the screen, and it will be a proud moment. We also hope to act together again on the stage. Acting is so much a part of our lives, a business but also a pleasure, that we rehearse and work together at home. Better than that, however, we are very good critics for each other.

Oh, I wouldn't pretend that we never have any quarrels anymore—we still try once in a while, just to keep our hand in. Cornel's so darned absent-minded sometimes he drives me crazy. I know that I am a better person, however, since I became Mrs. Cornel Wilde. I used to be very impatient with people and things—he's taught me reason and tolerance and kindness. He's taught me, too, that whenever I sit down to write anything like this, my husband is always going to be my favorite subject.

THE END

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



"You find the Pepsi crowd everywhere!"

The Hodiaks— Bride and Groom

(Continued from page 29) movie stars both, who have managed to meet, to fall in love, to get married, and to plan a home as simply as if they were not in Hollywood at all, capital of whimsical love affairs, jealousy, frustration and *chi chi*.

If you liked Anne and John before, you'd like 'em together even better. They are complex personalities, naturally, as talented, ambitious people always are, but in another setting you'd not be surprised to find them having a coke and holding hands at the corner drugstore on date nights, like engaged couples in any small town.

But the events leading up to the scene on the couch were not so simple as the proposal.

They met while John was working in "Lifeboat," two years ago. He was shirtless, he had a stubble of beard and he was tattooed, chiefly with the initials of girls, and none of them "A.B."

Hume Cronyn performed the introduction. "Here's an eligible bachelor, Anne," he said, presenting Mr. Hodiak, who responded as politely as he could, considering that he had most of a sandwich in his mouth. Love at first sight? Let's not get dull, doll. Anne passed the incident up politely, but with the same vivid interest she might have had if Cronyn had said, "There goes the iceman."

THEY did a picture together, "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier," and were as cool about it as a pair of frostbitten Eskimos.

"I overheard him complaining that I talked too much in make-up," Anne reports.

"Well, it was early in the morning," John explains, hastily. "You know how it is, a lot of talk, early in the morning?"

"He was high hat," says Anne.

"She was cold," says John.

"I was working hard," says Anne.

"So was I," says John.

"You paid no attention to me," says Anne.

"I asked you to play gin rummy," says John.

"That did it," says Anne.

"I blitzed her," said John. "I thought she'd been pretty cool and all, but one afternoon when there was nothing to do I did suggest a game and was a little surprised when she said she'd play. I took her three straight games. A blitz. Wow!"

"You never clapped eyes on a madder young woman. She blazed. Her eyes were like a conflagration."

"I was never so furious in my life," said Anne. "I took those cards and made a comeback. I blitzed that man three times straight myself."

"I had a sickly smile on my face, too," said John. "We haven't played gin rummy since. But you ought to see her when she's mad. Brother, that did it."

(Notice to future generation of Hodiaks: That did it. That's how your great-grandpaw John and your great-grandmaw Anne fell in love.)

The proposal came months later after many dates, which is quite as it should be. Also, as it must inevitably be according to the rule of true love, there was the customary rift; time off for taking stock, a period during which nobody was particularly happy. That was the proof of the pudding. So they had a meeting of minds on all scores, including music, art and what a house to live in should be like. Anne, who is expertly informed in the realm of good music, was introduced, gradually, to the facts of life in regard to hot jazz. John is expert on that. So is Anne, now. They

Stops Perspiration Troubles Faster

THAN YOU SLIP INTO YOUR SWIM SUIT.



On every count tests† show new, super-fast Odorono Cream Deodorant meets highest standards in entire deodorant field.

Works better every way for it contains science's most effective perspiration stopper. *Instantly*, safely puts a stop to all perspiration troubles. One application gives unfailing protection up to 3 days.

Guaranteed longer lasting* — non-gritty to bottom of jar. Always gentle to skin and fine fabrics.

No other cream deodorant offers so much to women who know that their present deodorant is getting less and less effective. So compare! *See how much* faster Odorono Cream Deodorant works, how much longer it affords protection.



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CREAM DEODORANT

39¢ Also 59¢ and 10¢
Plus Federal Tax

Contains Science's Most Effective Perspiration Stopper

*Money back guarantee if any jar does not last longer than any other leading cream deodorant brand. Send jar to Odorono, Inc., Stamford, Conn. †Made in Northam Warren laboratories.



"A Growing Gap Between Us . . ."

How terribly heartsick I was—reaching out in vain toward my husband across an ever widening distance! Puzzled, too, at its cause. But I should have realized that *I* had spoiled our happiness . . . knowing

about feminine hygiene but risking *haphazard* care. My doctor set me right. He said feminine hygiene is *important* to a happy marriage . . . recommended "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"But . . . Oh, Joy! I've Bridged It!"

We're closer than ever, *now!* And *happier* than ever, now I'm living up to my doctor's advice and being careful about feminine hygiene. I always use "Lysol" for douching, and find it every bit as effective as

the doctor said. Far more so than salt, soda or other homemade solutions. You see, "Lysol" is a true *germ-killer*—cleansing *thoroughly*, yet gently too. It's easy and economical to use . . . and it *works!*

Many Doctors Recommend "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene . . . for 6 Reasons

Reason No. 1: POWERFUL, PROVED GERM-KILLER . . . "Lysol" is a true germicide of great germ-killing power. This power is not reduced by age or exposure to air.

Note: Douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

MADE IN U.S.A. PAT. OFF.

disagreed and compromised about politics and agreed that night clubs were stupid places unless you dressed to kill and went in a spirit of complete celebration and foolishness, not too often.

They agreed about wedding plans.

"Everything simple," said Anne, which is the way it was. "Everything very conventional. The bride in white, and all, and a wedding trip. If Niagara Falls had been within reach, we would have gone there."

But before you get to a wedding, there comes that inevitable time when the news has to be broken to the bride's parents.

Anne's grandfather is the celebrated architect, Frank Lloyd Wright. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Stuart Baxter, are conservative Easterners who have a home at Burlingame, California. Anne and John drove up to spend Easter weekend with them and while there asked them to announce the engagement. The announcement as the four planned it set the key to the whole marriage and they all felt wonderful about the conventional way the engagement was announced, which is a difficult thing to do when you are a movie star. As far as this is concerned, Anne and John feel they are not cheating their public but that it would be refreshing to the public for a change not to see a holy show made of a wedding in film town.

"And there we were, all officially engaged."

They were married on July seventh at four o'clock in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. Baxter's home in Burlingame, and it was a quiet wedding and as pretty a wedding as you please.

"We owed an obligation there," said John, "because we're in pictures. So we cooperated with the photographers. But otherwise, this might have been any couple getting married, and why not?"

They had it all, rice, old shoes, the bride tossing her bouquet, which was in three parts so that three friends might share the luck—and Mr. and Mrs. Hodiak made a flustered getaway to the airport where they took a plane to Colorado Springs for their honeymoon.

ANNE'S engagement ring is an emerald-cut diamond with hand-wrought diamond and platinum leaf designs. It was something they designed and shopped for together and which took so long to decide on and to design that Anne was able to wear it for the first time only a few weeks before the wedding.

Sitting on their couch where they got engaged, Anne and John face their problems and their plans forthrightly.

They think it's all right for people in the same profession to marry. Much better that way than for an actress to marry a business man who'll find it difficult to understand how a day's work in an important part, such as Anne's *Sophie* in "The Razor's Edge," can exhaust a girl and put her out of sorts.

They point out reasonably enough that they have known each other for two years, that they understand each other's problems, that they make allowances—and that there are just as many divorces among the non-pros as among the actors and actresses, if the truth be known.

They have another advantage. Both are troupers of long standing, in spite of their youth, and both are stars, stars of equal magnitude, and on the way up. There's no room for professional jealousy.

They are serious. After their honeymoon, they returned to Anne's house in Beverly Hills because there aren't any other houses available. They immediately began to start plans for the home they'll build when such miracles are possible. They hope it will be a series of plans of Anne's grandfather and his son Lloyd

Wright, one of the outstanding California modern designers. A house built around Anne's and John's dreams.

They regard the future calmly and confidently, and realize the importance of in-laws. Ken and Catherine Baxter are delighted with their son-in-law. His parents, to quote a friend, "look at Anne with velvet eyes."

Anne and John like the same things.

The same things include Debussy and Ravel, swing, Tschaikovsky, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Grant Wood, Thomas Hart Benton, pattering about the house, Henry Morgan, Watson Webb, Zachary Scott, good talk, unpretentiousness, yellow roses, hard work, swimming, riding, cooking, walking—as a matter of fact—"anything to do with living."

And there is an interest that is a lost art, practiced today only by connoisseurs—the simple art of liking and enjoying good things, good art, good articles, simply because they are intrinsically good and worth while.

This is perhaps their chief point of agreement.

ANNE'S driving is their point of difference. They have not had a major quarrel (Anne: "I'm looking forward to it. They say it has to happen. But in two years we haven't found anything to quarrel about!") but came close on a trip to Palm Springs, Anne driving.

She did some spectacular things. When they arrived, in dark silence, John alighted and stated flatly and emphatically: "Anne, you are without question the worst driver in the world."

Anne's reply is a classic in the expert study of how to calm an angry man.

"I'm sorry, darling. I am afraid I was just showing off," she said, and smiled. How are you going to stay mad with a girl like that?

She's stubborn, says John. Very stubborn, Anne admits. But stubbornness, says John, "is nothing but whimsical determination. Determination is good." How are you going to stay stubborn with a man like that?

It would be hard, actually, to find two persons whose interests range wider than Anne's and John's. They go for everything from baseball to ballet and from Bach to boogie woogie.

They collect the records of a soprano most persons never heard of, a singer named Claudia Muzio, who sang with Caruso, and they like Duke Ellington. They will listen for hours to Burl Ives, whom they enjoy, but at the same time they take him seriously as an important student of American folk lore.

They agree on who's boss in their family. John is boss. John is calmer, John is far-seeing, John is patient, John is neat. Anne is wise but mercurial, Anne is stubborn, and Anne is not neat. That is to say, about putting things away and hanging things up. They tell these things on themselves, and laugh. They laugh a great deal.

They can be as silly as you'd expect anyone in love to be silly. When Anne was on a recent location, they held daily telephone conversations that lasted an hour-and-a-half, and can't remember what in the world they talked about. They wrote letters to each other every day, several letters a day.

"John is awfully handy around the house," says Mrs. John Hodiak proudly. "That's a fine thing in husbands, they tell me. I admire that man. I learn a lot from him."

John doesn't have to say anything. Just look at him look at Anne.

The End

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Thousands upon thousands of women have reported truly remarkable benefits by taking Pinkham's Compound. It is also an excellent stomachic tonic. Certainly *worth trying!*

Lydia E. Pinkham's

VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Olivia Hits Her Stride

(Continued from page 53) That very fact may write the ending to the story of a girl who formerly was very wretched and a fellow who was very lonely, both of whom are too happy together, currently, to think quite clearly about the future.

They met at the Beverly Hills Officer's Club on January 16, 1944, the girl who was a movie star and the handsome captain just back from a long stretch in New Guinea. Temporarily at that time Joe McKeon was stationed at the Santa Maria, California, air base. He'd come into the Beverly Hills Officers' Club with Sigrid Gurie, a friend of a New Guinea buddy.

OLIVIA was very mixed up at that time in a highly turbulent romance. It was that trite but tragic situation of a man, long separated from his wife, but not legally free. Miss de Havilland was brought up as a lady, with very high ideals. Combined with that, she has a fine, appraising mind and a dreaming, affectionate nature.

Trying to find her way out, Olivia showed the sensible goodness of her nature by the method she chose: She wasn't happy herself but she'd try to help others find happiness. So she went entertaining the troops, went not to the comfortable spots, but to the most uncomfortable ones: To the Aleutians, then to the South Seas.

She was in between those trips when she met Joe McKeon. She still had a crack in her heart but she found she and Joe had much to talk about immediately. Not but that she'd have had enough to talk about, anyhow. All the de Havillands are natural talkers and intellectuals—Olivia, her pretty mother, and her will-o-the-wisp sister, Joan Fontaine. Before that first evening was over at the Officers' Club, Olivia and Joe had made a date to go ice skating. Something the South Pacific had made the Captain yearn for.

Although she spent most of the time on that first twosome date sitting down, very hard, on the ice, Olivia did manage to find out a lot about Joe.

He came of a pure Irish family, though his father had been born in England and had been in the British Army during the first World War. Joe, himself, though born in America, had spent much of his little boyhood in Ireland. He had always gone to Catholic schools, both here and abroad, and he never had any doubt as to what he wanted to do. He wanted to be a soldier, wearing the wings of a flier.

He was in Hawaii on December 7, 1941. He had seen twenty-seven months of action in the Pacific before he met Olivia. He got a four-months interval in this country, training pilots, before he was sent to England. In the whole war, those months were all Captain McKeon had in America.

During those four months Joe acted like any other very nice normal young airman. Having found himself a beautiful girl, he tried to make time. He wasn't demanding, but he hardly let her out of his sight. Every moment he had free from his field, he made date plans with Olivia.

"A couple of times we went night-clubbing," Olivia says, "but mostly we had quiet little dinners and talked and talked. I heard about Joe's childhood. He heard about mine. He was a dear. That's an awfully girlish word, but it is the word that most fits Joe. He is so dear. You get accustomed to too-smooth men around Hollywood. It was so refreshing for me to encounter somebody who wasn't being slick, but was being sincere. Joe was—he is—all faith and idealism and service. Everybody who meets him warms to him immediately, to the visible goodness that's in him. That was one of the nicest things

about our engagements those first few months—all my friends liked Joe so very much. Martha Scott positively adored him."

Then Joe, who couldn't sit it out any longer with the war still on, put in for the British area and shipped out to England and Olivia agreed to go on a tour to Fiji. There was no "understanding" between them when they parted. They both knew there was a great mental companionship which they shared, a happy host of simple things that they enjoyed doing together. If they both dodged using the word "love" so did many other couples in wartime. There was no future in 1944 nor in much of 1945. There was only today. There was only now.

Olivia gave Joe a letter to her best friend in England, Lady Bain. She told him he'd find friends there. She promised she'd write. Joe said he'd write, too.

So Olivia sailed for Fiji, trying not to worry about Joe, avoiding thinking about that slow ache that was still in her heart, a left-over from the past. She was doing her job for her country in her own way. She hoped to do it well. She did it too well. She got pneumonia and had to go to the hospital.

That was why, she figured, letters weren't coming through from Joe. She assured herself his silence meant only that his letters had got lost and she hoped he wouldn't worry because her letters to him had to stop for a while, until she got strength enough to continue them.

What Olivia didn't know was that three days after she went into the hospital, Joe went into a prison camp at Barth, Germany, up on the Baltic Sea.

WHEN she finally got back to Hollywood, she found stacks of letters from Lady Bain, all raving about Joe. He'd made exactly the same hit in England that he'd registered in Hollywood. But there was no word from Joe himself. Olivia called all his other friends around Hollywood, including Carleton Alsop. Carlton and Joe had become good friends at the time Carleton's wife, Martha Scott, was appearing on the Santa Ana air base show and Joe had been featured as the "hero" on one of the weekly "Hero" spots. Their friendship had gone on from there.

It was Carleton who finally got the information out of Washington. Joe's plane had been seen, its tail section and one wing knocked off, spinning to the ground somewhere over Germany. "Lost in action" the War Office said.

"But he's not dead. I know," Olivia said.

Martha Scott had a picture of Joe which she tacked up in her dressing room on Broadway where she was playing "The Voice of the Turtle."

"No, I know he's not dead, either," said Martha to Olivia over the long-distance phone.

"You women and your illogical conclusions," said Carleton Alsop to both of them.

Olivia got in touch with Joe's father in Long Island. Mr. McKeon told her about the "lost in action" telegram he had received.

"I don't believe it. I won't believe it," Olivia retorted.

Seven months went by. It was 1945 and the Russians were advancing into Germany. Olivia was in Boston in a hospital for observation. The doctors said they didn't know what was the matter with her. Her nerves were completely shot. They advised rest, while they studied her case. One day the nurse brought her a cablegram, forwarded from Beverly Hills. "In England tonight. See you in three weeks Beverly Hills, Joe," it read.

Olivia didn't know what the story was behind that telegram but she believed every word of it. And all of a sudden, she felt perfectly fine and the shadow of the

Mrs. Robert Bacon Whitney

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ALWAYS REFRESHING
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past that had been hanging over her disappeared entirely.

On top of that, the unanimous decision of the three judges of the Court of Appeals was handed down and she was free to sign a new contract. So Olivia came home to Beverly Hills, signed with Paramount and waited for three weeks, and her heart was whole again and she was out in the sunshine. That cablegram could be some kind of a trick and there was no way, war being war, for anyone to guarantee they could be from England to California in twenty-one days, but still, she knew that Joe would be.

And he was.

He was very thin and very tired. The scar around his left eye looked grim and he still limped a little from walking for miles to the nearest town jail on his broken ankle after he had parachuted to earth in Germany. What had made it worse was that after having been forced by the Germans to walk on the broken ankle to the jail, then to the hospital, when he finally arrived at the prison camp he had been forced to stand for several days in a compartment crammed with other prisoners. His legs swelled to three times their size and he thought he would surely lose them. Several of our fliers captured at about the same time did lose theirs and a couple of the others lost their lives, but Joe survived. It was the Russians who liberated him.

AND then came peace. Men were getting their honorable discharge papers but not Captain McKeon. He wanted to stick. It was his life. He became Major McKeon and was stationed at Riverside which is only fifty miles outside of Hollywood—in actual distance.

In every other way, however, Riverside is as far away as the moon from Hollywood and of this, the new, lovely, sincere Olivia is very aware.

"Joe loves his work and is ambitious concerning it," she says, "and of course, that is the way it should be with any man. Yet for that, I feel he needs the best kind of home and domestic wife. But here I am, one of those awful women who loves her own work. Except for Hollywood, I can only carry it on in one or two other places—New York, perhaps, or even possibly London.

"Whether or not I could ever give it up, I don't know. The reason I haven't married up to now is because I am very serious about marriage. I should want my marriage to be founded on love and respect, above any other factors, but I should also want to feel it would be the only marriage ever possible to me. I know that attitude is Joe's attitude, too, and with his religion, it would have to be-all or end-all. Joe eventually will have to do some more overseas duty. That will always be coming up, in the years ahead. So I don't know what lies in the future." Olivia smiled. "You know the old, old adage about time telling," she said.

Yes, we know that old adage about time telling and we know the one about love will find a way too and that character will out. The kind of boy who survives first a war, and then a prison camp, and rushes back to his girl is not too easily stopped.

But, no matter how this story ends, you can be sure of this much: You're going to see a much finer, more sensitive actress in this girl de Havilland from now on—and that means real acting greatness, for she's always been excellent, right from the start. But her greater stature will come because she's a girl with courage and honesty and generosity, who's definitely found herself.

THE END

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Big Girl

(Continued from page 57) "Ready, Miss Temple?" said the assistant director.

"Soon as I get my hair fixed."

"How's your tooth?" the assistant director asked.

"Fine," said Shirley, and giggled.

"I guess it was the dentist, coming here and all, with his little black satchel, that started those rumors," said Mrs. Temple.

The preceding three scenes aren't exactly three of a kind, but they are relevant to the life and times of a young woman who has been one of the half-dozen best known persons in the entire world since she was six years old. To those fortunate enough to be close by, the experience of watching the ex-baby doll with the six extravagant curls grow up, get married, and become a full-fledged star all over again is both fetching and alarming.

SHE is now old enough to have her own home, to try to live on a budget, to be astonished by the voracious appetite of a young man who gobbles four eggs for breakfast and gets hungry again before noon, old enough to be a world-famous motion picture star—but not old enough for everyone to have forgotten that she was only recently a chirping, dancing, golden-headed moppet. That irks her.

Shirley says little about it, but she realizes acutely that she has no greater competitor than that child. She can't live up to her and she can't live her down. She speaks fondly of the ex-Shirley, but she speaks objectively, almost as if she were speaking of another person. The phenomenal babe of the 'Thirties, who is said to have banked a tidy three million dollars, belongs today at the head of the two thousand dolls in the fabulous playroom of Shirley's house.

So far as anybody knows, no young thing ever tried harder to get grown up in a hurry. None ever came through the twittering teens with more graceful colors. Possibly only one other girl in all history ever confronted the world at her age with so much *savoir-faire*. The other girl was a kid named Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt at seventeen; she knew a thing or so about acting and a lot about men, but she probably couldn't fry eggs.

Although she will tease you into mumbling incoherence and make you feel as inept as a broken crutch if she really likes you, Shirley faces facts forthrightly. She denied, as indignantly as if she'd been accused of stealing chickens, a rumor in April that she was going to have a baby. It just wasn't so, it hadn't been planned that way, and things are going to work out as planned, says Shirley.

But now that we're on the subject, what about babies, Shirley?

"Three," says Shirley. "By all means, three. But not too soon. I hope they will not arrive for a little while. If we could pick the time, we'd say sometime after May, 1947."

The significance of that date is that not until then will Shirley have completed her heavy schedule of pictures David O. Selznick has set for her, including "Honeymoon" and "Little Women." Time enough then to think about posterity.

"Want to be startled?" asked Shirley. "Well, I could be a grandmother—by 1965. Now will you believe I'm grown up?"

Since April 23, her eighteenth birthday, Shirley has been free of the benevolent state welfare department. It was an oddity, at that, this last year, for Shirley, although married and graduated from high school, was still an infant under the law. Always, there was a welfare worker on the set whenever Shirley was present. And Shirley had to quit work daily at five P.M., an



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skin troubles!

"Chafes and prickles scam when Mom sprinkles mild, soothin' Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder all over me. We sure love the way Mennen helps keep my skin beeyootiful, healthy and comfy. Y'see, Mennen Baby Powder is *smoothest*—that means extra comfort. Bein' *antiseptic*, it protects better against diaper rash, urine irritation, prickly heat, lotsa other troubles. No wonder *more doctors prefer Mennen* than any other baby powder. And new scent makes us babies *smell so sweet!*"

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Who Said I'm NOT SWEET



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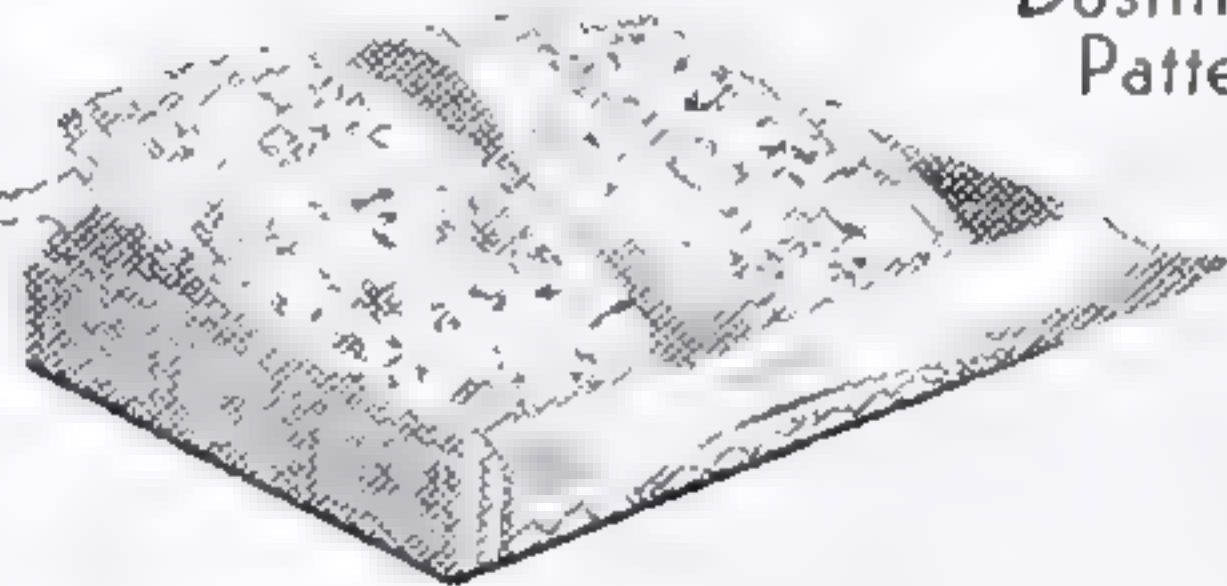
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embarrassment in front of older players like being sent to bed early.

Actually, her eighteenth birthday meant no new freedoms for Shirley, since she already has everything any adult could want in that respect, but psychologically the date was important. Shirley regarded it as a young man regards the great age of twenty-one.

"I'm a free woman now, you can't boss me any more," she teased her mother, who hasn't bossed her in several years. At her parents' insistence Shirley began taking charge of her own affairs even before her sixteenth birthday, the year she told the truth about her age, to the confusion of the world-wide clique of Temple admirers who thought she was fifteen. She had complete say about roles, clothes, spending money and dates since then.

But since the wedding, make no mistake about it, the boss in the Agar home has been Mr. Jack Agar.

"I'm Mrs. Jack Agar and darn proud of it," she says. The other day she crossed out the "Temple" on her dressing-room door and substituted "Agar."

"Shirley Agar"—now, that's something, isn't it? To Shirley Agar it is the sweetest music in the world.

IN "Honeymoon," with both Franchot Tone and Guy Madison as leading men, Shirley will dance and sing for the first time since she's been old enough to wear nylons. This will be a screen event of wide interest and Shirley has been nervous about it. The little girl with the curls was a celebrated *diva* and *danseuse*. For the past two years, Shirley has been a dramatic actress, a schoolgirl, and now, glory be, a housewife. She'll do all right. Shirley always does all right, but she confides that she wishes "Uncle Billy" Robinson was here to coach her. "Uncle Billy," incidentally, never forgets a birthday or an anniversary. He was on the long distance telephone promptly on the morning of April 23, singing "Happy Birthday."

The staggering fan mail continues. Marriage and graduation into adult roles has made no difference there. One of the phenomenal sights on the Selznick lot is brawny messengers lugging sacks and boxes of letters, mostly addressed to "Miss Shirley Temple," but more and more these days addressed to "Mrs. John Agar." They arrive at a constant rate of 40,000 a month.

Shirley and her mother labor over this mail, do their best to reply personally whenever possible. But some requests have to be ignored, even when they're romantic and make special appeal to Shirley.

The English girl who said she wouldn't marry the American GI unless he provided Shirley Temple's wedding gown for the ceremony got a quick but polite turn-down. "A wedding dress is pretty personal, isn't it?" Shirley said. "And anyway, do you really think a marriage based on a whimsicality like that is a good idea? If she loves him, she ought to marry him anyway."

Shirley is now receiving scores of requests to act as godmother, and although she likes the new status this gives her, she is compelled to say no.

Some close investigation and careful inquiry around the Selznick studio reveals that Shirley had nothing whatever to do with Jack's recent decision to become a motion-picture actor himself. That was the doing of astute Henry Willson, Selznick's assistant, discoverer of Guy Madison and other photogenic people. Agar, who was discharged from the Army last January 1, has money of his own—he and Shirley live on it, spending none of hers—and was considering whether to go to Harvard Business School or to start right out in

TRY

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business, when Willson pointed out that motion pictures are good business too, and that he could make good in it without a helping hand from Shirley.

They began their married life in a one-bedroom rented house, furnished. That's where Shirley, who went to cooking school before Jack got out of the Army, discovered that most of her culinary lessons had been wasted. The elaborate casseroles and trick things to do with tunas and salads were all unappreciated: Shirley's man likes meat and potatoes, liver and onions, fried eggs and ham. They lived there more than three months before they could follow their plan of taking over their own home, next door to her parents.

This was the famous house with the stage, trap drums, soda fountain and the dolls. It now resembles a New York studio apartment, with the enormous living-room walls in pale aqua, with big couches and chintz. The space formerly occupied by the soda fountain, which was the small Shirley's chief delight in life, has been added to space taken from where the stage used to be, and that is the Agars' bedroom, done in yellow. The exterior of the home, formerly cream, is now white.

"I have had to give in and get a maid for this one," said Shirley. "Jack insisted on it. He said, after all, he had a right to some of my time, and he didn't want me scrubbing—say, you should see me do the floors!—all the time, and we had some dancing to catch up on."

A year ago, Shirley's dates took her to quiet places. The boys were shy about being photographed with a celebrity. They stopped at the soda fountains on the way home for cokes and hamburgers with the gang. Now the Agars are well known at a few of the better bistros where the orchestras are good. They like to rumba.

Shirley does her shopping on the way home from the studio. All Southern California shops at the Farmer's Market, a fabulous open-air mart where the vegetables are fresher than sailors, and there Mrs. Agar trades. Sentimental housewives sigh among the rhubarb bins as they watch the bride buy the potatoes.

Women, who are the people that should know, allege that this sort of thing means a lot more to a girl than being a movie star. Shirley confirms that opinion in more ways than one.

Besides, you have to be grown up to go shopping for your husband's dinner.

THE END



Happiness to dancetime—Shirley Temple and John Agar at Cinematographers' Ball



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For PURITY, SAFETY, and ECONOMY use PACKER'S . . . shampoo that's *safe*. On sale at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.



Mark Against Time

(Continued from page 50) my own new dinner jacket. The night he returned it, he told me this story.

"I had no right to go to that party," he said, in self-condemnation. "I'm nobody. I was the only unimportant person there. They didn't know who I was. Most of them didn't care."

Tactfully I tried to mention the stars who had struggled, taken years to reach their goal. Flynn, for example. After all, Steve was still new. Wasn't there still plenty of time? Steve flashed me a look I shall never forget.

"That's just it," he said, in a dry, hollow voice. "There *isn't* plenty of time. Maybe five years at the most. If I'm not a star by then, I'll *never* be a star. I'll never be able to act at all. *I won't even be able to walk!*"

IT all began in his childhood. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, an only son, he was frail, sheltered, adored and indulged by a beautiful young mother he adored in return. When he was three, Steve was taken to England to live with his grandparents. His mother, now divorced, thought the change might benefit her little son. Eventually they returned to Cleveland. The following year they decided to try the climate and visit relatives in Montreal.

On his twelfth birthday, a new stepfather came into Steve's life. It was good to see his mother happy but he felt strange, left out of things. He kept his misgivings bottled up inside himself. It was the summer of 1935. Steve, now fourteen, was sent to a popular resort where he determined to train for the junior Olympics. He loved to swim, was fairly good too.

He never stopped training. Then one day Steve was on the diving board about to try his first two-and-a-half. He balanced himself on the edge of the board, he sprang up and down. Slowly at first, then faster. Up in the air he went, back again for the big dive.

Behind him, unseen, a bully sneaked out on the board. His added weight naturally killed the spring. Steve, unaware, came down, landed on the board and split his back wide open. His convalescence was long and tedious. His pride was deeply hurt. But no one must ever know.

At sixteen Steve went to his first dance. His recovery was now complete. That lonely, lost feeling began to slip away. Then suddenly, ten thousand red-hot daggers ripped down his spine. Steve stood there petrified, too agonized to cry out.

From then on any extra motion brought back the pain. Athletics were out. Steve never went to another dance. Highly nervous, worried about the pressure on his spine, he covered up by pretending to be indifferent to everything. Life became a series of episodes. Steve left home. Humiliated and jobless, he was forced to wire for money and return again. He tried his hand at everything, bill collecting, selling, sign painting. Radio and stock acting helped most, to keep his mind off himself.

"It was 1938 in Chicago," Steve told me. "I tried to enlist in the Air Corps. I tried again in 1939. This time they advised me to see my personal physician about my spine. I went from doctor to doctor. Some advised an immediate operation. Some said it was too late. At the most, I was given five more years. Paralysis was inevitable. I would never be able to use my legs again."

Five years to accomplish the work of a lifetime! Marriage, home, children, financial security, the answer to his dreams. Automatically Steve's thoughts turned to Hollywood. Where but in this fabulous city would it be possible to accomplish so

Could you ever
FORGIVE the man
who jilted you for
another WOMAN?



Suppose the man who had broken your engagement came back and asked you for another chance? Would you react as Laurel Evans did? Laurel was faced with that problem, and how she solved it is a lesson in patience for every girl who's waiting for the "Right Man." For Laurel's complete true-to-life story, read "Three Times a Bridesmaid" in the new September True Story.

20 Other Thrilling Stories and Helpful Features in the Big September True Story

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much, in so little time? On June 21st, 1943, Steve stood on the corner of Hollywood and Vine. One month later he signed with the Goldstone agency. Three months later he was under contract at Warner Bros. Eighteen months later he was making the rounds of the studios again.

Universal told him to go home. M-G-M and Paramount were disinterested. At Selznick's they were frankly bored. Twentieth signed Steve and put him right into "Within These Walls," an unpretentious budget picture. Director Otto Preminger wandered into the projection room one day, saw Steve in a scene, was very impressed. Preminger told Joan Fontaine and director John Berry, who were testing actors for "From This Day Forward." Twenty-seven secretaries on the RKO lot were called in to pass judgment on the various candidates. Twenty-four out of the twenty-seven started fanning themselves and voted for Steve!

The responsibility of such an important role threw Steve into jitters. The pains in his spine grew worse. By the time the picture was finished, he knew he couldn't postpone the operation. Plans were made. Steve prepared to go to the hospital. Then they called him in at Twentieth. By mutual agreement, Fred MacMurray's contract was cancelled. Out of all the available players, Mr. Zanuck selected Steve to fill the MacMurray role in "The Dark Corner." It was his big chance. Steve couldn't resist it. He cancelled his operation.

THERE followed days when Steve felt he'd never finish. During one fight scene, he had to knock Bill Bendix to the floor, stoop over and lift him to his feet again. When it was over Steve staggered to his dressing room, put a book between his teeth to keep from crying out in anguish. A week following the completion of "The Dark Corner," Steve groped his way to the hospital.

Ironically, at this point his fan mail began pouring in, letters, telegrams, clippings, all hailing him as the actor with the greatest future in Hollywood.

The operation was a success. Unless there are unexpected complications, Steve will never be troubled again. Today he is a star with a full, happy life ahead. He's a very grateful young man, for he knows at last he can begin to live. And beginning he is, with lovely Annelle Hayes, a Texas beauty he met when he assisted her screen test at Warners. His marriage to Annelle marked the one bright spot during his dark journey.

Steve proposed while they were riding a roller coaster. They were married March 29, 1945. Steve was broke at the time, but he borrowed money, designed the widest, heaviest old-fashioned band of gold. Inside he had it inscribed, "with all my love." Steve was born on Friday, December the 13th. They met on Friday the 13th too. If their baby girl (Steve hopes) arrives on any other day, come September, he's going to get awfully tough with the stork.

Money either slips through his fingers or Steve loses it. He likes the best, so he always buys the best. Recently they took on Alice Faye's brother Bill as business manager. Steve gets twenty dollars a week for spending money. The first week nineteen dollars went toward shoes and red carnations, both his pet extravagance. With the remaining dollar he bought gasoline for his jeep.

Steve loves the movies, especially when Gable, Grant, Taylor, Power and Milland are playing on a double bill. He loves to read Thomas Wolfe, Maugham, Bromfield occasionally. "The Prophet" is his all-out favorite. He hates murder mysteries because, "You go crazy trying to keep up

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with the characters." With James Cain, however, "You're in on his murders yourself." Steve loves the quiet of the desert. He's depressed by the calm, gray waste of the sea. He hates all cold foods, sweets and vegetables. And he hates eating out. Occasionally, when he does, he always over-tips.

For some unexplained reason he thinks his natural wavy hair makes him look weak. Twice a month he pays to have it straightened. His mother knits his ties and socks. He never has enough. Steve would eat steak and potatoes for breakfast, only Harriet, their treasured housekeeper thinks, twice a day is enough. He's inclined to be formal, especially at Hollywood parties where everyone is everyone's best friend. Steve loves everyone on the Twentieth lot and he hopes they'll always feel the same way about him. His loyalty is something for the Hollywood book. He claims there's a "bit of elephant blood in me," when he thinks back on some of his early-day treatment.

Recently Mr. Zanuck presented him with a \$10,000 bonus, until a salary adjustment goes into effect. To further exploit Steve's versatility, the canny Mr. Z. selected "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" as Steve's next starring picture. He'll sing and dance. He's also pencilled in for "High Window," "Methinks the Lady" and "Meteor," future million-dollar productions. If he were triplets Steve couldn't fill all the requests that are waiting for him.

When he was signed at Twentieth, it was Darryl Zanuck who named him Mark Stevens. The inspiration came from *Mark McPherson*, a favorite Zanuck screen character played by Dana Andrews in "Laura." Steve welcomed this new monicker. As Steve Richards, or Richard William Stevens, his memories were dark and depressing. As Mark Stevens, a whole new happy and successful world has opened up for him. Scars still remain, but only in his screen characterizations will he ever allow them to be visible.

Because he knows if it hadn't been for his dark journey, he might not have driven so hard, might not have repeated time and time again to himself, "I only have five years . . . I've got to make it."

He's made it, all right, and the journey ahead looks bright, successful and complete for this man you marked against time.

THE END



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Inking in Crosby

(Continued from page 65) And perhaps, the least said the better on this score. Except to add that the shirts are filed prominently with the levis, cowboy chaps, wading boots and skis, alongside the Bond Street stuff in the closets of his Bel-Air home. The mere mention of a tuxedo starts him groaning—and not musically.

That was Bing's chief worry about whether or not he would win the Academy Award for "Going My Way." The day before the ceremony there was a lot of speculating going on over at Lucey's regarding the Oscar. Bing just couldn't lose, people kept telling him. He was bound to win. "Oh no, I can't," he insisted. "Why not?" they asked astonished. "I haven't got a tuxedo," he said.

He has one all right, but it's none the worse for wear.

My job involves breaking the scripts down into wardrobe changes, having artists make sketches of the clothes, and then submitting said sketches to Bing, who usually looks them over, then stamps his okay on them, which is his fingerprint.

However, it took some fast-selling before he fingerprinted one of them for "The Emperor Waltz." In this picture Bing portrays a salesman who has a phonograph concession in Austria and spends most of the film contriving to sell the Emperor one. In so doing Bing falls for a Countess, Joan Fontaine. In the big "Yodel" number Bing has to wear a yodelling outfit highlighted by some loud green leather shorts.

BING took one look at the Tyrolean trousers and almost reneged. "Say... this material shortage situation must be getting pretty serious," he observed. He wanted them lowered a little—below the knees. No self-respecting phonograph salesman would pursue a Countess in an ensemble like that, he said. But he finally fingerprinted them in.

It's impossible to get anywhere with Crosby and Hope in any wardrobe conference, to reach any decision about how they'd like to be dressed. It's always an hilarious huddle, with one of them saying, "What d'ya think about this..." and the other topping with, "Swell... but why don't we..." and you don't come away with anything but laughs. When the clothes are finished, it's even worse. "Why can't I have one like Bob's?" says Bing. Or Hope, "Case Crosby's creation and then look at mine. What is this anyway? Just a little something left over after Bing's is cut out?"

It's difficult ever getting Hope to stand still long enough to be fitted. Bing is less of a problem... he just doesn't have any fittings at all. After so many years, I can usually manage, but occasionally some unusual situation comes up and I have to call him in. I kept worrying about an Arabian costume he was to wear in "The Road to Morocco" until Bing finally said, "If you're really worried about it, just bring it out to Lakeside and we'll fit it this afternoon."

When the studio limousine bearing the chauffeur, the tailor, various colorful garments and myself arrived at the club, we were told by an attendant that Bing had left word for me to meet him on the third tee. He was just about to swing when I walked up. "Where's the costume?" he greeted. "Bring it on out here and let's fit it," he went on, as casually as though Arabian costumes are fitted on the third hole at the exclusive Lakeside Golf Club every day.

Bing has a great habit of introducing me to some inflated biggies as, "My Producer, Mr. Cohen, but of course you gentlemen have heard of him." Then he

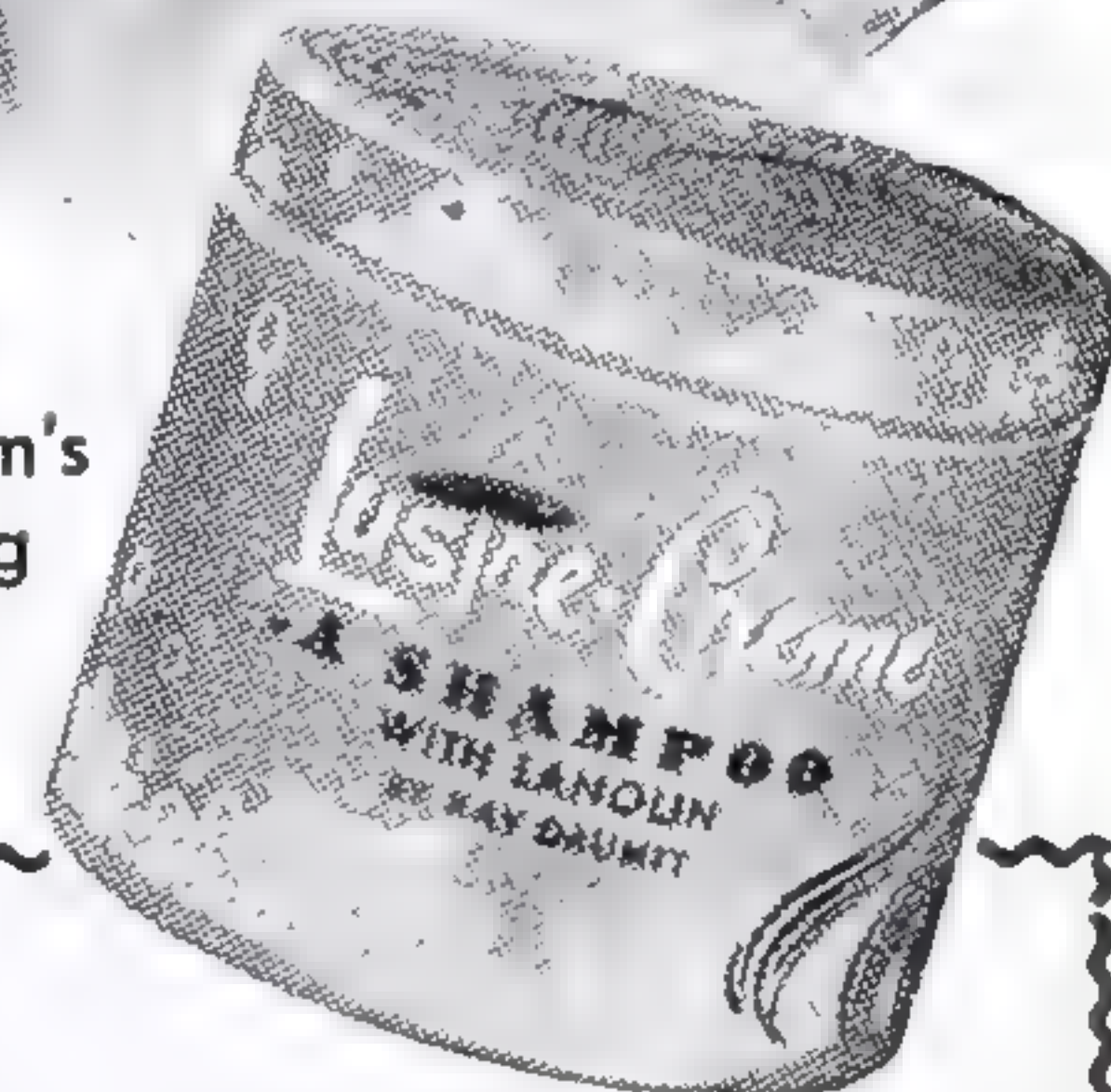
Hollywood Glamour

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stands back, leaving me to make like an executive and talk important talk.

Once at an expensive resort hotel, Bing spread the word around that I was a champion polo player and a real polo champ staying there kept following me around for days suggesting that we knock off a few "chukkers." Having no idea what he was talking about, I always begged his pardon politely and passed on. Finally one morning he made a determined stand. "I say, Mr. Cohen, what about a few chukkers?" he insisted. "Don't be so modest," he went on, as I kept looking blank. "Mr. Crosby has told us all about you." I almost got matched to a world championship before I could finally convince him that I'd never had a mallet in hand.

Many people have often wondered what ever happened to Ra the Second, one of Crosby's horses that achieved favorable fame, and who faded from sight overnight at Santa Anita a few years back. The horse had suffered a slight leg injury previously, but under treatments he was improving greatly, and track talk had him ready to run again. The true story of Ra the Second has never been told... until now. Bing bought him in South America for \$22,000, and "we" sold him to a kid for a hundred and fifty bucks.

THE transaction took place on the set of "Holiday Inn." They were shooting a scene using carriages and horses. Bing and I were sitting on the sidelines watching, talking horse-talk that finally led to Ra. Crosby wanted to sell him, but he wanted to be sure he'd never race him again. He still wasn't too happy about Ra's leg.

He kept watching one of the fellows who was driving one of the carriages. You could tell from the way he handled horses that he understood them. Loved them. Besides, the kid was always talking horses. He owned some interest in a small riding stable, and did part-time picture work.

Bing called him over. "Want to buy a horse?" he said, explaining about Ra.

"What do you want for him?" said the boy, knowing full well he couldn't afford it, whatever it was.

Bing put it all on me. "What do you want for him, Mickey?" he said.

"Why... I d... d... don't know," I stammered, surprised. "What do you say?"

"You know what he cost us," said Crosby. "Write him off for what you think."

"Oh... about \$150," I said, kiddingly.

"Sold!" said Bing. Then turning to the boy, "On one condition... that you never race him again."

Then while the new owner stood there, still unbelieving, Bing threw in a silver bridle and wrote a note to his trainer at Santa Anita, instructing him to "let the bearer have Ra." Later on, the young man became a veterinarian in the Army. He cured the horse completely in time, and rents him out now for pictures for \$50 a day. You saw him in a big role in the Alan Ladd starrer, "Salty O'Rourke."

Crosby's a colossal correspondent, in a casual sort of way. His mother always gets notes from him every day when he's away from Hollywood for any length of time. Mine, however, lean mostly to post-cards and novelties. I get cards from Tuscarora, New York, Paris, everywhere. Or he may send an elaborate menu from a French restaurant like the Cafe Chambord in New York, asking what I'd like to order, underlining something like "La Timbale de Pintadon Garnie au Foie Gras et Truffles Importes," and writing under it, "Or would you rather have a fish?" Once when he was out of town, a strange well-dressed fellow walked into the studio one day with an envelope addressed to me. "Are you Mickey Cohen?" he asked. "I just came in by plane from New York this morning. Here's a letter for you from Bing." On

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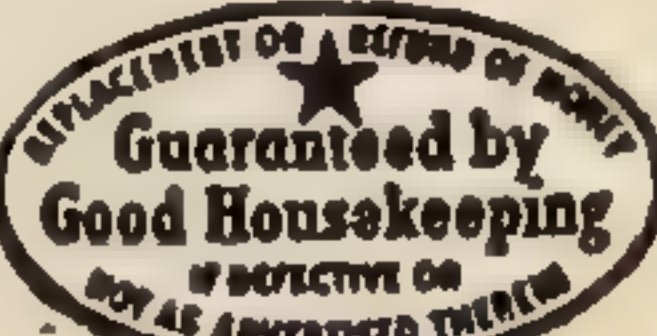




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the outside Bing had written, "By Courier." There's a fast turn-over going on under that peacock-feathered Panama of his all the time. Bing thinks faster in low gear than others who fly around like they're jet-propelled. He has a photographic memory, ear, eye . . . just name it and he has it. He just looks at a script . . . and even that isn't always necessary . . . since he often ad libs his own anyway. Likewise, he seldom even rehearses a song.

He has great respect for ability, and not too much for those whom he personally believes are incapable of jobs they're doing. Yet, I've never known Bing to throw his voice where it can cause any harm. On one picture Bing had a make-up man he wasn't too happy about, but rather than cause him any trouble, Crosby just put on his own make-up every morning throughout the picture, while the make-up man sat reading "Li'l Abner" in the paper, waiting until he got through. Then they'd walk out of the dressing room onto the set and nobody would be the wiser.

IT'S never in the script, but every Crosby picture opens the same—namely: "Where's the list? Who've we got down this time?" The "list" is a fancy term for assorted names, initials, or memos jotted down on odd bits of paper, song sheets, or whatever's handy at the time, and involving people whom Bing is more or less looking out for from time to time. Maybe some old pals of the past. Could be a friend of his caddy out at Lakeside, who asked him once to "put in a word for so-and-so." He never forgets any of them.

Now the list is made up principally of service men Bing met overseas. Ex-GI's like Ben Nathan, a clean-cut, good-looking boy from the Bronx, who road-toured the cannon circuit with Bing in France, one of an Army crew who set up stages on captured German truck trailers, put up tarps to keep the rain out while he sang, or held flashlights in his face so the GI's could see him.

At night when they were jogging along a muddy French pasture in the weapons carrier, they'd all start talking about things back in the states. What they wanted to do when they got out. Ben thought Hollywood sounded like a good deal.

"If you still think so when you get out, look me up," said Bing.

Nathan was visiting relatives in Los Angeles this summer and sent Bing a note, wondering whether he'd even remember him or not. He called him back immediately, inviting him over on the set.

When he arrived, Bing was in the midst of a big scene. "Bring a chair up for my friend," he instructed. "Put him in the front lines where he can case this camera combat."

When the sequence was finished, they picked up right where they'd left off in Metz. Did Hollywood still look like good duty to him?

"Stick around. Maybe something will turn up," said Bing.

A little later he was on the phone turning it up, and the ex-Sarge soon found himself back in the ETO again. This time in Austria and "The Emperor Waltz."

I could deliver a few thousand more words on similar situations, but I couldn't get away with it. As Bing reminds me, even after fifteen years I can still be erased. Besides, I'd never be able to get him into another pair of green shorts again.

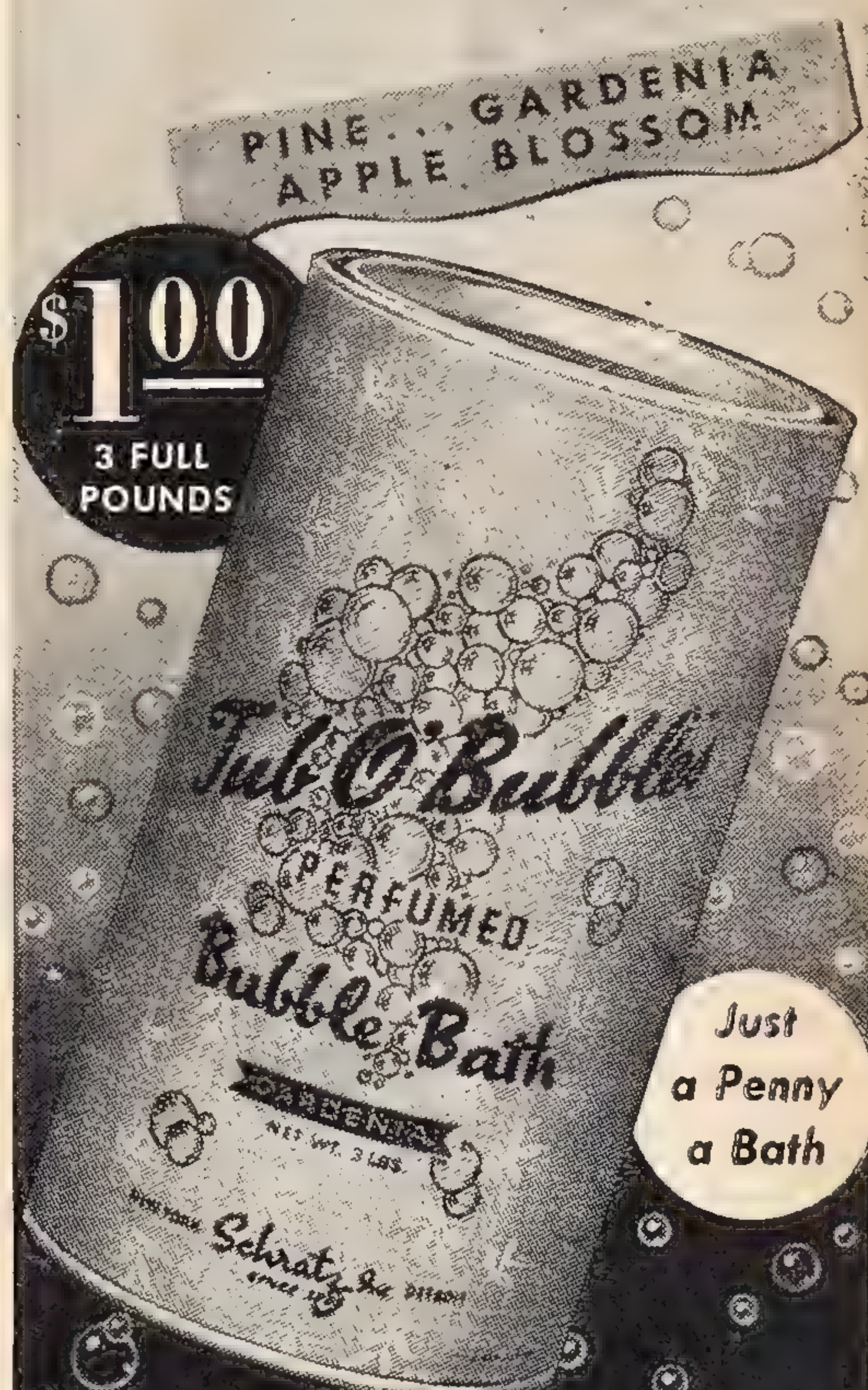
But you can quote me, here's one model who will never be passé. You may not see him in Esquire, but he's a cinch to be in vogue. For he measures up to the kind of All-American guy who'll always be in style. Your kind. My kind.

Pass me the ink, Pappy.
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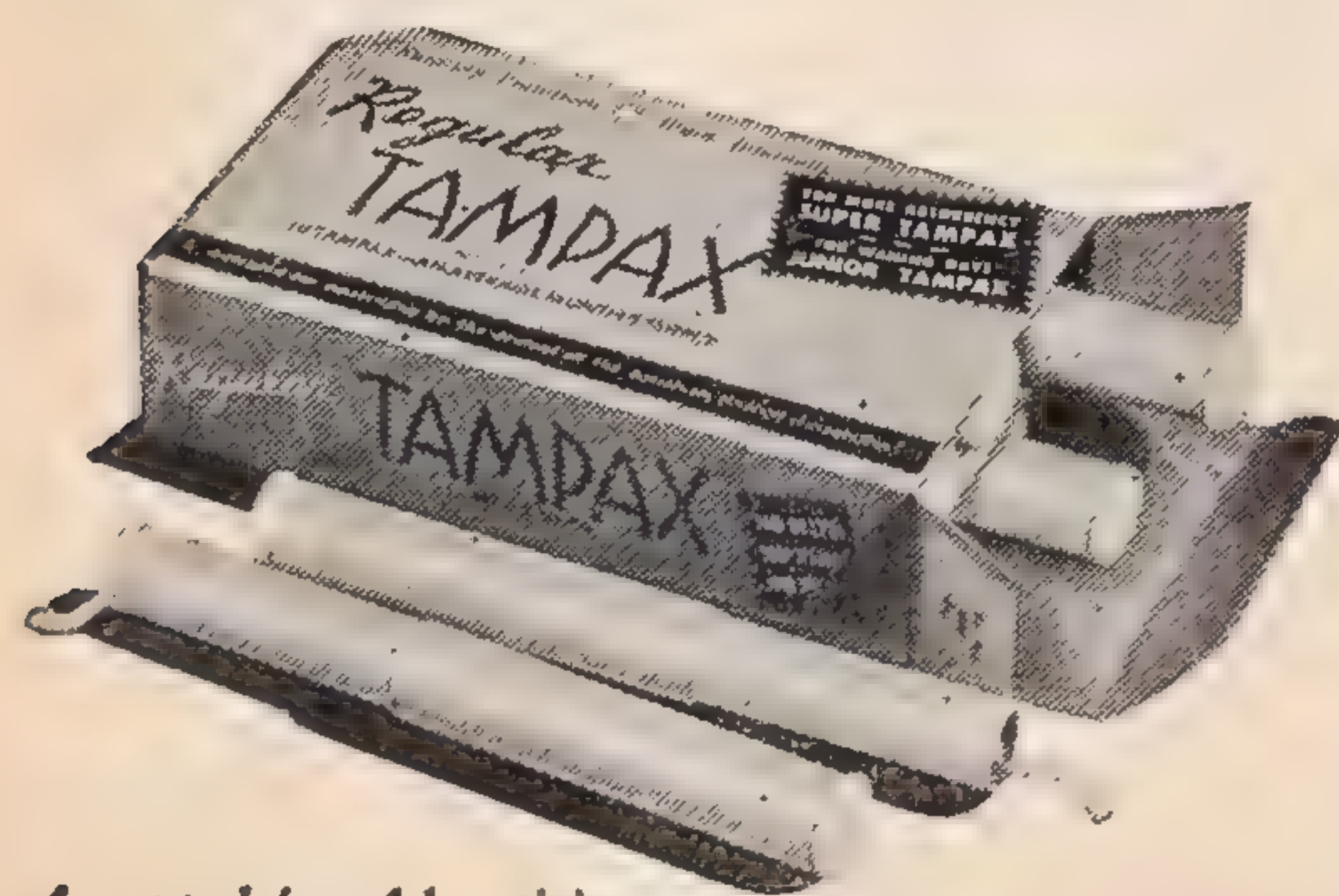
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Accepted for Advertising
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The Girl in The Outlaw

(Continued from page 37) carefully manicured, through her long bob which has about it something darkly electric. She studied her cigarette a minute. Then, with that complete direction of hers, which always comes as a surprise because in all my life I've never known another such beauty to be as direct, she said:

"I'm lazy. The only lazier person I know is my husband. He always says—when one of us is complaining about something we have to do—'Oh well, let's get some dough now while we can. Then when we're older we can lie in the sun on our backs.'"

For years I have numbered among my dearest friends the greatest and the less great stage and screen stars of Hollywood, New York, London and Paris. But never have I known one as separate and apart from her profession as Jane Russell. With most people there's something contagious about fame and the adulation and wealth it brings. Men and women, once having had it, want so much to hold it that, too often, they give their very lives up to it. Not Jane. And I venture to say, never Jane.

When I met Jane after "The Outlaw" was released and there was a great furor over it and her too, I said, "Do you know, you're not at all what I expected you to be. . . ."

"Well, I'm what I would expect me to be," she answered firmly.

SUSPENDED above the Hollywood hills today there's a colossal net with giant letters which spell "The Outlaw." Also along the boulevards there are tremendous posters—twenty-four sheets they call them—advertising this film with provocative pictures of Jane. So, naturally, the film colony is curious about her. Quite unwittingly, not at all with the dramatic intent of Garbo, she has become a mystery woman.

"Elsa," my Hollywood friends say, "tell us about Jane Russell."

I explain she was born in Bemidji, Minnesota, twenty-five years ago and is a native American because her mother, Geraldine Jacobi Russell, formerly a stage actress, crossed the border from Edmonton, Canada, so that her daughter would be born an American citizen.

I tell them she was named for Jane Cowl, the great stage star, and the only girl in a family of four boys, grew up on her parents' ranch as a tomboy.

I elaborate. I tell how her father, a business executive, died when she was a young girl and she and her brothers, while still in school, formed a family orchestra and played on club and lodge programs.

I remind my friends that Jane went to work as a dentist's receptionist upon being graduated from high school and came to the attention of the agent who recommended her to Howard Hughes through a tooth-paste advertisement for which she posed, thus supplementing her small salary.

Then I came to her love story. I tell how the entire time she was playing *Rio*, the sultry, half-breed girl in "The Outlaw," her heart and mind were first on Bob Waterfield, her high-school sweetheart. I tell how often the course of their intense young love didn't run smooth and how, when this happened, Jane was desperate and words of praise from Howard Hughes, millionaire producer, promising fame and fortune had no importance for her whatsoever.

My Hollywood friends listen patiently to this biographical chatter and then ask, puzzled, "But Elsa, what is she like as a person? Is she as beautiful off the screen? What does she want from life? What does she do with herself?" And, even more

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puzzled, they add, "Isn't her career really important to her? And how does she feel about her sensational advertising?"

It is easiest to describe Jane by quoting Bob Waterfield's teammates and the young crowd at "The Glen." She's a Good Joe.

"The Glen," according to Jane herself, "is a little joint out in Beverly Canyon where college kids and local football players go. It's run by an Irishman who went to high with a lot of us. You have to be yourself to get by out there. They don't go for any production. You just sit around and drink coke or beer maybe. There are juke boxes and the kids can play the piano. And sometimes there's a regular piano player around . . . It's fun to talk to the bartender too. He's quite a philosopher."

OCCASIONALLY the crowd at "The Glen" used to ask Jane about some star they'd seen in a recent picture. But no more. Jane never had met the star. And they're more interested in football anyway.

"All football players ever want to talk about is football," Jane says. "You know—whether we made the game and was it difficult? Stuff like that. But when you're around them you get to be as interested as they are. . . ."

"Last spring when my friend, Portia Nelson, and I were in Chicago, where I was making personal appearances, we got pretty weary of all the bored people we met—divorced men and bachelors, mostly, all of whom wanted to get married and all of whom dragged us to the Chez Paree. That may be all right once in a while if you like night clubs. I don't. Lots of times we said we had a date and went back to our hotel. We had a piano in our room and Portia helped me with my songs.

"Wait until the football crowd gets in," I used to tell Portia. "You'll be able to relax with them."

"Sometimes I thought I might be talking them up too much. But Portia liked them, same as I do.

"It's probably a good thing we had time to work on my songs before Robert came to see me, anyway. He always says, 'Just one thing, Jane—as long as you're doing it, make it good.' He can be hideously critical. So when he came backstage I didn't want to hear his sarcastic, 'That was terrific!'"

Portia's real name is Betty Mae. It was Jane, who nicknames many of her friends, always with names that have more validity and usually more formality than their own names, who first called her Portia. And it suits her well for she's an intelligent girl and articulate.

They met, Jane and Portia, when Jane made "The Young Widow." Speaking of this picture, Jane says typically, "I couldn't have been with Bob at that time anyway. He was in training and wives aren't allowed at camp."

Portia, who plays, sings and composes, was the director's secretary and always, as soon as the company was through with a scene, she and Jane would run to the studio rehearsal room where she would play and literally make Jane sing.

"It's a good thing she did, too," Jane says. "Because now on personal appearances at least I do something. When they send you out they assure you all you have to do is dress up and get out on the stage and say how glad you are to be there, and how much you like that particular city. But do this and you feel like a big jerk.

"I'm not too good. Sometimes I came off stage—where Portia waited in the wings—doing this . . ." She ran her hand down her face in mock chagrin.

Jane didn't want to make that tour. Five shows a day, seven days a week, for eight weeks, when you have no great drive

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or ambition is very hard work.

"But once she let herself in for it," according to Portia, "she tried hard."

Bob Waterfield was in Chicago with Jane for their third wedding anniversary. They celebrated by buying Jane, who was married with the topaz ring Bob had given her the previous Christmas, a very wide gold wedding ring and a bracelet to match. The bracelet is monogrammed jWr. Above all, even in little ways, she is Mrs. Robert Waterfield, wife of a star player with the Cleveland Rams who later on plans to become a coach.

Because Bob had to go on ahead with his team Jane and Portia came home alone. In Springfield, Illinois, they picked up the new four-door, two-tone gray Packard sedan which also celebrated the Waterfield anniversary. They left Springfield one Sunday morning early and, driving day and night, with four-hour shifts at the wheel and sleeping in the back seat, arrived in Los Angeles at 2 A. M. Tuesday morning.

"We traveled the way Bob and I travel," Jane explains. "No stopping over. When you're headed for home you want to get there."

Jane frequently has been called domestic. Nothing could be further from the truth. She and Bob are great homebodies. But there it ends. Neither likes the work true domesticity entails.

"It's fun to get dinner with Robert sometimes," Jane says, "but I wouldn't want to prepare meals and wash dishes three times a day. And cleaning and dusting—stuff like that—I hate."

"Frances, Robert's mother, spoils me, I guess. She's the kind who goes ahead and gets things done before you know it. Often she has the dinner dishes finished before I even get up from the table. That makes me feel like a big chintz..."

"What is a big chintz?" I inquired, feeling more than slightly dated.

She smiled. "A chintz is a guy who asks the waiter to break a nickel and leaves two cents and takes back three."

WHEN building restrictions are less limited Bob and Jane will break ground for their own home. Already they've bought their land, on a high knoll overlooking the Valley.

"Frances will be glad, too, I imagine," Jane says. "Crowds of people make her nervous and Robert and I have the gang in a lot. We'd much rather do that than go out."

"We're not going to have too big a place. And there won't be any neighbors. For if you walk too far from our house you'll fall off the cliff. We even have to plan our swimming pool for a second tier."

"We'll put in a few flowers and a small lawn—after that we're planting ivy, which doesn't require gardening. You have to think of things like that when you're as lazy as we are."

It is going to be a simple house with living room, den, two bedrooms, kitchen, maid's room, work room and three baths. That side of the house which overlooks the Valley is to be all windows. The dining room will be an alcove one step higher than the living room and face a tremendous fireplace set in a stone pit with seats upholstered in buckskin, "sturdy yet not as cold as smooth leather," on either side.

Jane, who would have studied interior decorating if she hadn't gone to work as dentist's receptionist and photographer's model to help her family's fortunes, says, "I want heavy pieces, carved chairs and tables and a few well-selected antiques. In the playroom there's to be *nothing* that can be hurt—a stone floor and even mugs of stone or something as durable.

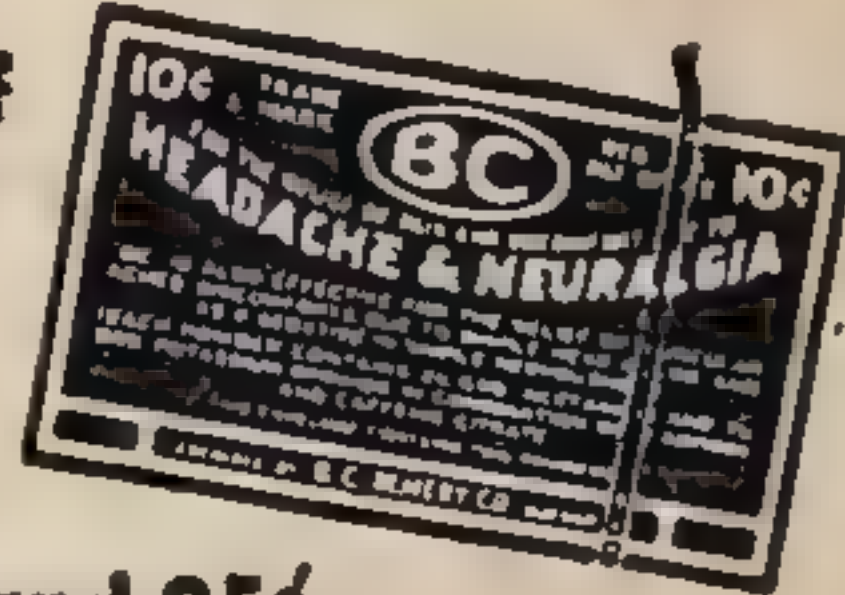
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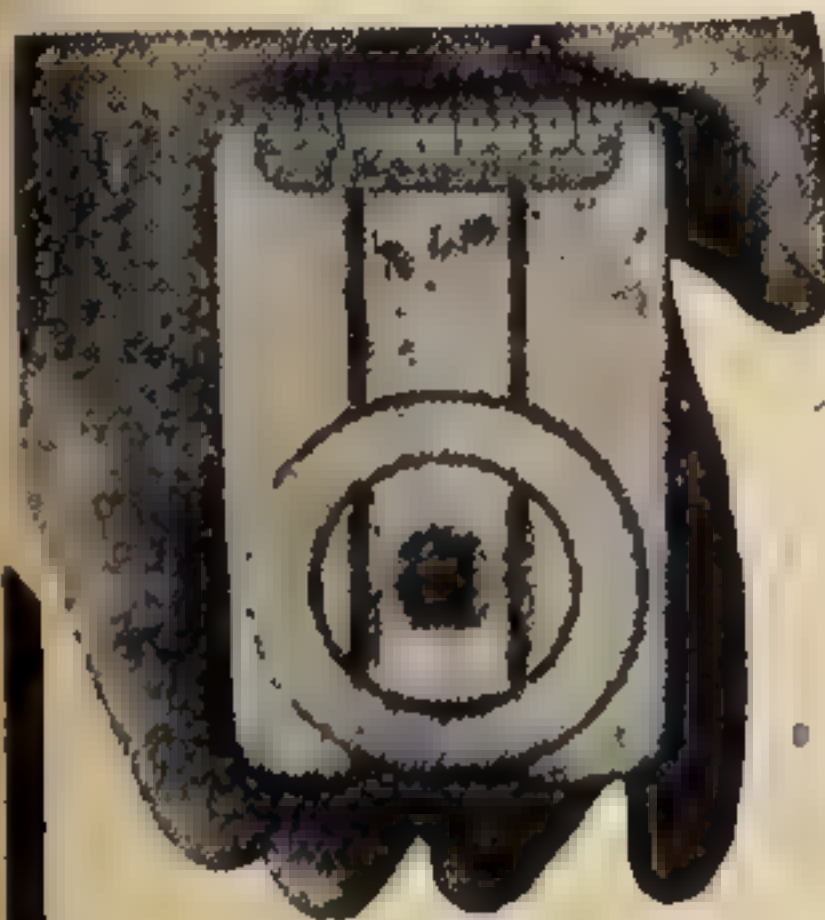
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so I can have fun with upholstery and woodwork. Upholstery I studied at night school and I really can do things."

Her face brightens when she talks of her mother and brothers.

"When Mom sold our ranch," she explains. "she held out two acres; enough to give building lots to Wally, Ken and Jamie. We all figure Tom, who's still in Germany, will stay with Mom. But just in case he marries and fools us Mom's building a wing on the house where she can live without getting in anybody's hair.

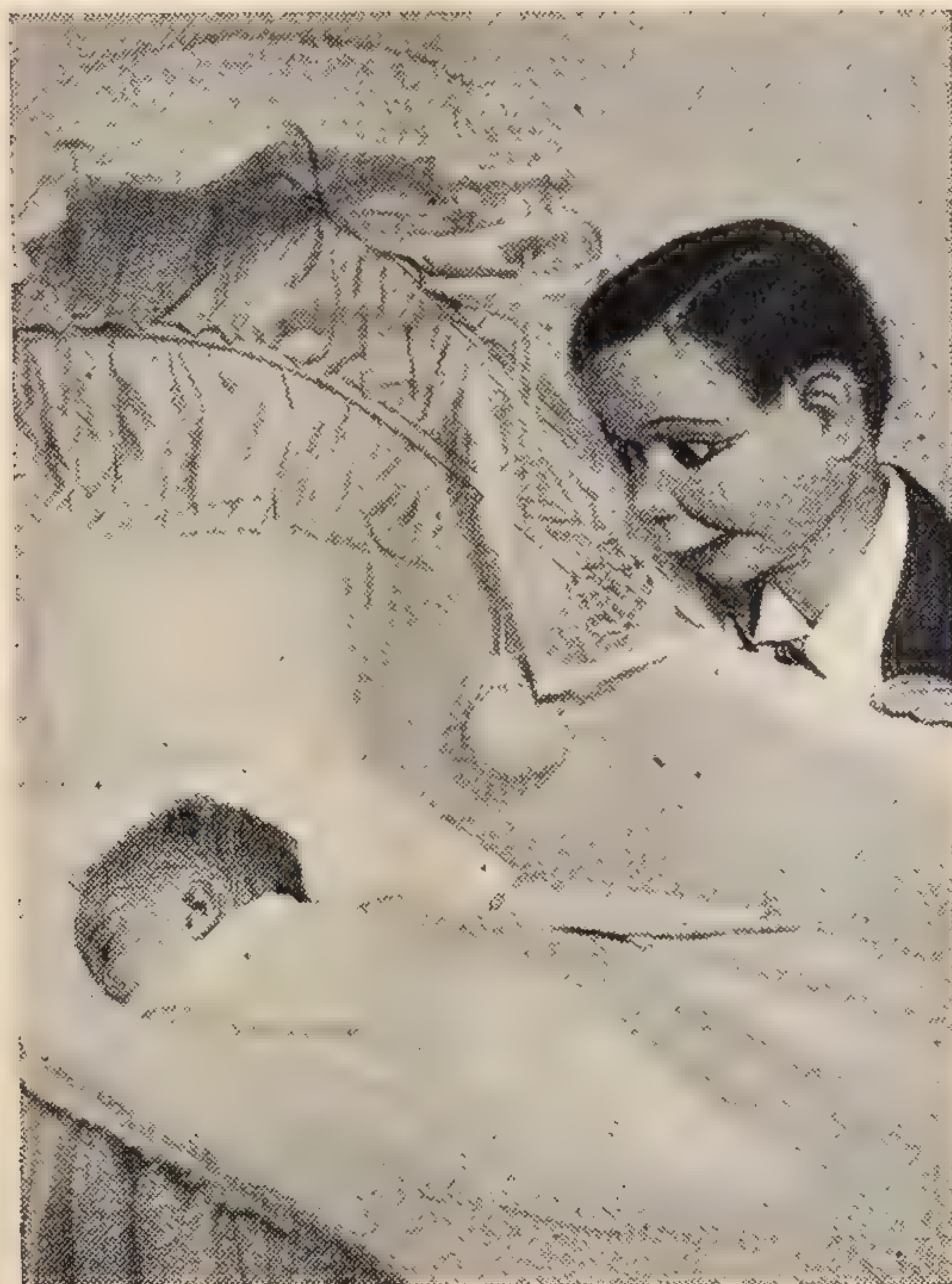
"Ken, who's out of service, is married. He and his wife both are going back to school. So don't ask me how they're going to build a house and buy a car. But they'll manage. Ken's always been the money-maker in the family. When he was in the Navy he wrote Mom for pictures of me that he could sell aboard ship.

"Wally's still in high and Janie, who's just a kid, but huge, is in the Merchant Marine. He's spunky too. The other day he complained that he was tired of sitting around. So they made him a boatswain and he shipped out of San Diego in command of a lot of older men. He called Mom up and said, 'Hey, pray for me, will you. So I don't flunk.'"

When I asked how Bob reacts to the sensationalism that has colored her advertising, her face clouded. "He complains sometimes. But I always say, 'Oh, that again!' He knows I can't help it. And most of it really isn't any worse than the stuff you see on calendars. As for the picture itself, there's one shot I don't like—where I lean over the bed. It's ridiculous. It makes me uncomfortable and it must make audiences uncomfortable too."

The Waterfields however have little time to fret over problems beyond their control. When Bob isn't playing football he likes to hunt deer and doves. Jane aims at tin cans. There are days on the beach, and there are fishing trips. Jane, loathing fishing, never goes in the boat. During the hours it's away she sits on a rock and dreams . . . not of new glories, not of ermine or orchids, not of the flash bulbs of photographers—but of the house she and Bob will build in the Valley. For it must be a good house; one that later on will run smoothly on the income she and Bob will have as they lie on their backs in the sun and there are little Waterfields to be educated and fed. Jane hopes there will be three. An ideal American family.

THE END



Competition in the crib: Charlie McCarthy looks at Candice, Edgar Bergen's new baby

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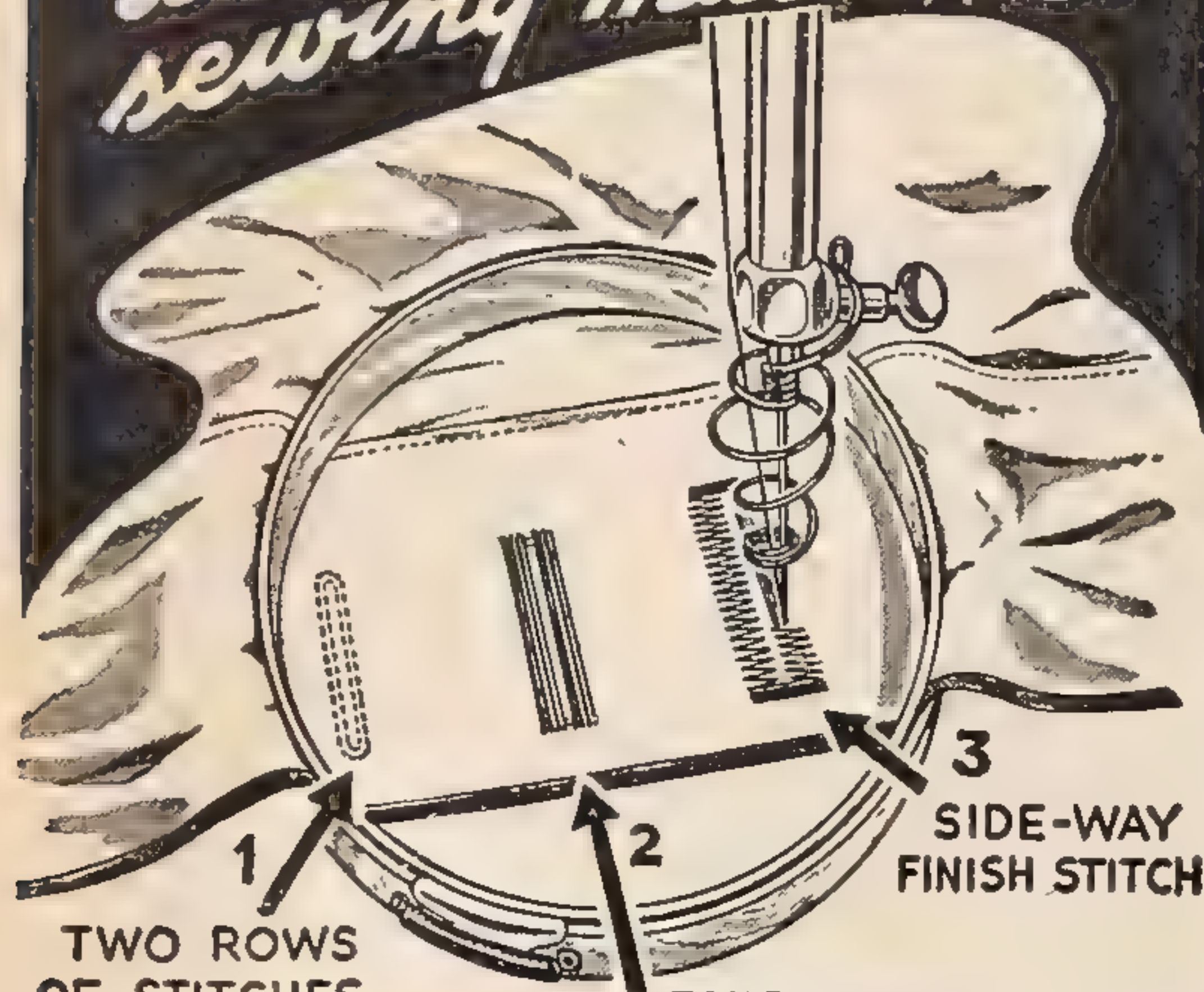
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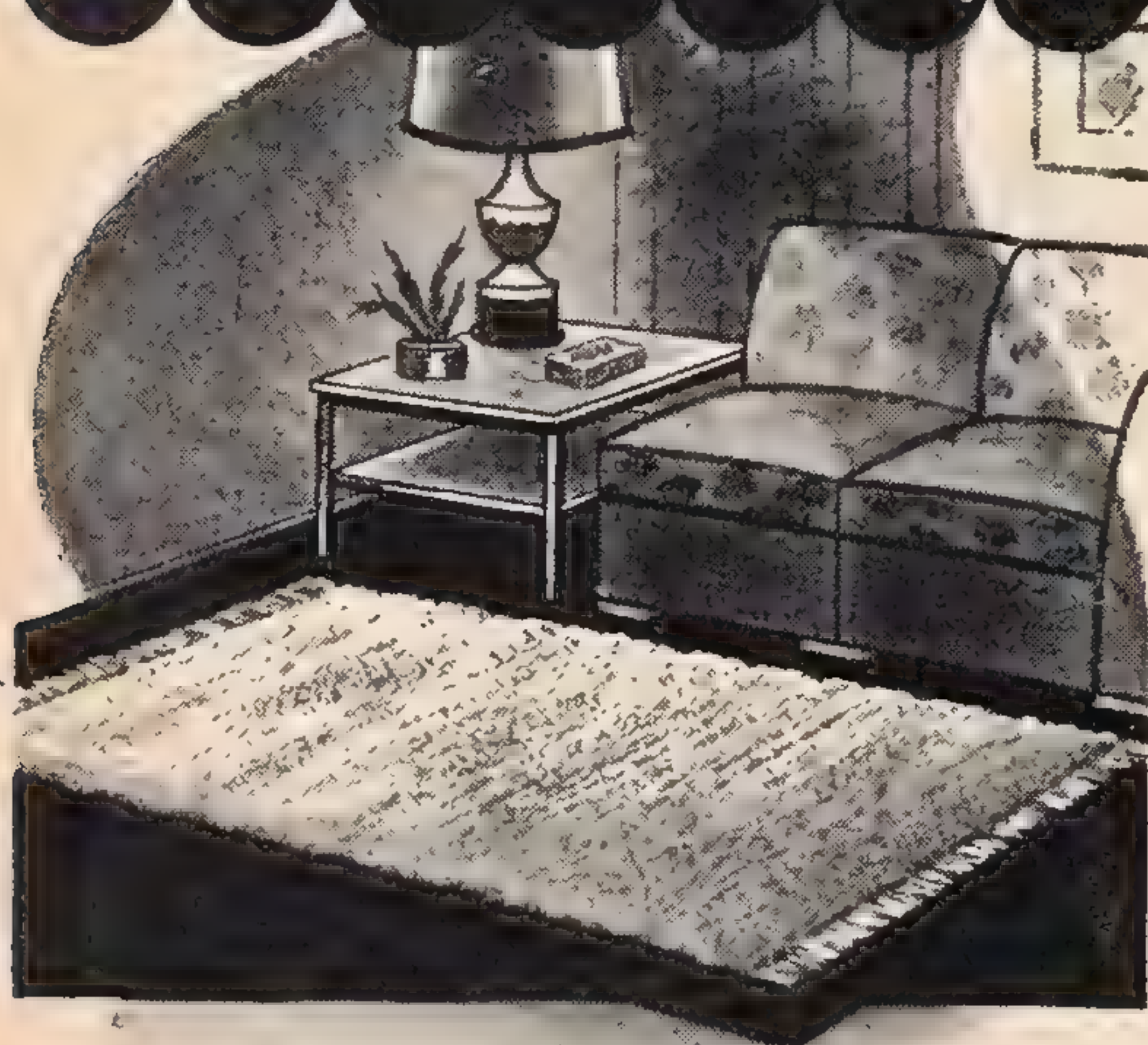
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Ladd Adds Up

(Continued from page 41) Springs the night they first met. Kay beat Alan and accepted a sizable check from him in consequence. Now Alan Ladd is a boy who doesn't like to be beaten at anything. It wasn't the money and it had nothing to do with always wanting to be best. But a challenge is a challenge. So he asked Kay to play a return match when they returned to town. The Kysers came over one evening and Kay beat Alan even worse than before.

The Ladds and the Kysers have been keeping up the social score ever since. "When Alan and Sue first meet you they're shy and watchful," Kay explains. "After that you either don't see much of them again, or they like you and loosen up like a stack of chips in an earthquake. But Alan has never beat me in gin rummy. It's become an obsession with him. I call him my Number One Pigeon."

And with that you leave Kay for there are several people you must see if you are to get the full measure of Alan Ladd. His former teacher, Mrs. Gray; Irving Pichel, who has directed many Ladd pictures and, of course, Sue Ladd.

YOU find the Ladds at home, at ten in the morning. This is the large brick house just off Los Feliz Boulevard that Sue has had for years and which they are keeping until Alan can complete his new one.

There is a hum of activity throughout the house. That clatter from the kitchen area is Georgia, the cook, in her Florida mood. The pork roast is too small for last-minute company. The high, clear child's voice from the nursery wing is Alana who, having put her doll to bed with phonograph music, has found a chocolate and consumed it—what she did not leave in her eyebrows—without asking permission. Her nurse, Kathleen, cannot justify this behavior in the slightest—I didn't!... Oh, yes you did!... I didn't! I d-i-i-i-dn't!

A slim, brown-haired girl of about twenty-five comes trotting into the room where you are waiting. She is crying. She observes you, gasps, blows her nose, turns and runs out again. This is one of the four girl secretaries who answer Alan's volcano-flow of fan mail; and she has just this minute told a hopeful chap she wouldn't marry him—over long distance. Feminine voices sound from the hall, one consoling. After a moment Sue Ladd comes in, dressed in a stunning black housecoat with great silver initials meandering down from shoulder to waist. Her big brown eyes are warm with tears. The secretary's crisis has been shared. A maid brings coffee.

At the beginning of your second cup there are fast light steps on the stairs and Alan comes in. He's going to the ranch so he's wearing loafers and white sweat socks and suntans that are glove-tight on a hipless figure. His shoulders are crowded somehow into a sport shirt faultlessly cut by a famous shirtmaker out of common white terry cloth. He is the color of good luggage, the top of his hair is bleached almost white by the sun, and your immediate thought is that no camera ever made could do him justice.

Your next thought is that he is wearing a gun. You point at it. "That's if I want to do a little shooting at the ranch," he says. "Just got the permit today."

"Indians or wolves?"

"Snakes." He puts on a grim look.

Sue laughs. "He never killed a thing in his life. Every animal on the place is a pet already. They're all going to multiply endlessly and Alan will give them names and there'll be no place for any of us."

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For a while you talk houses—the Ladd's current problem of the plot of land covered with lumber and equipment upon which building of the new house was just about to start when Alan suddenly looked at the plans and decided they were no good. Whom to hire to make the revision? And where to get pipe for the ranch pasture?

Alan stands up finally, gives Sue a kiss on the forehead and takes off. It is now nearly lunch time anyway so you and Sue decide to grab a quick sandwich in the amusing little breakfast room. Alana comes down and wants to sit at the table too, and does, looking like a miniature Alan Ladd with soft blonde curls and thoughtful eyes and an outthrust lower lip.

SUE begins to talk, lazily but with deep insight and with a studied attempt at detachment. This is a courageous effort, because she is obviously so achingly in love with him that she would just like to croon praise. "People say success hasn't changed him," she begins. "Ah, but it has. When I first met Alan he was an essentially unhappy guy, tense and nervous and often miserable. He'd had a pretty rotten time of it, you know. He's still nervous, but controlled—and he's developing a better sense of humor than ever."

"He's still mercurial, but I like that. You can't pin him down to dates, although when he has to, he's punctual."

"He lives on impulse. He has a dozen ideas for enterprises, business deals—and those inventions he dreams up, some of them darned good—he's completely impatient about getting them finished, and once they're done he's bored. Something else has to be started. He won't let this house alone, for instance, which is silly because we're going to sell it in a few months. But what can you do? He keeps saying, 'We oughta relax,' and all the while he's charging up and down the room, pacing like a tiger." Sue, a soft, inherently relaxed person, talks for a time about his being too sensitive for his own good—not asking for passes when he was in the Army for fear people would think he was trading on his name. His love of a good argument, and the several times it has got him into trouble. His insistence on details being perfect, but his dislike of bothering about them himself. His easy-going disposition high-lighted by sudden bursts of temper: As when he darkened his hair for the role of Raven in "This Gun for Hire" and afterwards the studio insisted that he keep his hair dark. "Blond men don't go over in pictures," they said. But he said simply that if he had to go through life dyeing his hair he'd rather skip the whole thing.

She mentions his instinctive good taste, his really amazing understanding of others' problems, and she laughs softly as she speaks of Alan's delight when as a Father's Day surprise she told him that December will bring a new little Ladd—a boy they hope! You watch her and you have a sudden conviction that she is a genuinely happy woman. You tell her this and she looks at you wonderingly for a moment. Then she makes a little gesture at Alan's photograph. "Why wouldn't I be?"

You have already noticed the inscription on that portrait. It reads, "For my wife, from whom I will never be apart, come what may. I love you terribly. Alan."

Reluctantly you leave Sue for your next stop which is a big stucco building on Beverly Boulevard with a neon sign on it: The Dicksboro. You park around the corner and go in, and even before you ask at the desk you know the gray-haired woman with the perky hat over there on that lobby sofa is Mrs. Gray who taught dramatics, probably, with English and history on the side. She has the commanding eye for it, and the voice. She taught all

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three to Alan, when he was very young and still a student at North Hollywood High. Usually there is nothing duller than to talk to an ex-teacher of a current movie star, but Mrs. Gray is special because she has stepped out of the role of mentor and into that of close personal friend to Alan.

This happened because, several years ago, someone mentioned that young Alan Ladd was working as a grip in a studio. For reasons to be apparent later, Mrs. Gray got pretty upset when she heard that. She sat down and for the first time (and the last) wrote a letter to an ex-pupil. In it she bawled him out for wasting what she considered a genuine talent, and shouted courage. The letter worked. Later, when "This Gun for Hire" was released, Alan called at her school and asked her to the studio. Since then she's been like a favorite aunt to the whole Ladd family.

Mrs. Gray's concise, edited sentences tell you a remarkable number of things about Alan: That when she first met him (in the ninth grade) he was already a personage, that his was one of those intelligent responses that gladdens a teacher's heart. That he was a scrapper. That he joined her Shakespeare group and excelled in it. She'll tell you how she dropped in on a dance one night, and saw Alan and a tall blonde walk away with the dance contest and win their fourth cup in a row.

SHE cast him as Koko in the Mikado, too, after she had discovered that light baritone of his. And she learned about his family set-up; how his stepfather, a painter, was ill so much that Alan had to leave school periodically to wash cars and carry a paper route and do other odd jobs—not for spending money but because otherwise there wouldn't be food on the table at home. Apparently there wasn't always enough, as it was, because although Alan was hard as nails and the school's swimming instructor, he developed in those years a troublesome stomach that is still with him and which was even the cause for his leaving the Army.

"It was nothing but short rations," Mrs. Gray will tell you. "I asked him recently why he never let any of us at school know about conditions at home. He said simply, 'I couldn't do that.' And of course he couldn't."

You will yet want to have a word with Irving Pichel (who has directed several of Alan's pictures including his latest, "O.S.S.") and with some of the people who have worked on his sets. What they tell you about Alan is not new, although nonetheless sincere. They say he is fun to work with, painstaking, thoughtful; that, since he has become so popular, he has worked harder than before instead of falling off a little, that he really is one darn good actor.

Adding him up, finally, one picture of him sticks in your mind above the others. He is on a hospital tour, and after one show before an assembly of patients, during which he suffers his usual agonies of shyness and really contributes very little, he asks if he might just move from bed to bed, chatting with the fellows individually. And as he does this his poise returns and he is at his best. The hours go by, and the rest of the troupe, having completed its three shows for the day, leave for the hotel for dinner. But Alan stays on, and only when they close the wards does he catch a cab and make the hotel.

The troupe manager meets him in the lobby. "You can't keep this up," he tells Alan. "You'll beat yourself out."

And Alan says, "Are you kidding? That's the only way I can give them anything. So that's the way I'm going to do it."

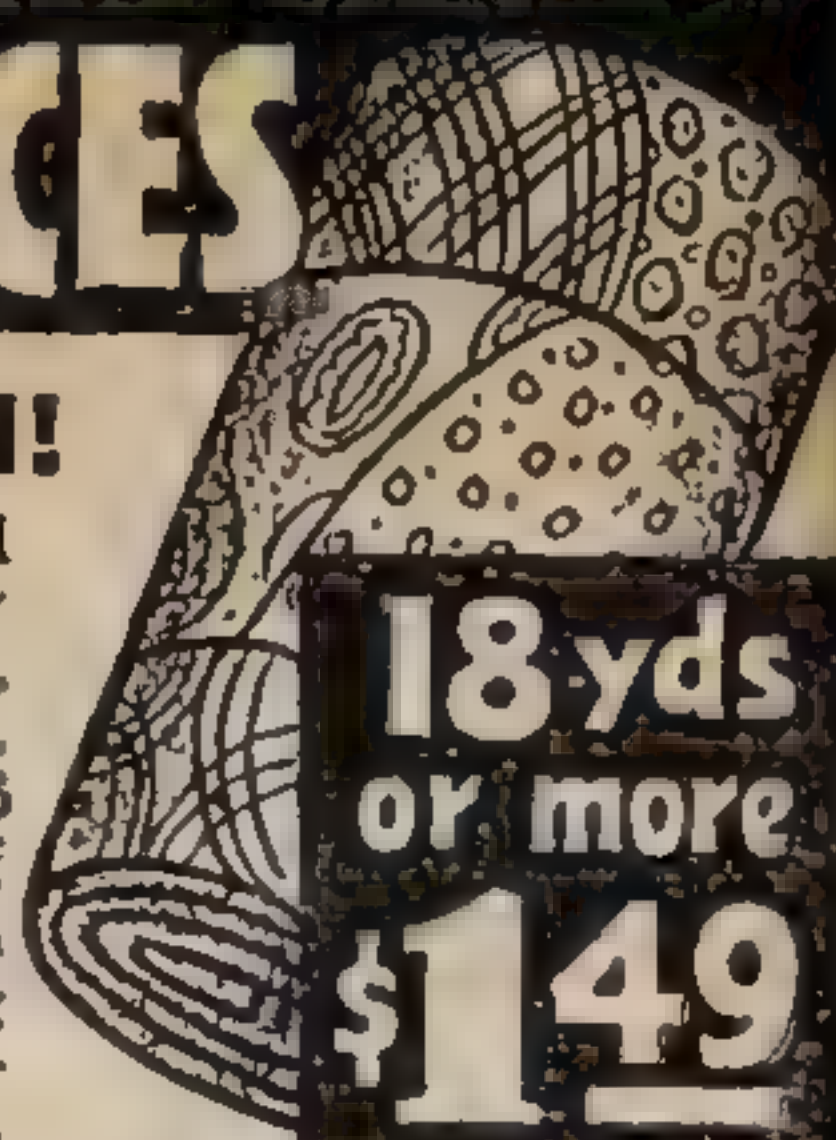
Being Alan Ladd, that's the way he does it.

THE END

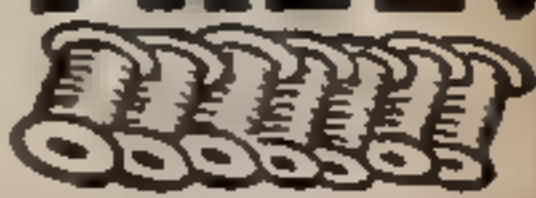
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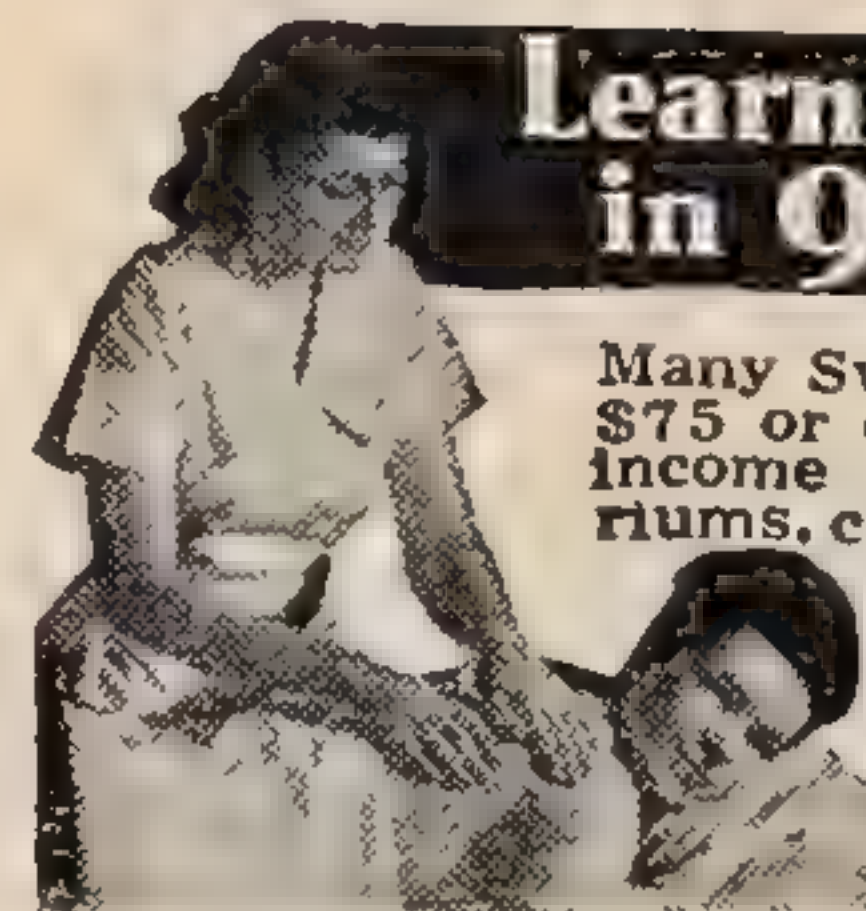
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 26)

✓✓ From This Day Forward (RKO)

A FEW adroit tricks up the director's sleeve turns this average story of the trials and tribulations of marriage into a picture with a punch.

Joan Fontaine and Mark Stevens take a look at Joan's sister's married life, complete with scrubbing brush, children and frustration, get scared, get courage and get married anyway. The old pattern sets in: Mark loses his job, the pennies get a pinching, despair starts looking in the window. Then comes the war, merely an interlude in the film, and the aftermath which brings a new chance.

Joan Fontaine does an excellent job of turning herself into part of the ordinary flotsam and jetsam. Mark Stevens is an arresting newcomer in a quiet way. But what holds the picture together is the characterizations by Joan's film family. Each of them (Henry Morgan, Wally Brown, Rosemary De Camp, Queenie Smith, Arline Judge, Renny McEvoy, Bobby Driscoll and Mary Treen) offers a performance of artistic precision; the whole is a picture that belongs in a prominent place on your movie calendar.

Your Reviewer Says: Let's go!

✓ Two Guys from Milwaukee (Warners)

THIS one you can take or let strictly alone, depending on how fond you are of the team of Morgan and Carson. It is a harmless little offering in which Dennis Morgan plays a visiting Balkan prince who decides to see America straight as a guy from Milwaukee. He exchanges some formal receptions on velvet carpets for a pick-up pal, Jack Carson, also from Milwaukee, a date with Jack's Joan Leslie and a few enlightening glimpses of the side of New York one does not see from the royal suite at the Waldorf.

The date with Joan offers the complications, rather torturous ones, that wind up in an ambitious climax that leaves the audience feeling that this could never happen here anyway, so what's the difference? Carson and Morgan, Joan and Janis Paige all play around together with a wealth of good feeling; S. Z. Sakall as Count Oswald is certainly worth his weight in gold.

Your Reviewer Says: No ill feelings.

✓ Little Mr. Jim (M-G-M)

JACKIE JENKINS'S freckles and histrionic ability make this a movie worth your time. As the small son of Army Captain James Craig and wife Frances Gifford, he gets black eyes, teases little girls and endears himself to his audience.

This is a story that might easily have become maudlin but, to its great credit, never does. The major event in Jackie's life is a new minor—a promised baby that he discovers has great bartering value among the female juvenile crowd. But instead of the new baby, he finds that his mother has gone away, never to return; that his father has turned into a strange remote person; that his one bulwark is the Chinese servant, played with a perfected touch by Chingwah Lee.

It is a pleasant "homey" film that evolves into a storybook ending too good to be true, but no one's going to complain. In fact, everyone will be happy about the whole thing.

Your Reviewer Says: A pigtailed paradise.

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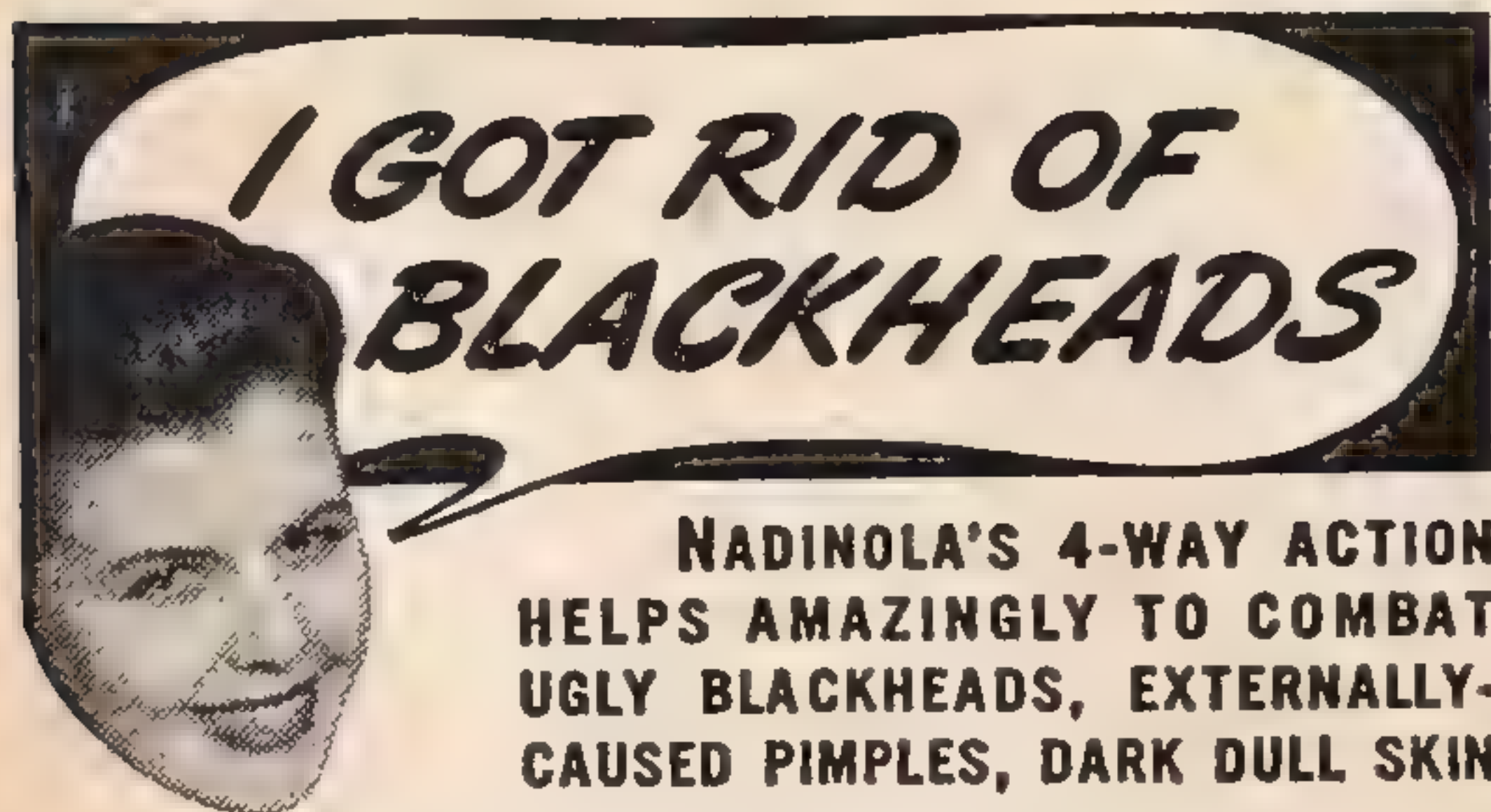
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Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated
"outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated
"very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated
"good" when reviewed

✓✓✓ **ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM**—20th Century-Fox: An unusual, fairylike story of an Englishwoman who becomes an intrinsic part of the fabulous Siamese court of the Nineteenth Century. Irene Dunne plays the schoolteacher who comes to the palace of the King of Siam to teach his harem and his children the ways of the outside world, and Rex Harrison turns in a fine performance as the King. (Aug.)

✓✓ **AVALANCHE**—PRC: Bruce Cabot, sleuth from the Treasury Department, arrives at a ski lodge to discover the gaps in the income tax of a gambler. Then snow slides lock in the guests at the lodge and murder begins. It should have been more exciting, but the creditable cast, including Roscoe Karns, Helen Mowery and Veda Ann Borg, do their best. (Aug.)

BEHIND THE MASK—Monogram: Another of the *Shadow* series, with Kane Richmond as the playboy detective who, with his fiancée Barbara Reed, is out to find the killer of a blackmailing columnist. Why the ubiquitous *Shadow* succeeds in baffling police and criminals alike is beyond us. George Chandler and Dorothea Kent serve to confuse the issue with their shenanigans. (July)

✓✓ **BRIDE WORE BOOTS, THE**—Paramount: A slapstick comedy that's supposed to be very funny, but unfortunately not even the expert presence of Robert Cummings, Barbara Stanwyck and Diana Lynn can make sense out of this silly story. Barbara loves horses, husband Cummings doesn't and their quarrels lead to a divorce over Diana Lynn, a Southern siren who tries to get Bob for herself. (June)

✓✓ **CLUNY BROWN**—20th Century-Fox: An absolute lamb of a movie, with Jennifer delightful as the housemaid with a flair for plumbing who goes to work in the English home of Reginald Owen. Charles Boyer is the refugee with a humorous disdain for England's caste system, Richard Haydn will kill you with his portrayal of the village chemist, and Peter Lawford is Owen's son in love with Helen Walker. (Aug.)

✓✓ **DARK CORNER, THE**—20th Century-Fox: This doesn't make a lot of sense, but it's so filled with suspense and good acting that you really won't care much who kills whom or why. Mark Stevens as the "private eye" makes a sure bid for stardom, Lucille Ball is so right as his secretary, Clifton Webb is sophisticated as the art dealer jealous of Kurt Kreuger and William Bendix is excellent as Webb's dumb gunsel. (July)

✓✓ **DEVOTION**—Warners: This brings to the screen the touching story of the four famous Brontes, Charlotte (Olivia de Havilland) who wrote "Jane Eyre," tragic Emily (Ida Lupino) author of "Wuthering Heights," the poetess Ann, played by Nancy Coleman and drunken painter Bramwell, Arthur Kennedy. Paul Henreid is the curate whom both Ida and Olivia love, but his Viennese accent seems a little out of place in a Yorkshire village. (June)

✓✓ **DO YOU LOVE ME**—20th Century-Fox: If you belong to the swooner set, the answer to the picture's title is yes, as it has Harry James's hot trumpet and Dick Haymes's singing. The fragile plot deals with the metamorphosis of Maureen O'Hara from the dignified dean of a school of classical music into a glamour girl who'll knock your eyes out. With Reginald Gardiner. (Aug.)

✓✓ **DRAGONWYCK**—20th Century-Fox: Strong melodrama, with Vincent Price as the aristocratic owner of Dragonwyck, a house of hate. Innocent country girl Gene Tierney comes to the house as companion to the young unloved daughter and remains to fall in love with Price. When his wife dies, the two marry, and then sinister developments result. Glenn Langan is the doctor who also loves Gene. (May)

✓✓ **EASY TO WED**—M-G-M: Van Johnson sings, dances, makes love and even shoots ducks in this delightful comedy that begins when Van agrees to help Keenan Wynn out of a libel suit by making love to Esther Williams, the beauty who's suing. Lucille Ball is Keenan's girl friend and Cecil Kellaway is Esther's father whom Van tries to impress by his shooting. (July)

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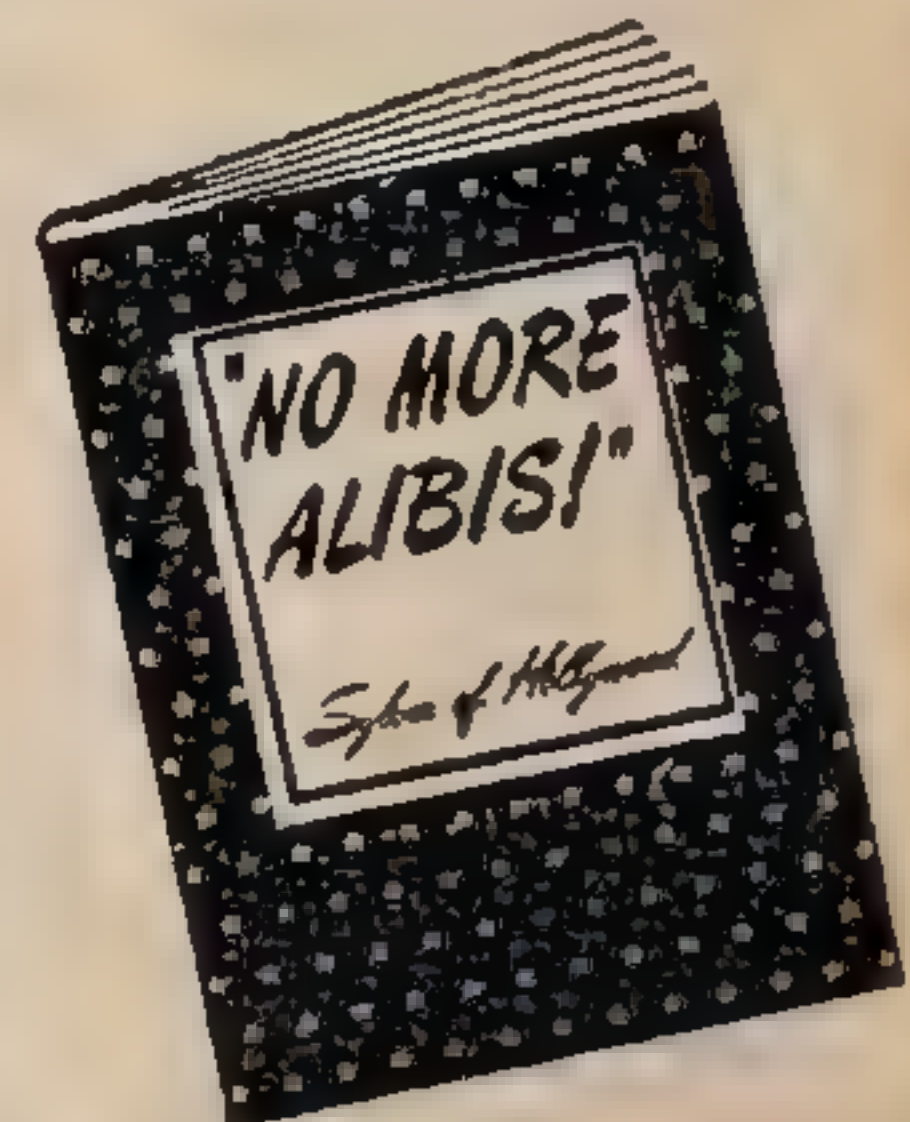
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✓✓**GILDA**—Columbia: Embittered gambler Glenn Ford goes to work for George Macready in his South American gambling casino and the two become fast friends. Then Macready returns from a trip with a new wife, Rita Hayworth, the girl whom Glenn loves. The exciting melodrama then moves through a maze of German cartels, Argentine police and jealous lovers. You'll be fascinated by it all. (May)

✓✓**GREEN YEARS, THE**—M-G-M: A long and lavish dramatization of the A. J. Cronin novel about a middle-class Scotch family that is forced to raise a young Irish grandson. Charles Coburn, as the great grandfather, has the role of the year; Tom Drake is the Irish lad, and Dean Stockwell, Hume Cronyn and Beverly Tyler all contribute some fine acting. (July)

HEARTBEAT—RKO: Jean Pierre Aumont should have picked a better picture than this weak and unbelievable one to mark his return to the screen. Ginger Rogers is the reform-school graduate who takes up professional thievery, is dressed as a debutante by Adolphe Menjou in order to lure diplomat Aumont, who of course is completely taken in and falls in love with her until he learns her past. (June)

✓**HER KIND OF MAN**—Warners: The possibilities for A-1 entertainment are here, but somehow it doesn't completely come off. Zachary Scott, for no good reason that we could see, inspires a terrific love in Janis Paige who is led by it into all sorts of turmoil. Dane Clark is the Broadway columnist who loves her despite everything, and George Tobias and Faye Emerson don't seem to know exactly why they're in the picture. (July)

✓**HOODLUM SAINT, THE**—M-G-M: Hokumy as all get out, still sure-fire performances of William Powell and Esther Williams will do much to hold your interest. Powell is the aggressive newspaperman who becomes a millionaire, and Esther is the girl who turns him down because of his lack of idealism. Angela Lansbury is a torch singer and you'll also see James Gleason and Rags Ragland. (May)

✓**JUNIOR PROM**—Monogram: A catchy musical dealing with teen-age intrigue over the election of a high-school student-body president, with the students campaigning with jive music for their favorites. The revue stars Freddie Stewart, June Preisser, Judy Clark and Frankie Darro and features the swing music of Eddie Heywood and Abe Lyman. (May)

✓✓**KID FROM BROOKLYN, THE**—Goldwyn-RKO: Danny Kaye will have you rolling in the aisles with mirth in this zany comedy of a shy milkman who by a fluke becomes a prize fighter and almost knocks himself out with his own importance. Walter Abel is hilarious as the conniving fight manager, Virginia Mayo is so beautiful as Danny's girl, Vera Ellen's dance routines are standouts, but it's all Danny's picture. (June)

✓✓**MAKE MINE MUSIC**—Disney-RKO: You'll love this rare combination of music, mirth, fantasy and whimsy all done in Walt Disney's top-form style. The ten-part offering, with music and drawing, has no story but is the best screen vaudeville show in a long time. The songs are illustrated with cartoon characters or scenic drawings that tend to heighten every emotional value of the music. (Aug.)

✓✓**NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN**—Rank-Universal: An intelligent, honest British picture, although rather long and involved. Rex Harrison gives a superb performance as the rascally son of an English gentleman who swaggers his way through one trouble after another until he marries Lilli Palmer for her money and then breaks her heart by romancing with his father's secretary, Margaret Johnston. (June)

✓**OUR HEARTS WERE GROWING UP**—Paramount: Diana Lynn and Gail Russell are at it again as charming finishing-school winsomes of the early twenties. In order to further their romances with Bill Edwards and James Brown, the girls induce bootlegger Brian Donlevy to pretend he's their chaperoning uncle, and a series of hilarious trials and errors results. (July)

✓✓**POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE, THE**—M-G-M: Not a pretty tale, but this gripping drama of love and murder in the lives of three undesirable people packs a mean wallop. John Garfield is the hitch-hiker who falls for Lana Turner and plots with her the murder of her husband, Cecil Kellaway, owner of a roadside cafe. But the love of John and Lana soon borders on hate and revenge. (June)

✓**SCANDAL IN PARIS, A**—Pressburger-UA: George Sanders is at his dashing best as the colorful French rogue, Vidocq, who, with his villainous pal, Akim Tamiroff, wind their ways through various colorful misadventures including stealing Carole Landis's ruby garter and planning to rob the Bank of Paris. Then love in the form of Signe Hasso touches the devastating George. It's entertaining and sophisticated. (Aug.)

✓**SEARCHING WIND, THE**—Paramount: This rustles the history-book pages of events in Europe that led to World War II and comes up with nothing we didn't know already. Ponderously it tells how Robert Young as an American diplomat shilly-shallied between diplomacy and truth and lost his love, Sylvia Sydney, because of it. Dudley Digges as the grandfather provides the only lively moments. (Aug.)

✓✓**SMOOTH AS SILK**—Universal: Packed with surprises and suspense, this is one of the slickest, most convincing mystery yarns to hit the screen in many a murder. When actress Virginia Grey double-crosses criminal lawyer Kent Taylor, who loves her, by becoming engaged to stage producer John Litel,



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How Dorothy Mullins Made Herself Over



Dorothy Mullins' Measurements			
	Before	After	Change
Height	5'	5'1/2"	+1/2"
Weight	215 lbs.	128 lbs.	-87 lbs.
Bust	44"	36"	-8"
Waist	37"	28"	-9"
Abdomen	45"	33"	-12"
Hips	49"	35"	-14"

is dawning on me that my life's dream is coming true. It's as if a new world had opened for me. Never, never can I thank you enough."

Of course, the case of Dorothy Mullins is unusual. Few women need to lose 87 pounds. But her achievement offers convincing

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Taylor murders him and his well-planned alibi throws suspicion on Virginia. (June)

✓**SO GOES MY LOVE**—Universal: Interesting and often tenderly illuminating little incidents in the courtship and marriage of inventor Don Ameche and Myrna Loy, who's frankly looking for a husband, enliven this charming, romantic picture. Richard Gaines is the suitor Myrna becomes engaged to until she proposes to Ameche, marries him and prods him on to success. Women will love it. (June)

✓**SOMEWHERE IN THE NIGHT**—20th Century-Fox: Another mystery thriller with John Hodiak as the amnesia victim whose only friend in the world seems to be a criminal. Newcomer Nancy Guild, as the girl who aids John, is arresting to look at but still needs a lot more lessons in acting. Josephine Hutchinson, Fritz Kortner and Richard Conte are all so good, and so is Lloyd Nolan who's wasted as a detective. (July)

✓**SPECTER OF THE ROSE**—Republic: An original, strange love story of the ballet, which will either move you deeply or leave you completely untouched. Despite the fact that Ivan Kirov is suspected of murdering his first wife, ballerina Viola Essen marries him, and they dance to triumph in a new ballet. Both players are vivid new personalities, and you'll also see Judith Anderson and Michael Chekhov. (July)

✓**STOLEN LIFE, A**—Warners: Bette Davis has the time of her life playing a dual role of sisters, one good and one bad, and she does both with astute perception. Glenn Ford steps into big-league movie acting as the man who succumbs to the charms of the conniving sister, only to find that the shy one is his real love. Dane Clark as the artist and Charles Ruggles as the cousin are both excellent. (Aug.)

✓**STRANGER, THE**—International: Tense and dramatic, this psychological mystery film is adult stuff. Orson Welles is the escaped Nazi biggie who in the disguise of a professor is living in a small Connecticut town; Loretta Young is his American bride slowly forced to realize what her husband really is; Edward G. Robinson is the investigator on the trail of Welles. (Aug.)

✓**SUSPENSE**—Monogram: A lavish ice revue is the setting for murder in this excellent production. The revue is owned by Albert Dekker and stars his wife, Belita; and all goes well until Barry Sullivan becomes manager of the show and makes love to the star. Suspense mounts when Sullivan's former girl, Bonita Granville, threatens to expose his past. (June)

✓**TARZAN AND THE LEOPARD WOMAN**—RKO: *Tarzan*, played as usual by Johnny Weissmuller, and Brenda Joyce get involved with the Leopard Men, a strange people with a stranger cult, and one thing happens after another with a fast pace. Acquanetta plays the high priestess of the Leopard Men and her machinations keep the plot developing. (May)

✓**TILL THE END OF TIME**—RKO: A candid picture, rich in sincerity, of the adjustment of three young veterans home from the wars. They are Guy Madison who comes back to a loving mother and father; Bob Mitchum who longs to find some roots; Bill Williams, who has lost his legs. It is also the story of Dorothy McGuire, a young widow whose world has been taken from her. (Aug.)

✓**TO EACH HIS OWN**—Paramount: A tear jerker all about frustrated motherhood, but women will love it. During World War I, Olivia de Havilland falls in love with doomed flier John Lund, bears him an illegitimate child and faces the tragic necessity for the baby to be reared by her friend, Mary Anderson, who marries Olivia's ex-suitor, Phillip Terry. (July)

✓**TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON**—M-G-M: When Kathryn Grayson heads for an operatic career via a New York burlesque house, her prim sister, June Allyson, follows her to protect her from worldly wickedness. Jimmy Durante is boss of the burlesque, Peter Lawford the socialite who falls for one of the sisters and Lauritz Melchior plays a grand opera star. It's sprightly and gay and you'll love it. (June)

✓**WELL GROOMED BRIDE, THE**—Paramount: There are giggles a-plenty in this story revolving around the search for a magnum of champagne. Navy Lt. Ray Milland wants it for a carrier launching, but Olivia de Havilland has the last bottle in town and is determined to use it for her wedding to Army Lt. Sonny Tufts. James Gleason and Constance Dowling add to the comedy. (May)

✓**WIFE OF MONTE CRISTO, THE**—PRC: Cops and robbers in satin breeches and flowing capes. When chief of police John Loder sets a trap for the person who's upsetting his racket of selling drugs, the Count of Monte Cristo, Martin Kosleck, is forced to get out of town; so his wife, Lenore Aubert, steps into his shoes and carries on the raids. (June)

✓**WITHOUT RESERVATIONS**—RKO: Claudette Colbert is the stuffy author who experiences all sorts of emotional upheavals on her way to Hollywood, John Wayne is the Marine captain whom she decides to cast in the screen version of her book, and you'll be mad for both of them. You'll also love Don DeFore, who plays Cupid to the principals in this light, gay, frothy comedy of romance. (July)

IN THE files of the DuBarry Success Course are thousands upon thousands of true success stories, but none more remarkable than that of Dorothy Mullins of Danbury, Connecticut.

Dorothy was 34 years old. Only five feet tall, she weighed 215 pounds. Deeply sensitive about her size, she had long been resigned to what she thought was her lot in life.

Several times Dorothy had tried so-called reducing diets, but none brought results. Then she began to hear about the DuBarry Success Course. She sent for information. The Course could be taken at home—that was important. So she enrolled.

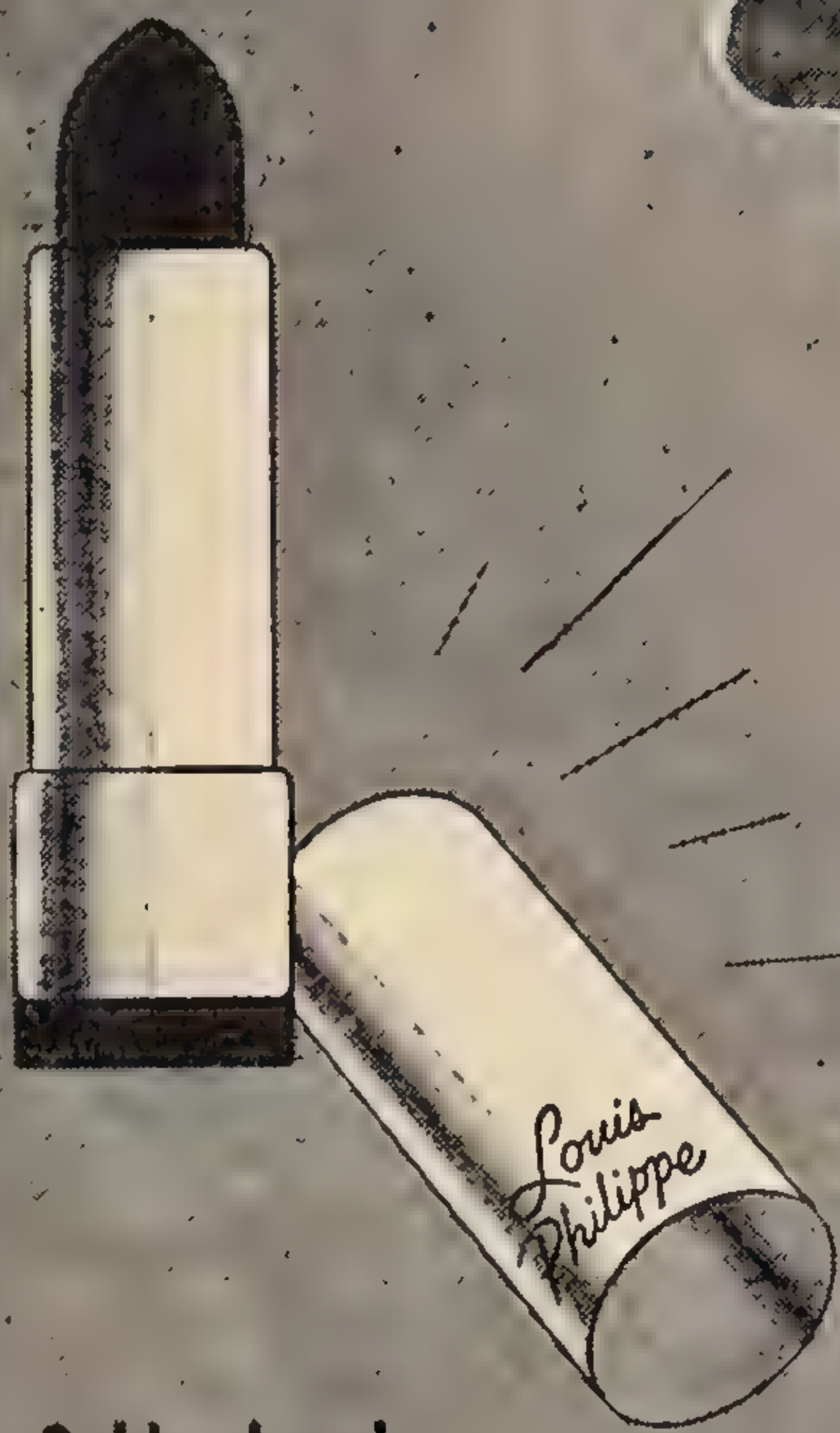
Dorothy was advised first of all to go to her doctor, have a thorough physical examination, tell him what she planned to do. With his approval, she started. She lost 8 pounds the first week, 31 pounds in 6 weeks. In six months, she went through the Course *four times*—lost a total of 87 pounds. Accustomed to wearing a size 44 dress, she found she could slip into a 14.

In spite of all this weight loss, Dorothy's skin is smooth, her body firm. She has learned to care for her complexion, to do her hair becomingly, to use make-up properly. Starting under a great handicap, she has made herself an attractive woman, with a good figure.

"Gradually," says Dorothy Mullins, "it

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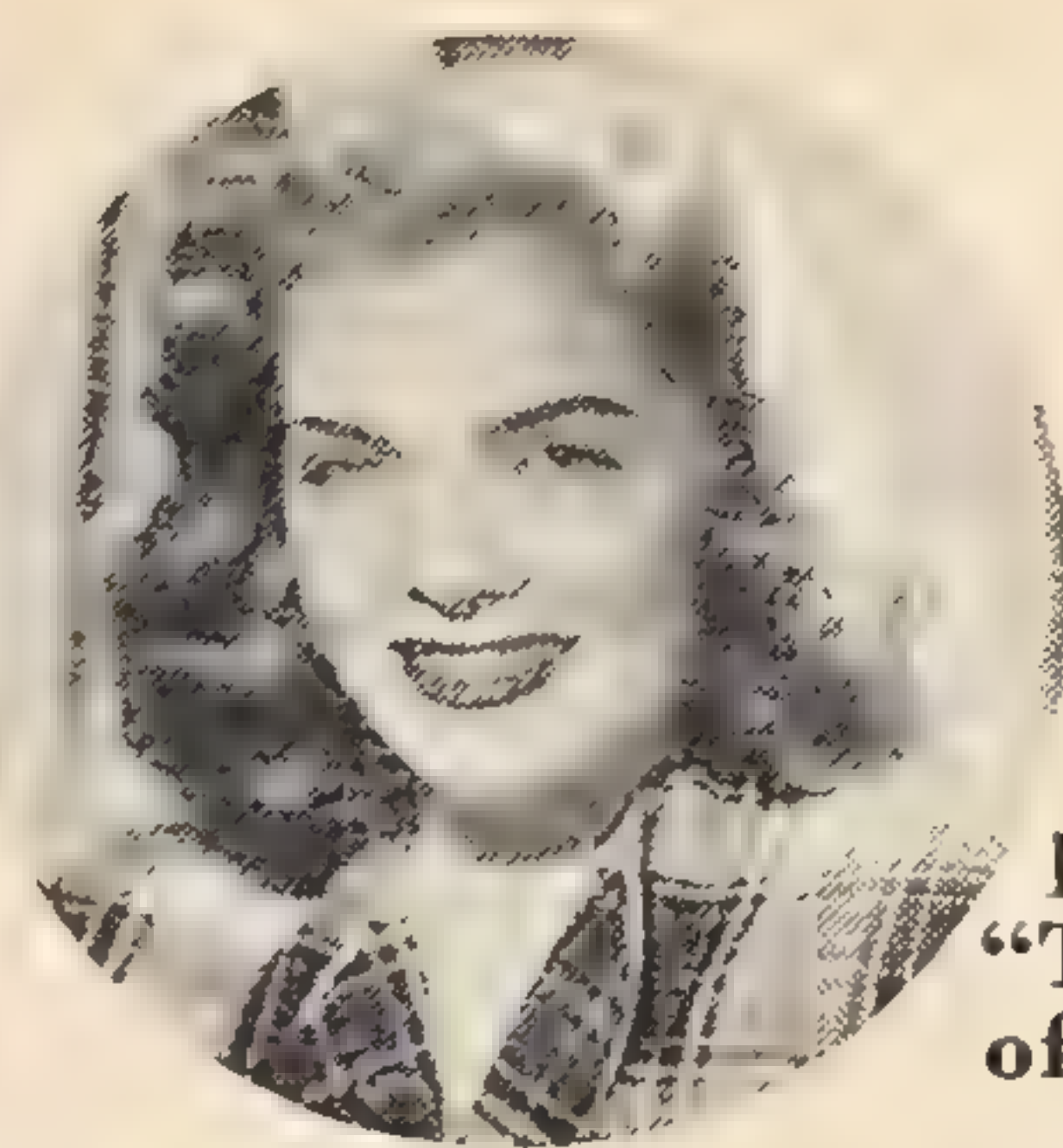
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Beauty Spots



Lizabeth Scott, of
"The Strange Love
of Martha Ivers"

By Mary Jane Fulton

Natural, but Different

LIZABETH SCOTT has two distinguishing "trade marks"—lovely, thick dark eyebrows and a low, vibrant voice that seems to come from deep within her. It's an unusual voice, and completely natural with this tall and tawny blonde of the lithesome carriage . . . The best way to attain a lovely voice tone, she thinks, is to know how yours *should* sound, naturally, and then try to improve it. With practice, she feels, you can inject a richer, friendlier quality into your voice. This improved way of speaking soon becomes a habit . . . She believes in unplucked brows, except for removal of straggly hairs. Using a tiny brush and a little eye cream or oil, she nightly brushes her brows . . . When making up, she brushes the brow hairs up, then with the brush tip shapes a neat line and arches them across the top. Lizabeth likes using a dark brown mascara on her lashes.

Enthusiastic Fan

Other outstanding Scott qualities are her vitality, gracious handling of people, and liking for outdoor fun, which adds sparkle to her beauty and personality . . . Before our nine-thirty to ten A. M. appointment in her Gotham Hotel suite was over, other interviewers and photographers arrived. It was to be another busy day for the girl who plays the good-hearted vixen in Paramount's "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers." The day before she attended her first professional baseball game and is now a Brooklyn Dodger fan. She proudly displayed a baseball autographed by the players. "The attitude of ball players is astounding," marveled Lizabeth. "They're heroes, really, but so charmingly casual and modest. I wanted to say to them all, 'you're wonderful!'"

Glamour Touches

In answer to our admiration for her smooth make-up job, she confided she applies cake make-up with a sponge and cold, instead of warm, water. When dry, she lightly pats cold water over it to take away any powdery look, and to make it stay fresh looking, longer.

See next page for Hollywood

beauty news by Betsy Sanford

Glamour Glossary

... for the beauty-minded—in which six little words turn up with special dressing-table meaning

Comb: Something a girl keeps to herself

Borrow or loan this item and you're in for some beauty trouble. A comb is a personal possession and if you're careless enough not to stick to your own, you may end up with an unhealthy scalp. Dandruff and infection travel along merrily with borrowed combs; keep yours strictly personal; keep two of them so that one is always fresh from a hygienic bath.

Beauty Workshop by
Betty Sanford



Gesture: What makes or breaks you

You can use your hands and arms as adroitly as Dorothy McGuire. Gain flexibility in your hands and arms this way: Swing your arms in circular windmill fashion from the shoulder. Now extend your arms with palms of hands towards the body and shake your hands vigorously. Then stretch your arms sideways from your shoulders and drop hands from the wrist, then raise them slowly.

Wave Set: A soft touch

A bit of this applied to your mascara brush instead of water will do wonders in the business of seeing that your mascara goes on gently without caking and stays on in a silky satisfying way. It looks and acts nice on the hair-brush too—just for a quick disciplinary measure for wind-blown curls.



Flour Sack: What your face should look like

... only immediately after powdering, of course, while you're still at the dressing table. The point of this is that most women are stingy with their powder. Plaster it on till you have that flour-sack look, then brush off the excess. Joan Leslie uses a baby brush; you can use cotton, too. Your foundation absorbs the surplus into the pores; your make-up is even, gives you an even break by lasting longer, looking lovelier.

Underskin: An undercover agent

This can wreak havoc with your face. Lying directly beneath the outer skin, it needs care, too, lest the oil glands and tissues start drying out, in which case you'll have that fatal gray look. Be on your guard as efficiently as Olivia de Havilland: Keep your underskin in shape with massage, spend at least fifteen minutes a day rubbing soft creams through to that layer of skin underneath. Keep-in-mind item: Kitchen salt mixed with cleansing cream and used about twice a week will leave you a pink-cheeked pretty.



Sitting: A standing beauty order

Slumping comfortably feels good, looks bad, may endow you with a double chin. Watch the way Anne Baxter sits; then mark this up as a must: Your spine must always be rigid, shoulders squared, head up. Pretend a string is attached to the crown of your head, drawing it up and back. A pencil placed at the back of the neck should be straight with the neck from shoulders to hairline for a perfect-posture pose.

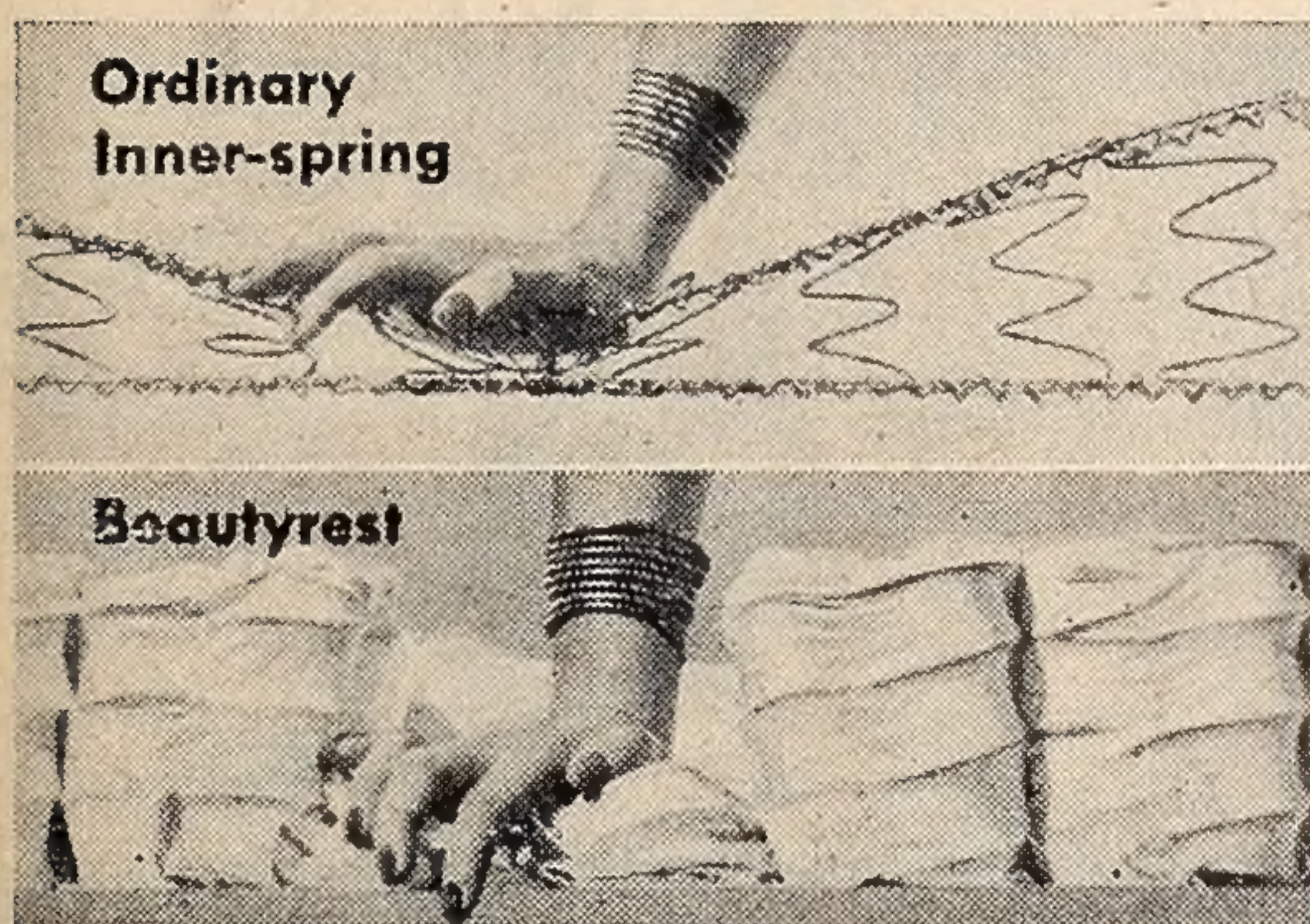


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1. Yes ... they're here again, BUT ... you'd better hurry!
So many people want them, there simply aren't enough luxurious new Beautyrests to go around.

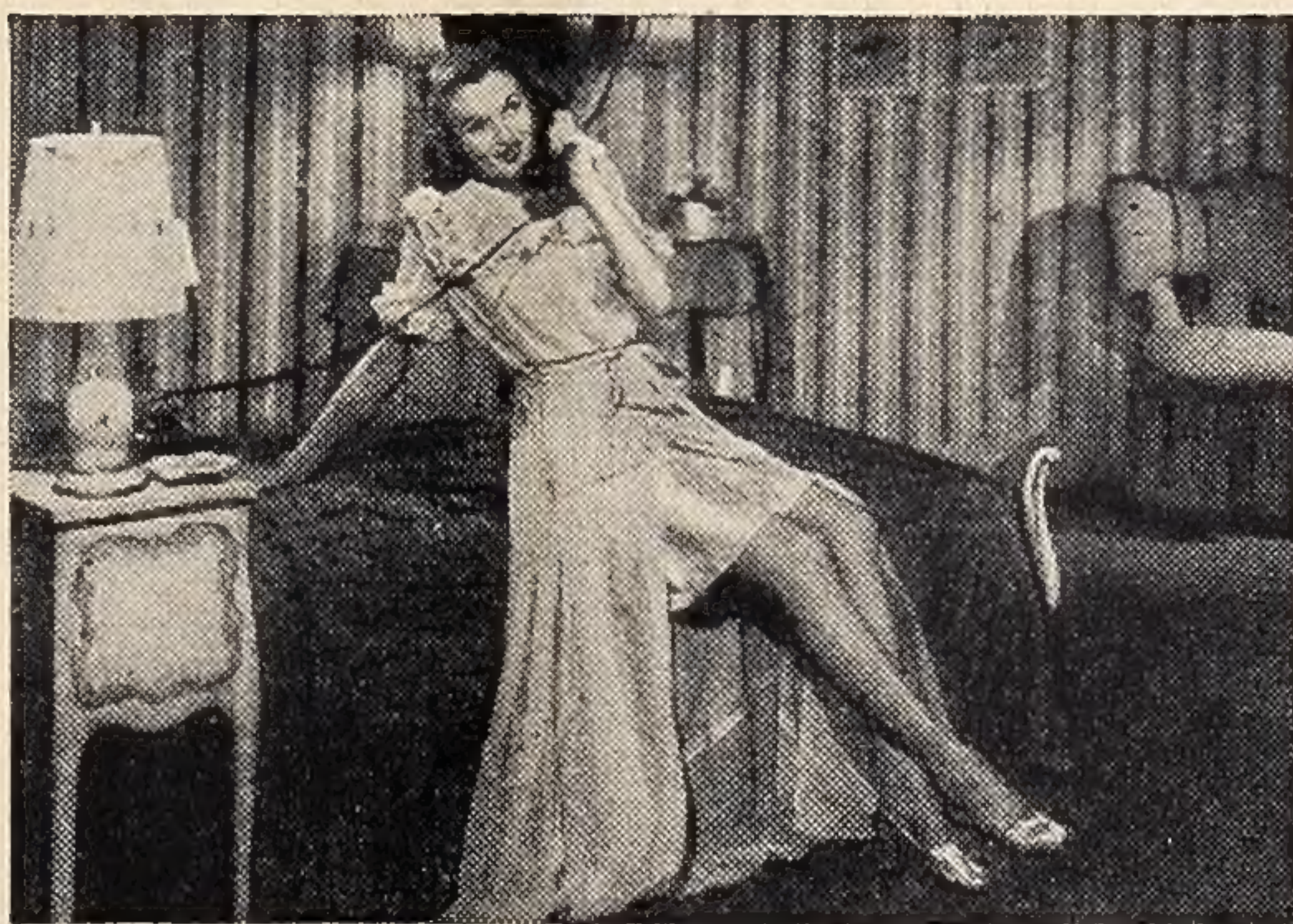
Remember, nothing means more to your comfort than a good mattress. So order the best—a *Beautyrest!*

P.S. If your dealer can't supply you right away, please be patient. You'll get your new Beautyrest *soon*.



2. "Inside tip" about comfort: In the *ordinary* inner-spring mattress (top) coil springs are *joined together*, go down together, forming *uncomfortable hollows*.

But Beautyrest's 837 coil springs are *independent*, not joined together. Each *separately* cushions your hips, shoulders, legs ... gives you *gloriously buoyant comfort!*



3. How long will it last? With an *ordinary* mattress, you *never* know. But with Beautyrest's Guarantee, you're *sure!*

Beautyrest does not sag or lose its shape. Its border stays *neat, firm, resilient*. 8 ventilators help keep it *fresh and dry*.

That's why Beautyrest comfort is *guaranteed* for at least ten ... *yes ten* ... full years!



4. No question about quality! No—not when you're buying a Beautyrest!

The same *fine* construction ... *superb* tailoring ... *supreme* comfort Beautyrest offered before the war are yours again. In fact, the new Beautyrest is as *luxurious* as ever!

So see your Beautyrest dealer as soon as you can. Remember, *first come, first served!*

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Casts of Current Pictures



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4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It's a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses



QUICK CASH FOR YOU SHOWING NEWEST Christmas Cards!

MAKE MONEY—lots of it—between now and Christmas. Amazing values in PERSONAL IM-PRINTED CARDS including 25 for \$1. Also fast-selling BOXES including our outstanding "BLUE RIBBON" ASSORTMENT. Exceptional gift wrappings, etchings. Religious Assortments. Samples sent on approval. No experience necessary. CHAS. A. BELZ CO. Dept. M-2 914 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Start right with this improved, easy-to-clean, Hygeia nursing unit. Fewer parts—just nipple, bottle, and cap. Prepare full day's formula at one time. Only necessary to remove cap when feeding. Cap

keeps nipples germ-free. Handy for out-of-home feeding. Useful as container for baby's other foods. Famous breast-shaped nipple has patented airvent to reduce "windsucking." Sold at your druggist's complete as illustrated or parts separately.



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NIPPLES WITH CAPS

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BADMAN'S TERRITORY—RKO: Mark Rowley, Randolph Scott; Henryette Alcott, Ann Richards; Coyote, George (Gabby) Hayes; Col. Farewell, Ray Collins; John Rowley, James Warren; Bill Hampton, Morgan Conway; Meg, Virginia Sale; Hank McGee, John Halloran; Doc Grant, Andrew Tombes; Ben Wade, Richard Hale; Hodge, Harry Holman; Chief Tahlequah, Chief Thundercloud; Jesse James, Lawrence Tierney; Frank James, Tom Tyler; Bob Dalton, Steve Brodie; Grac Dalton, Phil Warren; Bill Dalton, William Moss; Sam Bass, Nestor Paiva; Belle Starr, Isabel Jewell.

BOY'S RANCH—M-G-M: "Butch," Jackie "Butch" Jenkins; Dan Walker, James Craig; Skippy, Skippy Homeier; Susan Walker, Dorothy Patrick; David Banton, Ray Collins; Hank, Darryl Hickman; Mary Walker, Sharon McManus; Mr. Harper, Minor Watson; Mrs. Harper, Geraldine Wall; Mr. O'Neill, Arthur Space; Druggist, Robert Emmet O'Connor; Judge Henderson, Morini Olsen.

CENTENNIAL SUMMER—20th Century-Fox: Julia, Jeanne Crain; Philippe Lascales, Cornel Wilde; Edith, Linda Darnell; Benjamin Franklin Phelps, William Eythe; Jesse Rogers, Walter Brennan; Zenia Lascales, Constance Bennett; Harriet, Dorothy Gish; Susanna Rogers, Barbara Whiting; Richard Lewis, Larry Stevens; Deborah, Kathleen Howard; Dudley Rogers, Buddy Swan; Snodgrass, Charles Dingle; Specialty, Avon Long; Trowbridge, Gavin Gordon; Mr. Phelps, Eddie Dunn; Mrs. Phelps, Lois Austin; Mr. Dorgan, Harry Strang; Mrs. Dorgan, Frances Morris; President Grant, Reginald Sheffield; Messenger Boy, William Frambes; Senator, Paul Everton; Bartender, James Metcalfe; Drunk, John Farrell; Attendant, Billy Wayne; Kelly, Robert Malcolm; Nurse, Edna Holland; Governor, Ferris Taylor; Governor's Wife, Winifred Harris; Master of Ceremonies, Rodney Bell; Carpenter, Clancy Cooper.

COLORADO SERENADE—PRC: Eddie, Eddie Dean; Nevada, David Sharpe; Soapy, Roscoe Ates; Sherry, Mary Kenyon; Judge Hinton, Forrest Taylor; Duke, Dennis Moore; Lola, Abigail Adams; Dad Dillon, Warner Richmond; Mr. Trimble, Lee Bennett; Col. Blake, Robert McKenzie; Ringo, Bob Duncan.

COURAGE OF LASSIE—M-G-M: Kathie Merrick, Elizabeth Taylor; Harry MacBain, Frank Morgan; Sergeant Smitty, Tom Drake; Mrs. Merrick, Selena Royle; Judge Payson, Harry Davenport; Old Man, George Cleveland; Alice Merrick, Catherine Frances McLeod; Farmer Crews, Morris Ankrum; Gil Elson, Mitchell Lewis; Mrs. Elson, Jane Green; Pete Merrick, David Holt; Sergeant Mac, William Wallace; Sheriff Ed Grayson, Minor Watson; Charlie, Donald Curtis; Casey, Clancy Cooper; First Youth, Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer; Second Youth, Conrad Binyon; Bill, Lassie.

DOLL FACE—20th Century-Fox: Doll Face, Vivian Blaine; Mike Hannegan, Dennis O'Keefe; Nicky Ricci, Perry Como; Chita, Carmen Miranda; Frankie Porter, Martha Stewart; Gerard, Michael Dunne; Flo Hartman, Reed Hadley; Aids, Stanley Prager; Charles Tannen; Stage Manager, George E. Stone; Peters, Frank Orth; Lawyer, Donald McBride; Dancing partner, Ciro Rimac; Hotel Clerk, Hal K. Dawson; Drugstore Clerk, Charles Williams.

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD—RKO: Susan, Joan Fontaine; Bill, Mark Stevens; Hank Beesley, Henry Morgan; Jake Beesley, Wally Brown; Martha Beesley, Rosemary De Camp; Mrs. Beesley, Queenie Smith; Margie Beesley, Arline Judge; Charlie Beesley, Renny McEvoy; Jimmy Beesley, Bobby Driscoll; Alice Beesley, Mary Treen; Mr. Higgle, Erskine Sanford.

JANIE GETS MARRIED—Warners: Janie, Joan

Leslie; Dick, Robert Hutton; Mr. Conway, Edward Arnold; Mrs. Conway, Ann Harding; Mr. Van Brunt, Robert Benchley; Spud, Dorothy Malone; Scooper, Dick Erdman; Elsbeth, Clare Foley; Mr. Stovers, Donald Meek; April, Hattie McDaniel; Mrs. Van Brunt, Barbara Brown; Mrs. Angles, Margaret Hamilton; Paula, Anne Gillis; Bernadine, Ruth Tobey; Dead Pan, William Frambes, Mel Torme, John Sheridan; Dick's Buddies, Art Kassel, John Miles.

LITTLE MISTER JIM—M-G-M: Little Jim Tucker, "Butch" Jenkins; Capt. Big Jim Tucker, James Craig; Jean Tucker, Frances Gifford; Missey Choo-sey, Luana Patten; Mrs. Starwell, Spring Byington; Sui Jen, Chingwah Lee; Mrs. Glenison, Laura La Plante; Chaplain, Henry O'Neill; Colonel Starwell, Morris Ankrum; Miss Martin, Celia Travers; Miss Hall, Ruth Brady; Elsie, Sharon McManus; Ronnie, Buz Buckley; Clara, Carol Nugent; Mary, Jean Van.

LOVER COME BACK—Universal: Bill Williams, George Brent; Kay, Lucille Ball; Madeline Laslo, Vera Zorina; Pa, Charles Winninger; Paul, Carl Esmond; J. P. Winthrop, Raymond Walburn; Tubba, Wallace Ford; Hotel Clerk, Franklin Pangborn; Martha, Louise Beavers; Ma, Elisabeth Risdon; Jimmy Hennessey, William Wright; Waiter, George Chandler; Janie, Joan Fulton.

MY PAL TRIGGER—Republic: Roy Rogers, Himself; Gabby Kendrick, George "Gabby" Hayes; Susan, Dale Evans; Brett Scoville, Jack Holt; Carson, LeRoy Mason; Hunter, Roy Barcroft; Sheriff, Sam Flint; Croupier, Kenne Duncan; Auctioneer, Ralph Sanford; Storekeeper, Francis McDonald; Dr. Bentley, Harlan Briggs; Davis, Wm. Haade; Wallace, Alan Bridge; Walling, Paul E. Burns; Magistrate, Frank Reicher, also Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE—Warners: Philip Carey, Paul Henreid; Mildred Rogers, Eleanor Parker; An-the-lny, Edmund Gwenn; Dunsford, Marten Lamont; Sally Athelny, Janis Paige; Griffiths, Patric Knowles; Mrs. Athelny, Isobel Elsom; Nora Nesbit, Alexis Smith; Dr. Tyrell, Henry Stephenson; Emil Miller, Richard Nugent; Mrs. Gray, Eva Moore.

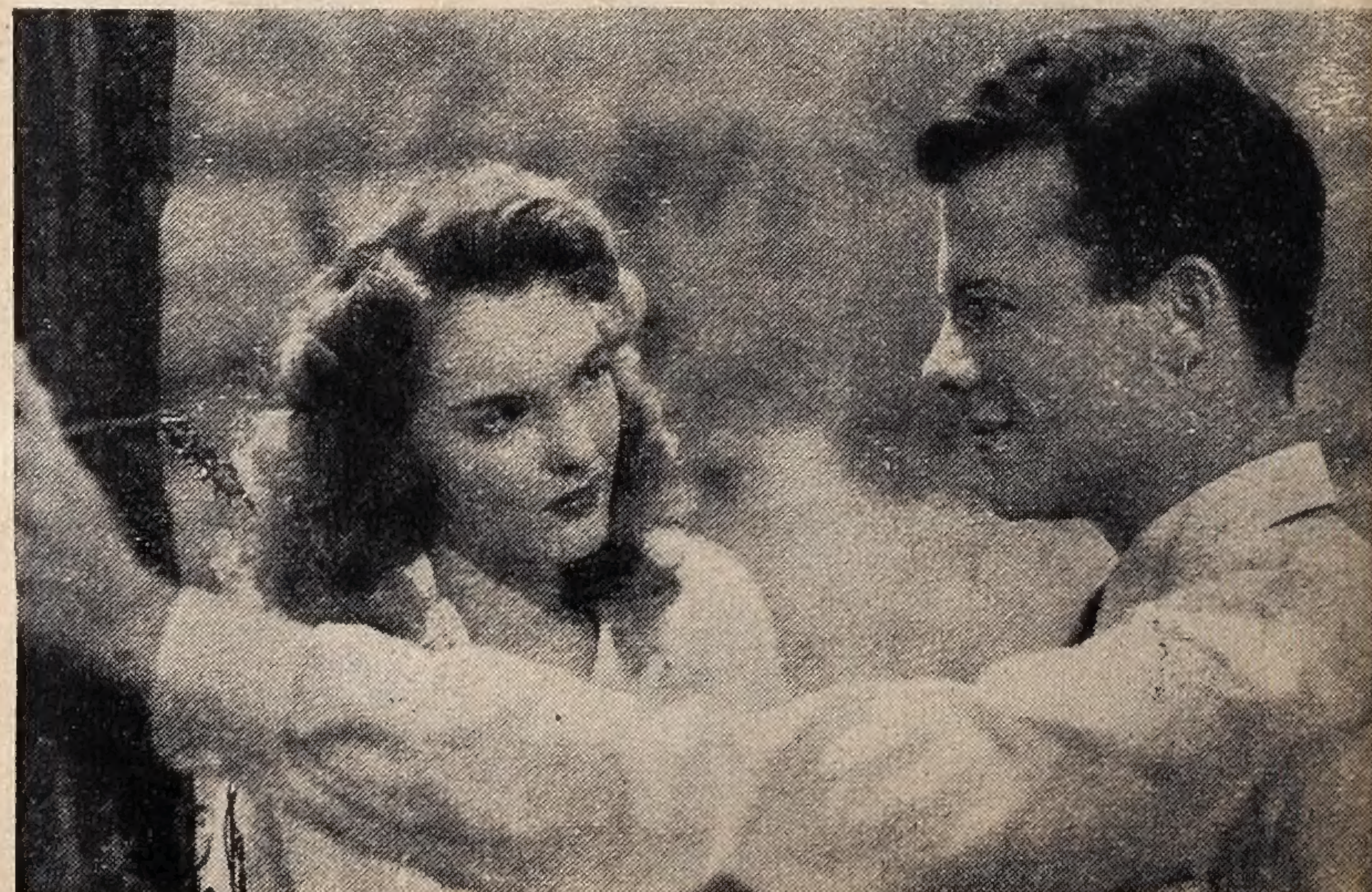
ONE MORE TOMORROW—Warners: Christie Sage, Ann Sheridan; Tom Collier, Dennis Morgan; Cecilia Henry, Alexis Smith; Red Regan (Pat), Jack Carson; Owen Arthur, John Loder; Frances Connors, Jane Wyman; Rufus Collier, Thurston Hall.

SMOKY—20th Century-Fox: Clint Barkley, Fred MacMurray; Julie, Anne Baxter; Bill, Burl Ives; Frank, Bruce Cabot; Gram, Esther Dale; Jeff, Roy Roberts; Jim, J. Farrell MacDonald; Bart, Max Wagner; Sheriff, Guy Beach; Nelson, Howard Negley; Peters, Bud Geary; Bud, Harry Carter; Scrubby, Bob Adler; Junk Man, Victor Kilian; Livery Stable Proprietor, Herbert Heywood.

THREE WISE FOOLS—M-G-M: Sheila O'Monahan, Margaret O'Brien; Dr. Richard Gaunght, Lionel Barrymore; Judge James Trumbell, Lewis Stone; Theodore Findley, Edward Arnold; Terence Aloysius O'Davern, Thomas Mitchell; Judge Watson, Ray Collins; Sister Mary Brigid, Jane Darwell; Paul Badger, Charles Dingle; The Ancient, Harry Davenport; Horace Appleby, Henry O'Neill; Rena Fairchild, Cyd Charisse; The O'Monahan, Warner Anderson; Dugan, Billy Curtis.

TWO GUYS FROM MILWAUKEE—Warners: Prince Henry, Dennis Morgan; Buzz Williams, Jack Carson; Connie Read, Joan Leslie; Polly, Janis Paige; Count Oswald, S. Z. Sakall; Peggy, Patti Brady; Happy, Tom D'Andrea; Nan, Rosemary DeCamp; Mike Collins, John Ridgely; Johnson, Pat McVey; Theater Manager, Franklin Pangborn; Dr. Bauer, Francis Pierlot.

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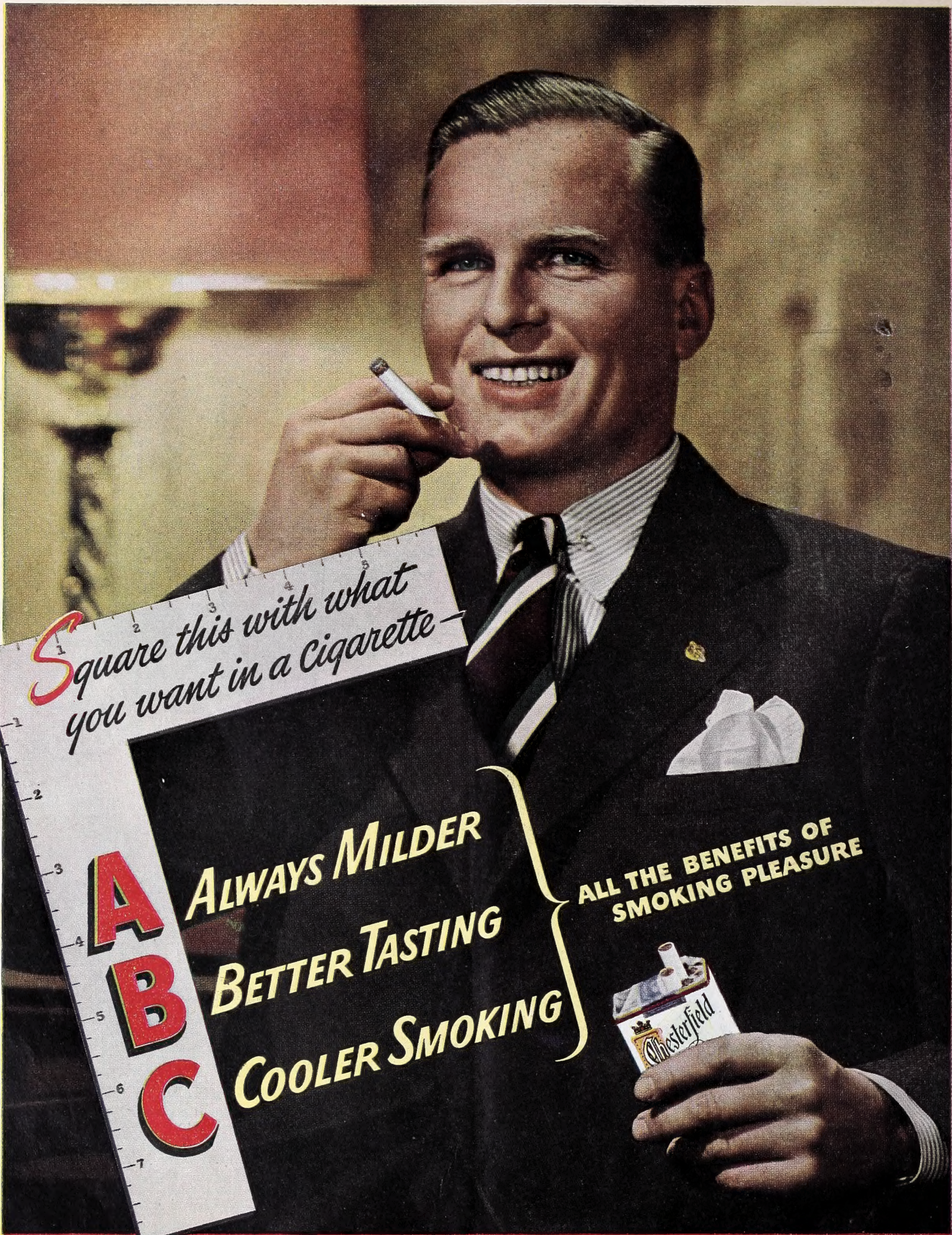
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